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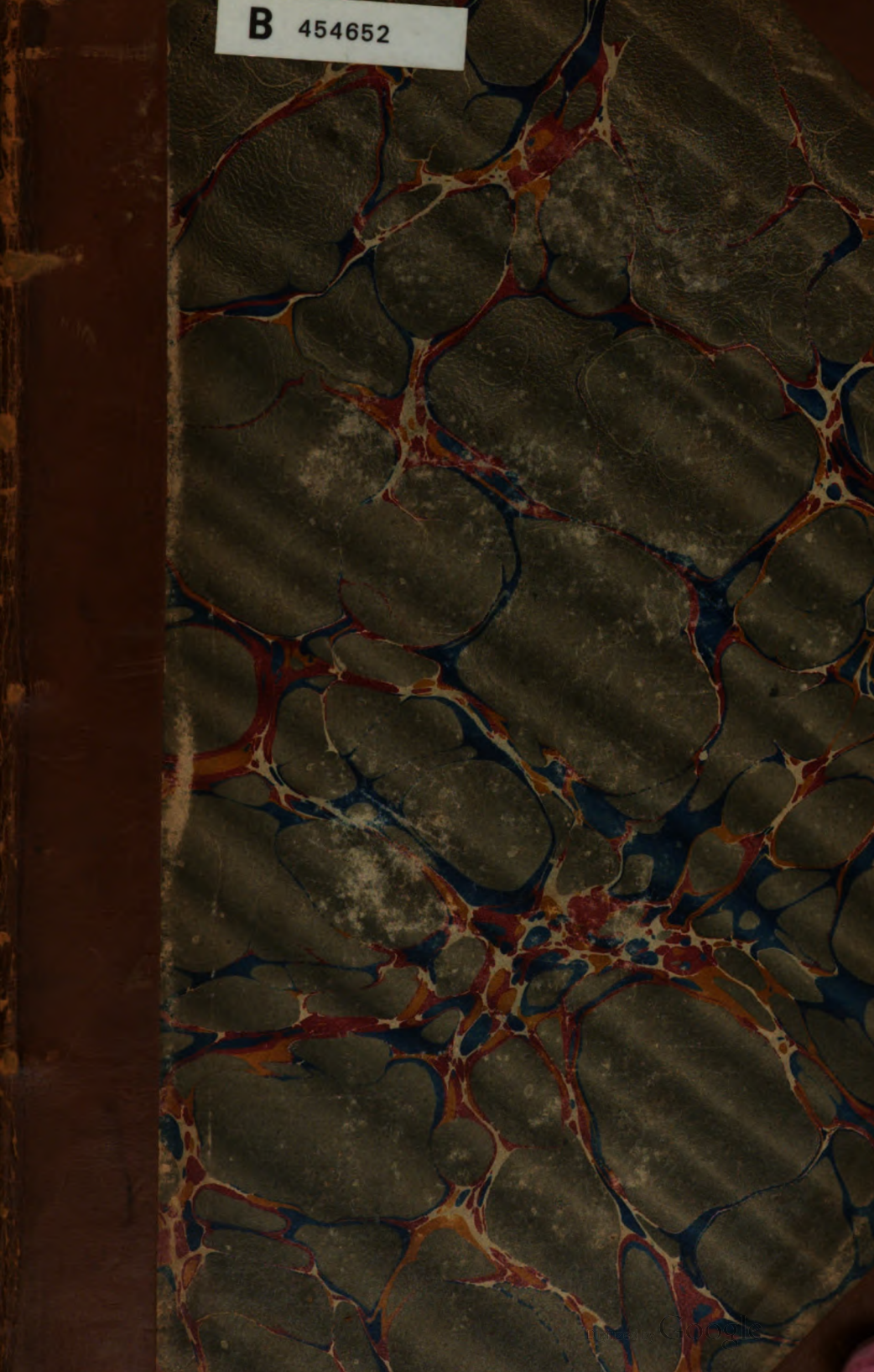
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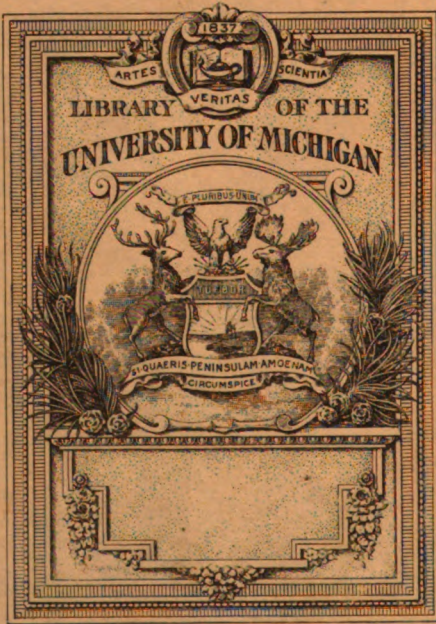
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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

### THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bacon was not set for them I trow,  
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue.*

#### PART THE FOURTH.

##### V.

#### THE REGISTER OF THE COURT BARON OF LITTLE DUNMOW.


LET us now return to the jovial party whom we left carousing in the principal room of the Old Inn.

The last bowl of punch was capital, and highly approved by the company. By all, at least, except Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, who ever since the departure of Dr. Plot, appeared pre-occupied. Taking no part in the conversation, he at last rose and walked moodily towards the fireplace, where he sat down by himself. The Squire looked after him, and shook his head; but Captain Juddock said there was nothing to be uneasy about; Sir G. was often down in the mouth, but soon came round, if left alone; truth being, he was desperately in love.

Nelly, still standing behind the Squire's chair, could not help inquiring with whom? And when informed by the giant, who saw no reason for concealment, that it was with Rose Woodbine, she lifted up her hands in wonderment, exclaiming, "Dear! dear! only to think of it! And she a married woman!"

"Rose cannot help Sir Gilbert's being in love with her," remarked Mr. Roper, drily, "any more than you, Mrs. Nettlebed, can prevent Captain Juddock, or Captain Anybody-else from admiring you. However, I myself can bear witness that his attentions are extremely dis-

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agreeable to her, and I sincerely trust they will cease. Indeed, after the scene that occurred this evening at the cottage—and the lesson the young baronet received from Dr. Plot—I do not think them likely to be repeated."

"Ah! what is it you allude to, Roper?" the Squire inquired.

"Excuse my entering into particulars just now, sir," the steward replied. "It may be sufficient to state, that Dr. Plot interfered to protect Rose from annoyance, and I cannot but think that Sir Gilbert's present abstraction is attributable to some other circumstances connected with this mysterious gentleman, with which he has been—or supposes himself—mixed up, rather than to the disappointment occasioned by the unsuccessful issue of his frolic."

"Very likely," the Squire rejoined, with a significant look at Roper.

"Fire and fury!" Juddock roared; "I can't pretend to say what may be Sir G.'s intentions in respect to this Dr. Plot, or Dr. Johnson, or whatever the fellow's vulgar name may be; but if my honourable friend does not call him to account for his impertinence, I will. That's flat."

"I advise you not to meddle with him, captain," the Squire observed. "He may be dangerous."

"Dangerous! why so am I, sir,—the more dangerous of the two I rather opine. Dangerous—ha!" And Juddock swallowed a glass of punch to allay his indignation.

The Squire laughed; the Vicar chuckled; indeed, everybody was amused, and no one more so than Jonas. The giant swore several tremendous oaths, but finding they only served to increase the general merriment, he held out his glass to be replenished, and grew calmer.

Just then, the conversation took a new turn, owing to a device of the landlord, who never happy unless riding his hobby, produced from a cupboard where it was deposited a great wooden model of a Flitch of Bacon, tolerably well executed, and naturally enough painted. In order to give due effect to the exhibition, Jonas mounted on a chair, and his fat little figure, seen under these circumstances, was certainly provocative of merriment. He had enough to do to preserve his equilibrium, the wooden flitch being very heavy, and it was only because he was propped up behind by Nelly that he could be kept steady at all.

"What does your honour think of this?" he cried in a vain-glorious tone to the Squire. "I mean to hang it up in place of the real Flitch when that shall be entirely consumed."

"A very good idea," the Squire rejoined.

"Better have waited till you were secure of the other, Jonas," the Vicar sententially observed. "Bear in mind the proverb, which says, 'There's many a slip, 'twixt cup and lip.' And there is a Latin maxim yet more applicable to your case: *Una siccidia in carnario valet duas in hard*; which means that one flitch in the larder is worth two in the sty. If you should chance to be disappointed after all, this model will only be a memento of your ill-luck."

"Nay, Doctor, it will be something for the poor fellow to fall back upon," said the Squire.

And it seemed as if the good-natured gentleman's words were to be literally and at once fulfilled, for precisely at this moment, Nelly withdrawing her support, Jonas lost his balance, and tumbled off the chair

backwards; the wooden Flitch making a tremendous clatter as it reached the ground.

"Why the deuce did you leave go?" he observed, in an angry whisper to his wife, as she assisted him to rise.

"You're such a weight, I couldn't help it," she replied. "But do take care. Captain Juddock's looking at us." Then with an air of infinite concern, she added aloud, "Bless his dear little heart! I hope he's not much hurt. How sorry I am, to be sure. It was all my fault. Let me rub his poor back, and make it quite well."

"All right again, now," Jonas said, shaking himself. "Lend a hand, ducky, to put this model by in the cupboard. I hope a fall isn't a bad omen," he ruminated, as he went along.

"I believe, Mr. Roper, you are steward of the Manor of Little Dunmow?" said Juddock. "May I inquire, as matter of curiosity, how many successful applications have been made for the Flitch in your time?"

"Not one, I'm sorry to say, captain," the steward replied with a smile. "But our conditions are so hard that few can subscribe to them. Besides, the witnesses are very strictly examined."

"Udsbores! witnesses are necessary—ha?" Juddock ejaculated.

"Certainly. Corroborative testimony is required by the Court Baron in support of the application; and witnesses are heard *per contra*; both sides being cross-examined. Then the verdict of the Jury of Bachelors and Maidens must be unanimous. One dissentient voice would be fatal to the demandants. A severe ordeal, I assure you, captain, for married folk. Few are able to brook it."

"You hear all this, landlord?" Juddock remarked. "Oddsfish! man, have you no misgivings?"

"None whatever, captain," Jonas replied. "Have we, ducky?"

"Oh! none at all!" she said, quite confidently.

"Numerous demands have been made," the steward pursued; "but they have all been rejected on some plea or other. I happen to have the Register of the Court Baron in my pocket, containing a list of the claimants, and the objections made to them, and with the Squire's consent, I can read you a few extracts from it."

"You will oblige me eternally, sir, if you will," Juddock rejoined. "I shall be glad of any information I can obtain on the subject."

"What makes him so curious, I wonder?" Jonas muttered. "The rascal must have some dark design against me."

"I'm sure his honour won't refuse us!" Nelly cried, looking entreatingly at the Squire. "It will be so entertaining to hear how many deluded creatures there are—fancying themselves happy and devoted to each other—won't it, Jonas?"

"Very entertaining, indeed! very!" he replied, trying to force a laugh, but with indifferent success. "That won't be our case—oh! no."

"Read what you please from the Register, Roper," the Squire said. "All claims being publicly made, there can be no reason for any secrecy."

Permission being thus accorded, the steward took from his pocket a clasped volume, bound in white calfskin, and, opening it, observed,

"The Register of the Court Baron commences with the year 1702,

in the same month, and pretty nearly on the same day that Queen Anne ascended the throne. The first entry is as follows: 'Roger Appleton of South Bemfleet in this county, Tailor, and Tabitha his wife. Not allowed, because it was proved by a credible witness that the said Tabitha, on one occasion, had styled her husband 'the ninth part of a man.'"

"Served Snip right," Juddock cried, laughing. "Udabores! If Dame Tabitha had had nine tailors for husbands, she would only have been as well off as any ordinary married woman, eh, Mrs. N.?"

Mr. Roper read on: "John Trott of Thaxted, Baker, and Prudence his wife. Approved; recited the oath; and received the Flitch; but words ensuing between them as they got into the chair, the prize was held to be forfeited, and they were deprived of it accordingly!"

"How very foolish!" Nelly exclaimed.

"Why foolish?" Juddock asked.

"To quarrel at all, to be sure," Nelly quickly rejoined.

"No more demands were made in that year," Mr. Roper continued, turning over a leaf,— "but in the next there were several, amongst which was one on the part of Sir Conyers de Gaunt of Waltham, and Dame Arabella, his spouse; and owing to the importance of the parties, and the peculiarity of the circumstances, this application excited much attention. Considerable disparity it appears existed between the pair in point of age—Sir Conyers being nigh seventy and described as a battered old beau, while Lady de Gaunt was a very beautiful young woman, of three-and-twenty, who had been an actress, and was well known by her maiden name of Bell Fairbank, but not a whisper had been breathed against her fair fame. Twenty witnesses examined. All proved the entire happiness of the parties; and some declared they had never seen such a couple before. This phrase, appearing ambiguous, was explained by the witnesses to mean that they had never known two wedded persons so much attached to each other. Twenty-first witness (a female) declared she had once heard her ladyship say, 'Better be an old man's darling than a young man's warling.' Held an objection; but might be overruled, if nothing stronger appeared. Next witness (a discharged housemaid) swore she had given her ladyship a note, which had been hastily concealed as Sir Conyers was heard approaching. Mr. Humdrum, the head valet-de-chambre, had given witness the letter. Mr. Humdrum recalled, reluctantly admitted the truth of the statement, and being further interrogated, confessed that the note was from Charles Clipsby, her ladyship's cousin, who had been forbidden the house by Sir Conyers. Why was Charles Clipsby forbidden the house? To this demand from the Court, Mr. Humdrum professed utter inability to reply. The next and last witness, Juliana Clipsby, wife of the before-mentioned Charles, declared that her husband was neither cousin nor relation in any degree to Lady de Gaunt, but had been passed off as such as a blind, for purposes which would be apparent to the Court when she read a letter from her ladyship, which she had taken from her husband's pockets, wherein Sir Conyers was described as an old dupe and dotard, with sundry other epithets by no means complimentary to him, or expressive of affection on the part of his lady. The Court declined to hear the letter read in full, and at once rejected the application. Memorandum to this Case. Sir Conyers not only lost the Flitch, but his wife into the bargain; for separating from



her in consequence of the disclosures made in the course of the investigation, he subsequently obtained a divorce."

"But he got another wife, for he married Mrs. Clipsby, who was likewise divorced from her husband, as I perfectly recollect," said the Squire. "Proceed, Roper."

"The next demandants are Nehemiah Wagstaff and Margery his wife of Chipping Ongar," the steward said, "and in this case the lady was thirty years older than her husband; a fine strapping young fellow, six feet four in height, and two and a half broad from shoulder to shoulder."

"Slife! a proper young fellow—eh, Mrs. N.?" Juddock cried, slapping his leviathan thigh.

"In addition to this, Mrs. Wagstaff had only one eye," pursued the steward.

"Then Wag got on her blind side, it is to be presumed," the giant remarked, with a loud guffaw.

"But she was very well off," Roper continued—"very well off, indeed. And so folks generally supposed Nehemiah had married Margery Gimcrack for her money; but to all appearances, no couple could be happier than they were. Mrs. Wagstaff doted on her spouse, and her spouse seemed to requite her affection. When the Oath was recited, Wagstaff was observed to hesitate a little at the second line, where the jurants declare that

'They ne'er made nuptial transgression,'

while his wife fixed her single eye rather sharply upon him. Required to repeat the line, he hurried quickly over it, upon which Mrs. Wagstaff insisted on its being pronounced a third time, and more deliberately; adding loud enough to be heard by the Jury, that she began to think her suspicions in regard to her housemaid, Susan, must be correct. Claim hereupon refused."

"That oath has proved a sad stumbling-block it must be owned," the Vicar observed, "but I hope the guilt of false-swearing has not been incurred by any of the parties."

"Your reverence cannot be too impressive on that point," Juddock said, glancing at Jonas.

"Peter Proby and his wife of Coggeshall, who stand next on the list," the steward pursued, "shared the fate of the Wagstaffs, for they could not affirm they had never offended each other

—'Since they were married man and wife

By household brawls or contentious strife.'

But Humphrey Chickweed of Romford, brewer, and Lettice, did very well till they came to the couplet—

'Or since the parish clerk said Amen

Wished yourselves unmarried again.'

Hereupon Lettice remarked that people could not help their thoughts. Being questioned as to the meaning of the expression, she replied that she might sometimes have *thought* she had better have remained single; but she had never given *utterance* to the wish. Rejected. Mrs. Trinket of Bellericay said she could not positively swear that she loved her hus-

band Timothy as fervently as she did on the day of her marriage, and therefore desired to omit the lines—

‘ But continued true and in desire  
As when they joined hands in holy quire.’

Claim disallowed. But the hardest case of all appears to be that of Dick Honeymoon of Braintree, and Theriaca his wife, who lived in perfect love and amity for a whole twelvemonth, and then as appeared, on inquiry, had words on the day over.”

“Mind that, landlord,” Juddock remarked. “Mind that!”

“In short,” the steward said, closing the Register, and putting it into his pocket, “insuperable objections have been raised to every demand. Unless the applicants can take the required Oath fully and unreservedly; unless their own declaration can be supported by unquestionable evidence; they are certain of refusal. Ours being a time-honoured custom, we are determined to maintain it in its integrity, and to carry it out in the spirit in which it was conceived. And as the reward we give is intended as a testimonial of the highest domestic merit, so nothing but decisive proofs of the existence of such merit will satisfy us. Accordingly, we are obliged to adopt unusual means of arriving at the truth. Every circumstance connected with the parties is inquired into, and we pierce somewhat inquisitorially, it may be, into private affairs. But this is unavoidable. Every thought, word, and deed, must be laid open to us. A cross look would be sufficient to nullify a claim.”

“And all this gives you no uneasiness, landlord?” Juddock inquired.

“You are prepared for these searching inquiries—eh?”

“Fully prepared, captain,” Jonas answered, with something of a quaver in his tones.

“Well, you’re a bold man that’s all I can say,” the giant rejoined.

“Sir, I have good reason to be bold,” Jonas returned, plucking up his courage as he took his wife’s hand, and looked tenderly into her face. “And so would you be if you were in my shoes.”

“I wouldn’t stand in your shoes for a trifle,” muttered Juddock; adding aloud, “Well, Mr. Roper, I thank my stars I’m not married, and am not therefore likely to trouble you with any application on behalf of self and spouse; but I must say your conditions are too hard. ‘Sblood! sir, they act as a prohibition.”

“The greater the difficulty the greater the honour,” the steward replied. “Our ordeal is strict, and very properly so, since we do not profess to reward common cases of domestic happiness, but such as are exceptional, and worthy of honour. Without referring to the loving couple here, who I trust are in a fair way of success, I may express my belief that Frank Woodbine and his wife will have no difficulty in substantiating their claim. I am quite aware that Jonas is of a different opinion, and means to produce evidence reflecting upon Frank’s perfect fidelity to his wife; but I am pretty sure it will be explained away.”

“I am glad to hear you say so, Roper,” the Squire observed. “Here, Paul,” he added to the old huntsman, “take another glass of punch, man. I’m not angry with you now. My curiosity is quite stimulated about this Rose Woodbine and her perfections. Where can she have

hidden herself that I have never caught a glimpse of her? I thought I knew every pretty girl in the neighbourhood, but, by all accounts, I have missed the prettiest."

"Just as well for Frank your honour has missed seeing her, in my opinion," Nelly said roguishly in his ear.

The Squire laughed, and remarked, "She was Mrs. Leslie's niece, I believe, Roper?"

"It is said so, sir."

"Said so! Why, isn't it the case? Have you any doubts on the subject?"

"Some other time I will explain myself," the steward replied; "but I always thought it strange your honour never chanced to behold her."

"Why it is strange—exceedingly strange!" the Squire cried, after a moment's reflection. "Often as I have been at Mrs. Leslie's during the good old curate's lifetime, and since, I never once came across the niece. It would almost seem as if she had been kept out of the way purposely."

"It looks very like it, indeed," Nelly remarked, in an under tone.

"What was Rose's maiden name?" the Squire asked.

"Mildmay," the steward answered. "She came from Cumberland, I believe."

"From what part of the county?" the Squire said.

"From Penrith, I have heard," was Mr. Roper's reply.

"Penrith!" the Squire exclaimed, in surprise. "Why my niece comes from Penrith!"

"Yes, sir—I know it," the steward answered evasively. "Mrs. Leslie I understand had a sister—a sister who died in that part of England."

"Oh! yes, I recollect," the Squire interrupted somewhat hastily; "but she died unmarried, Roper."

"Then of course, she can't be Rose Woodbine's mother," Nelly observed. The little hussy had been listening attentively to what was said.

"I can't pretend to say whether the lady was married or not," the steward rejoined—"but I believe Rose to be her daughter."

"You do!" the Squire exclaimed. "Zounds! we must talk this over to-morrow. Why was it never mentioned to me before?"

"I had no idea you took any interest in the matter, sir," the steward rejoined.

"Tut—tut—Roper—you know better. How dare you trifle with me, sir?"

"I never meddle with other people's affairs—least of all with yours, sir," the steward replied, in an apologetic tone.

"But there was nothing to meddle with in this case," the Squire cried, angrily. "You neglected your duty in not acquainting me with it."

"I hope not, sir," the steward rejoined; "but at all events I acted for the best."

Squire Monkbury got very red in the face, and seemed to have some difficulty in controlling his passion. Mr. Roper, too, looked uneasy, and fidgeted in his chair.

"I wonder what all this means," Nelly muttered. "It quite passes my comprehension. But I'll try and find it out."

"Well, I must see her, and without delay," said the Squire. "It's too late to go to the cottage to-night."

"Mercy on us! I should think so," Nelly exclaimed; "why it's getting on for midnight. Rose has been a-bed, and fast asleep these two hours, I'll be bound. That is, if nothing has happened to Frank," she added to herself.

"Well, well—then it must be to-morrow," said the Squire, lapsing into deep thought.

"Yes, to-morrow," said the steward. "Sleep upon it, sir."

## VI.

### MORE GHOSTS.

"LANDLORD," quoth Juddock, finding it rather dull, since no one seemed inclined to talk to him, "I understand your house is haunted. It looks like a receptacle for ghosts. There must be some marvellous story connected with it. Let us have it, I pray of you?"

"I can sing you a ballad about a ghost, captain," Jonas replied, "but it does not relate to this house."

"No matter for that—so the stave be good. Enliven us with it. Attention, gentlemen."

And Jonas sang as follows:

### OLD GRINDROD'S GHOST.

#### A BALLAD.\*

##### I.

OLD GRINDROD was hanged on a gibbet high,  
On the spot where the deed was done;  
'Twas a desolate place, on the edge of a moor,—  
A place for the timid to shun.

##### II.

Chains round his middle, and chains round his neck,  
And chains round his ankles were hung:  
And there in all weathers, in sunshine and rain,  
Old Grindrod, the murderer, swung.

##### III.

Old Grindrod had long been the banquet of crows,  
Who flocked on his carcase to batten;  
And the unctuous morsels that fell from their feast  
Served the rank weeds beneath him to fatten!

##### IV.

All that's now left of him is a skeleton grim,  
The stoutest to strike with dismay;  
So ghastly the sight, that no urchin, at night,  
Who can help it, will pass by that way.

---

\* Founded on an incident, related to me, with admirable humour, by my old and much-valued friend, GILBERT WINTER—alas! departed, since these lines were written.

V.

All such as had dared, had sadly been scared,  
And soon 'twas the general talk,  
That the wretch in his chains, each night took the pains,  
To come down from the gibbet—and walk !

VI.

The story was told to a Traveller bold,  
At an inn, near the moor, by the Host ;  
He appeals to each guest, and its truth they attest,  
But the Traveller laughs at the Ghost.

VII.

" Now, to show you," quoth he, " how afraid I must be,  
A rump and a dozen I'll lay ;  
That before it strikes One, I will go forth alone,  
Old Grindrod a visit to pay.

VIII.

" To the gibbet I'll go, and this I will do,  
As sure as I stand in my shoes ;  
Some address I'll devise, and if Grinny replies,  
My wager, of course, I shall lose."

IX.

" Accepted the bet ; but the night it is wet,"  
Quoth the Host. " Never mind !" said the Guest ;  
" From darkness and rain, the adventure will gain,  
To my mind, an additional zest."

X.

Now midnight had toll'd, and the Traveller bold  
Set out from the inn, all alone ;  
'Twas a night black as ink, and our friend 'gan to think,  
That uncommonly cold it had grown.

XI.

But of nothing afraid, and by nothing delayed ;  
Plunging onward through bog and through wood ;  
Wind and rain in his face, he ne'er slackened his pace,  
Till under the gibbet he stood.

XII.

Though dark as could be, yet he thought he could see  
The skeleton hanging up high ;  
The gibbet it creaked ; and the rusty chains squeaked ;  
And a screech-owl flew solemnly by.

XIII.

The heavy rain pattered, the hollow bones clattered,  
The Traveller's teeth chattered—with cold—not with fright ;  
The wind it blew lustily, piercingly, gustily ;—  
Certainly not an agreeable night !

## XIV.

"Ho! Grindrod, old fellow!" thus loudly did bellow,  
The Traveller mellow,—“How are ye, my blade?”  
—“I’m cold and I’m dreary; I’m wet and I’m weary;  
But soon I’ll be near ye!” the Skeleton said.

## XV.

The grisly bones rattled, and with the chains battled,  
The gibbet appallingly shook;  
On the ground something stirr’d, but no more then was heard,  
For straight to his heels the man took.

## XVI.

Over moorland he dashed, and through quagmire he plashed;  
His pace never daring to slack;  
Till the hostel he neared, for greatly he feared  
Old Grindrod would leap on his back.

## XVII.

His wager he lost, and something it cost;  
But that which annoyed him the most,  
Was to find out too late, that certain as fate,  
The Landlord had acted the Ghost.

Juddock laughed very heartily at the landlord’s ditty, as indeed did the rest of the company, including the Squire, who was roused by it from his reverie, and at its conclusion proceeded to replenish the glasses.

“I suspect, Mr. Jonas, you yourself are the cunning landlord who enacted old Grinny’s ghost,” the giant observed, after taking off his punch.

“No—no, captain, I’ve as much courage as any man of my inches,” Jonas responded, drawing himself up; “but I’m not quite equal to that. Howsomdever, you’re not so far out. The landlord in question was a relative of mine, and kept an inn on Pendleton Moor, near Manchester, close to which old Grindrod was hanged in chains. I had the tale from the landlord’s own lips—so I know it to be true. But, talking of ghosts—our lady in white is sometimes very troublesome. I wish your reverence,” he added to the Vicar, “would lay her in the Red Sea.”

“Spirits, I fear, are not as easily exorcised as they used to be in Popish times, landlord,” Dr. Sidebottom replied, “when the priests compelled them to depart according to the forms prescribed by Saint Gregory and Saint Anthony, as mentioned in the life of the latter by Saint Athanasius. One adjuration, I remember, runs in this way, and I will pronounce it, that we may see whether it will prove efficacious.” And extending his pipe like a wand, he pronounced these words in a solemn, emphatic voice: “*Adjuro te, Spectrum horribile! per Judicem vivorum et mortuorum, per Factorem mundi, qui habet potestatem mittere te in Gehennâ, ut ab hac domo festinus discedas. Audi Spectrum! et time, et victum et prostratum recede in Sinû Arabico!*”

“That sounds very dreadful,” Jonas exclaimed, in a quaking voice; “the exorcism quite makes one’s flesh creep. Lady Jaga I hope will hear it, and rest quiet in future.”

"Can anybody give us another ghost-story?" the Squire asked. "You look as if you had one ready, captain."

"Why, faith! Squire, I can sing you a ballad which may match the landlord's, if that will serve your turn?"

"Nothing better.—Let us have it, by all means."

And wetting his whistle according to custom, Juddock commenced the following legendary strains, which he sang right merrily.

## **The Barber of Ripon and the Ghostly Basin :**

### **A TALE OF THE CHARNEL-HOUSE.**

#### **I.**

SINCE Ghost-Stories you want, there is one I can tell  
Of a wonderful thing that Bat Pigeon befel :  
A Barber at Ripon, in Yorkshire, was he,  
And as keen in his craft as his best blade could be.

#### **II.**

Now Bat had a fancy,—a strange one, you'll own,—  
Instead of a brass bowl to have one of bone :  
To the Charnel-house 'neath the old Minster he'd been,  
And there, 'mongst the relics, a treasure had seen.

#### **III.**

'Mid the pile of dry bones that encumber'd the ground,  
One pumpkin-like skull with a mazard he found ;  
If home that enormous old scone he could take,  
What a capital basin for shaving 'twould make !

#### **IV.**

Well! he got it, at last, from the Sexton, his friend,  
Little dreaming how queerly the business would end :  
Next, he saw'd off the cranium close to the eyes ;  
And behold then! a basin capacious in size.

#### **V.**

As the big bowl is balanced 'twixt finger and thumb,  
Bat's customers all with amazement are dumb ;  
At the strange yellow object they blink and they stare,  
But what it can be not a soul is aware !

#### **VI.**

Bat Pigeon, as usual, to rest went that night,  
But he soon started up in a terrible fright :  
Lo! giving the curtains and bedclothes a pull,  
A Ghost he beheld—*wanting half of its skull!*

#### **VII.**

"Unmannerly Barber!" the Spectre exclaimed ;  
"To desecrate bonehouses art not ashamed ?  
Thy crown into shivers, base varlet, I'll crack,  
Unless, on the instant, my own I get back!"



## VIII.

"There it lies on the table," Bat quakingly said;  
 "Sure, a skull cannot matter, when once one is dead."—  
 "Such a skull as thine may not, thou addlepat fool!  
 But a shaver of clowns for a Knight is no rule!"

## IX.

With this, the wroth Spectre its brainpan clapp'd on,  
 And holding it fast, in a twinkling was gone;  
 But ere through the keyhole the Phantom could rush,  
 Bat perceived it had taken his soap and his brush.

## X.

When the Sexton, next morn, went the Charnel-house round,  
 The Great Yellow Skull\* in its old place he found:  
 And 'twixt its lank jaws, while they grinningly ope,  
 As in mockery stuck, are the Brush and the Soap!

Again the laughter and plaudits were loud and long. Again the glasses were replenished.

"Well, it's easy to make a jest of supernatural appearances when we're all comfortably seated round a table, well provided with appliances for good cheer, as we are now," the Squire remarked; "but, let me tell you, it's very different when you're alone in a large, dark, solitary room; reported to be haunted. I don't think it any reproach to my manhood to confess that I have felt uneasy under such circumstances."

"I guess what your honour alludes to," Nelly observed. "You refer to the night you once passed here, when you occupied the Haunted Chamber. You may remember I tried to dissuade you from using it, but you laughed at me, and told me you weren't afraid of ghosts or hobgoblins. Doctor Plot sleeps in the room to-night, and he said much the same thing to me. We shall hear whether he changes his note to-morrow."

"I hope he will be spared the sight I beheld—or fancied I beheld," the Squire rejoined, with a slight shudder.

"Odzoos! what was it you did see, Squire?" Juddock asked.

"On my soul, I don't like to talk of it, captain."

"Ah! gentlemen, this is a very mysterious house, and strange things have happened in it," quoth Jonas, shaking his head; "and no wonder some of the old family can't rest in their graves. Lady Juga is not the only one that walks."

"Why, who else does, in the name of wonder, Jonas?" Nelly cried. "I never saw any other spirit."

"But I have," her husband replied, shaking his head solemnly. "I once beheld a dreadful apparition; in the likeness of a man with a great, gaping wound in his breast, and his shirt all dabbled over with blood. The ghost came out of a closet in the Haunted Room."

Nelly uttered a faint scream.

"Whose ghost could it be, Jonas?" Roper inquired.

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\* This ghostly relic may still be seen in the curious Charnel-house of Ripon Minster. And the legend connected with it is devoutly believed by the Sexton, its narrator.

"His father's, sir," the landlord replied in a low, mysterious tone, pointing over his shoulder to Sir Gilbert, who was still seated by the fire. "The late baronet who was killed in a duel, as you know, by Sir Walter Fitzwalter. I'm quite sure it was he."

"This is strange, indeed, landlord," the Squire observed.

"Very strange!" Roper cried.

"Still stranger you never mentioned it to me before," Nelly cried, rather piqued.

"I didn't like to alarm you, ducky," Jonas rejoined. "A proof of my great consideration for your feelings."

"By all accounts the house seems to swarm with spectres," Juddock exclaimed. "I hope my room is free from them."

"Can't answer for it," Jonas replied. "Spirits have a great deal of malice, and play strange tricks—especially she-spirits."

At this moment, a singular noise at the head of the great staircase attracted general attention.

## VII.

### THE MAIL-CLAD APPARITION.

ALL eyes were turned in the direction of the sound, and to the astonishment and horror of the beholders, they saw a tall, mail-clad apparition issue from the sliding panel. The visor of the helmet was raised, disclosing a countenance pallid as death, and stained with blood. Horrible sight! Nelly screamed, and fell into the arms of her husband, who had enough to do to sustain her, being terribly frightened himself. The rest of the company stared aghast.

There could be no illusion in this case. The spectre was palpable enough to sight and hearing too. Its heavy tread sounded on the boards of the gallery, like blows from a paviour's rammer.

Meanwhile, Peggy and Dick having come forth from the corridor, the screams of the pretty chambermaid were added to those of her mistress. Utterly disregarding them, and heedless of the fright it occasioned to the party below, the spectre began to descend the great oak staircase.

Slowly! step after step. Thump! thump! thump!

Some centuries had elapsed, since those knightly trappings had been worn. Some centuries had elapsed, since such a figure had stalked down those stairs.

The ghost came on, but no one appeared inclined to address it. No one stirred from his place.

Nelly alone spoke. She had now left off screaming, finding it of no use, and whispered to her husband—"Look, Jonas, look! It's one of the old Fitzwalters. Don't you recollect his picture painted on one of the panels in the Haunted Chamber?"

"Yes, I recollect it," Jonas rejoined, his teeth chattering with fright, and his limbs trembling; "but the ghost's very like Frank Woodbine."

"Why so it is, I declare," Nelly said, recovering her courage a little.

Still the spectre continued to thump the stairs in its slow descent.

Suddenly, Sir Gilbert de Montfichet starting to his feet, drew his sword, and hastened to confront the apparition. The encounter took place at the foot of the staircase. Nothing daunted, the ghost, with its

gauntleted hand, snatched the sword pointed at its breast, from the young baronet's grasp, and shivered it in twain upon the floor. It then took Sir Gilbert by the shoulder, and thrust him forcibly backwards several paces. Exclamations of surprise were uttered by all the spectators, and Jonas would have taken to his heels if he had not been withheld by his wife, who began to have some glimmering of the truth.

But as it had now become quite evident to all, that the supposed ghost, which had occasioned them so much terror, was a creature of flesh and blood like themselves, there was no limit to their expressions of indignation at the unjustifiable trick played upon them. Jonas declared he had seen through it at once, and had only waited to ascertain how far it would be carried before he resented it. Great oaths were discharged by Juddock, like shells from a monster mortar; and even the Squire swore lustily. But the first to aid Sir Gilbert—perhaps, because he chanced to be nearest him—was old Paul Flitwick.

"Tak that, warmint," the ancient huntsman cried, aiming a blow at the ghost's head with the butt-end of his heavy hunting-whip. "Tak that."

Well was it for Frank that a stout casque protected him; or his tale had then been told. The blow sounded like the stroke of a hammer on the anvil; and for a moment it staggered the young man, but recovering himself, he snatched the whip from Paul, and laid it across his shoulders.

"Haud hard, mon—haud yar hond, a say! What the Dule be'st at?" vociferated the old huntsman, yelping like a beaten hound.

"Paying off a little score I owe you for mischief-making, Paul," Frank replied, giving him another cut or so. "Don't you know me, you old fool!"

"Whay, zaunds! af at ben't Fraank Woodbane—the gaam-keeper," Paul cried—"haud hard, Fraank—a tells ee."

"Frank Woodbine!" exclaimed Juddock, in stentorian tones, and with a terrific imprecation. "Is this he? I'll be the death of him."

"Oh! don't let 'em harm him, your honour," Nelly cried with great earnestness to the Squire. "Frank's such a nice young man. I don't know how he got that armour on; but I'm sure it was with no ill intention. I can explain how he happens to be here."

"Explain it then to me?" whispered Jonas. "Oh! you wicked hussy!"

Meanwhile, some half-dozen immense strides brought the giant within reach of the young gamekeeper, who, mistaking his purpose, ordered him to stand off.

"You are a large man and a strong, and are armed with a warrant I make no doubt," Frank cried; "but I advise you not to lay hands upon me, or you may get the worst of it, Mr. Bumbailiff."

"Bumbailiff! I a base bumbailiff!" roared the giant, transported with fury. "'Sdeath! fellow, I am an officer."

"So I conclude," Frank said; "an officer of the meanest kind, employed by Mr. Roper to arrest me."

"I am employed by his Majesty King George the Second, sirrah; and I will carve you in minced-meat for your impertinence," the giant roared, making a pass at him with his lengthy blade, which did him no injury whatever, being turned aside by the steel breastplate. Frank seemed invulnerable.

Not so Captain Juddock. The lash of the heavy hunting-whip was again called vigorously into action, and seemed to find out the tenderest parts of his person. Stamping and roaring like a mad bull under the severity of the application, he at last fairly took to his heels, and fled, howling with rage and pain.

Frank was left by himself ; master of the field ; and flourishing the conquering hunting-whip.

The Squire, and indeed, everybody else, except Sir Gilbert, laughed at the boastful giant's discomfiture. As to Jonas, his fat sides shook with merriment ; and tears of exquisite delight rushed to his eyes. " I can forgive Frank anything for this good service," he thought.

" How comes Frank Woodbine to be here at this time of night, and tricked out in that knightly gear ?" the steward inquired.

" I locked him up in the cellar, please you, Mr. Roper," Nelly said.

" And why did you so lock him up, mistress ?"

" Ay, answer that, mistress," Jonas whispered.

" To keep him out of the way of your bailiffs, Mr. Roper," Nelly replied. " But he managed to get out somehow ; for when I went to look for him, the bird was flown."

" How I contrived it, would puzzle me to explain," Frank cried, over-hearing what was said ; " but I found my way with a deal of difficulty, and in a very roundabout manner, to a closet where I discovered this old suit of armour ; so I clapped it on as you see, and came forth, thinking I should be able to escape, undetected."

" But you're bleeding !—You've hurt yourself ?" Nelly exclaimed.

" Not much," Frank replied, taking off the helmet.

" Here, Peggy !—a napkin and a basin of water—quick !" Nelly said to the chambermaid, who with Carrotty Dick had now ventured to come down stairs. " And bring that box of unguent from the cupboard."

" Have a moment's patience with the young man, sir," Mr. Roper said to the Squire, " and keep Sir Gilbert and his friend quiet, if possible," pointing to the young baronet and Juddock ; both of whom were evidently breathing vengeance against Frank.

" Gad's life, Roper, you're a strange fellow," cried the Squire—" you pretend to know nothing, and you are in everybody's secrets. I warrant me you know more about that young man than you choose to admit."

" Well, sir, perhaps I do," the steward rejoined, with a smile.

" I was quite sure of it," the Squire said. " Zounds ! now his face is cleansed from blood, the youth is very handsome."

While Frank, occupied with the napkin and ewer which Peggy had brought him, was effacing from his features so far as he could the marks of the accident, Sir Gilbert and Juddock seemed not ill-disposed to draw fresh blood from him, and it required all the Squire's authority, backed by that of the Vicar, to restrain them from their attack upon him. Very assiduous was Nelly, meanwhile, in her attentions to the young man ; making him sit down ; carefully removing his clotted hair, and bathing his brow. She had just applied a wonderful specific which was sure to heal the wound, when the outer door was opened, giving admittance to Rose Woodbine, and Dragon. As she entered, Rose hastily and anxiously

inquired of Jonas if anything had been seen of her husband. The landlord replied by pointing to the young man.

At first, Rose scarcely recognised him in his strange disguise; but then with a cry of mingled delight and uneasiness, she rushed towards him and threw her arms round his neck. Dragon was considerably puzzled too; and examined his master's greaves before he could be quite satisfied it was he; after which, he expressed his delight by barking loudly and leaping upon him.

"I cannot take you to my heart as I desire, Rose," the young man said, with a smile. "I do not know how in times of chivalry, knights, when fully equipped for fight, contrived to embrace the ladies of their love; but I should be afraid of injuring you, sweetheart, if I clasped you in my arms now."

Certes, in the days to which Frank referred, it would have been difficult to find, search where you would, among press of knights, a goodlier person, or comelier features than fell to the young man's share. His was one of those noble faces the mould of which seems to be lost, since we never meet with its like in these days; picturesque, beautiful, manly, chivalrous in expression. Frank bore him in his steely apparel as if constantly accustomed to it, and not as if he had donned it for the first time. His deportment seemed to have undergone a complete change, and there was a stateliness in his manner, and a certain haughtiness of carriage—altogether unusual—that impressed every beholder with surprise. Not that there was any haughtiness—but, on the contrary, deepest love,—in the look he fixed on Rose, as with fond arms twined around his neck, and earnest eyes turned upwards she gazed admiringly and tenderly upon his face. And if he appeared like proud knight of old, was she not worthy to match with him? Was she not fair and graceful as he was hardy and well-favoured? Was she not worthy of his devotion? Ay, marry, was she. Lovelier dame than she never nerved arm at tilt or tourney. Brighter eyes than hers never stirred knightly bosom. Sweeter lips than hers never rewarded knightly prowess. And Frank thought so, and felt so too, as he bent his stately neck to impress a kiss upon them.

A comely pair indeed! Kindly as comely! Loving as kindly!

"Well, I declare it's quite a picture!" Nelly exclaimed, unable to refuse her meed of admiration at the sight. "I never saw anything prettier. And the dog, too—how well he comes into it!"

Dragon, in fact, formed no bad addition to the group.

But Nelly had other causes of admiration presently. Finding her husband was hurt—a circumstance she had not remarked in the first joy of their meeting—Rose displayed the greatest anxiety, till it was relieved by the light manner in which he treated the accident, coupled with assurances, on his part, that Nelly had quite cured him with the balsam she had applied; on which his wife could not thank the hostess sufficiently.

"No jealousy, I perceive," thought Nelly. "I couldn't have thanked *her*."

Then again, when Rose inquired how he came by the armour in which he was clad—telling him at the same time how well it became him?—and wondered what had detained him so late?—she was quite content when informed that all would be explained by-and-by. Nay,

she was more than content, for was he not safe and happy? that being all she desired to know. Neither did she heed his expressions of regret at the uneasiness his unavoidable absence had occasioned her. Sufficient, it was unavoidable. Could better understanding subsist between two people? Nelly thought not. Still she could not help commenting to herself on such singular conduct.

"She has no more curiosity than jealousy," Nelly thought. "Now, if I had a handsome husband and he were to stay out late I should go distracted, and would make him account for every minute of his absence. And if Jonas were to get into a suit of armour—though I don't think there's any to fit him—I'd never let him rest till I knew why he put it on. But Rose takes everything quietly. How differently people are constituted, to be sure!"

Not knowing what had happened, Rose thought it better to acquaint her husband in a whisper that the debt to the steward had been settled, and that she had the bond at home. Frank saw she had some further explanations to give, but he forbore to make inquiries now.

"You have greatly relieved my mind, Rose," he said—"and there can now be no obstacle to my immediate return home. But as I can scarcely go forth in this garb, you, love, shall perform the part of a faithful squire, and help your loyal knight to take off his harness—that, I believe, is the proper term."

And as both Nelly and Rose helped to disarm him, the task was quickly performed, and the young gamekeeper was left in his customary attire.

"Now you're like yourself, Frank," Rose cried, embracing him.

"I know who he was like when he had the armour on," Nelly said. "Somebody he might be very proud to resemble."

Frank looked hard at her, but made no remark.

Rose's unexpected appearance had produced different effects upon different persons among the company. On seeing her, Sir Gilbert ordered Captain Juddock to follow him, and ran hastily up the great staircase; so she was not aware of his presence, though he and the giant continued to watch what was passing from the gallery.

But no one was so much interested as the Squire, and his countenance expressed the variety of emotions that agitated his breast on sight of Rose. Astonishment, delight, affection—were all painted upon it by turns,—and he had some difficulty in restraining himself. Indeed, he would have rushed towards her, if he had not been withheld by the steward.

"I must speak to her, Roper—I *must*," he cried.

"Not to-night, sir—not to-night, I beseech you," the steward rejoined. "I will engage to bring her and her husband—or Rose, at all events—to Monkbury Place to-morrow. Much better defer the interview till then. Something has to be done in the interim—with Dr. Plot—you understand."

"No—I don't understand it, at all," the Squire cried, very impatiently, "but I know that you torment worse than the devil. However, be it as you will. On the understanding that you *will* bring her to Monkbury to-morrow, I am content to wait till then. But I shan't sleep a wink to-night for thinking of her. God bless her pretty face! how like she is to

her mother! But I must be off! If I stay here a minute longer I shall break out in spite of you. To-morrow, *without fail*, Roper!"

"Without fail," the steward emphatically replied.

And without waiting to say good night to the Vicar, or to any one else, the Squire rushed out of the house, followed by Paul Flitwick, and more leisurely by the reverend gentleman himself, upon whom the punch had made considerable impression.

A few words then passed between Roper and the young gamekeeper and his wife. On learning that the Squire desired to see them at Monk-bury on the following day, Frank readily agreed to go there; but though Rose offered no remonstrance, a deep flush overspread her features, quickly succeeded by perfect paleness. Her emotion did not escape the notice of the steward, who endeavoured to re-assure her by a look; though it passed unobserved by her husband, as he had turned at the moment to take leave of Nelly. This point achieved, Mr. Roper went his way.

Soon afterwards, the pair took their departure; Jonas and Nelly attending them to the door, with many professions of regard. As may be supposed, they had much to talk of on the way home, and scarcely noticed the gambols of Dragon by their side.

Ere half an hour more had elapsed, all the inmates of the Old Inn were buried in repose.

All except one. And we know how He passed the night.

#### THOMAS MOORE'S DIARY.\*

THIS "Diary" increases in interest as it progresses. Moore starts for Italy in company with Lord John Russell, whom he found to be "mild and sensible; and took off Talma well." We have also the impressions of the other party in an indirect way. Lord John told Moore that the Duchess of Bedford, in whose company they crossed the Channel, said, on starting for the Rhine, that she "wished they had some one with them like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening!"

At Paris, bought for forty francs the complete edition of his works, in six volumes. "Cruel kindness this, to rake up all the rubbish I have ever written in my life—good, bad, and indifferent; it makes me ill to look at it." Dined at St. Cloud with a large and fashionable party, but went to sup at the Café Hardy on a *salade de volaille*, "having got but little to eat at St. Cloud." Writes a great deal about his "darling Betsy," but is not the less attentive to "a pretty little girl, Miss Herbert," for whom he sings, copies music, and whom he attends to the Opera. *Apropos* of the Opera, Moore says, "Few things set my imagination on the wing so much as these spectacles at the Opera."

At Geneva, one Dumont informed them that the standing army of Geneva was 350 men, and that he had proved in the assembly that it was, in proportion, the largest army in Europe, except that of Russia: this, says Moore, is excellent. A M. Cramer made a calculation of the space that the animals and the food requisite for them took up in Noah's

\* Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.



Ark, and found out that there was more room than they wanted. General Cumming declared the government of Geneva to be the most arbitrary in Europe; a sentinel ran with fixed bayonet at the driver of his *char-à-banc* for daring to trot past the town-hall. Another wise Englishman, standing by, said, "If you knocked a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days, and seemed to think it a very hard case."

Passing the Simplon had the same effect as the first view of Mont Blanc—only in this case it was the Jungfrau. "I alternately shuddered and shed tears as I looked at it," says Moore, and his biographer alludes in his preface to this exquisite sensibility to the beauties and the sublimities of nature's works. The grotto, however, at Villa Tansi, was like all other grottos, as Dr. Johnson says, "fit for a toad."

Moore bought a crazy little *calèche* at Milan and parted from Lord John, with the horror of banditti in prospective, but soon found that hotel-keepers, waiters, and "cursed *fabros*," were the real *ladri*—the others mere Opera heroes. At Brescia, "called at five, but thought it was raining a deluge, and went to sleep again; found afterwards it was only a fountain in the yard; beautiful morning!"

Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country-house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicsome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He dressed, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation, which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta), where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good-nature for my accommodation, and despatched persons in search of a *laquais de place*, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a *traiteur's*, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c., &c., down to Pitt himself, who,

As minister of state, is  
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.

"Forgot to mention," Moore adds, afterwards, "that Byron introduced me to his countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty." When he saw the countess again, on his return from Venice, she looked prettier, he says, than she did the first time. The Guiccioli's husband was, he says, a fine specimen of an Italian husband. He wanted Lord B. to lend him 1000*l.* at five per cent.; that is, give it, though he talks of giving security; and says, in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him! It is

not likely, however, that he got such golden consolations, for Scott told Moore that Lord B. kept a box, into which he occasionally put sequins ; that he had collected about 300, and his great delight was to open the box and contemplate his store.

As to the city of the Adriatic, "the disenchantment," he exclaims, "one meets with at Venice—the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking ! —the piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary ducal palace and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite," are described as altogether making a most barbaric appearance. It was better at night. "Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock ; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light), gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had."

At Covigliaio, Moore writes :

Among my epistles from Italy must be one on the exaggeration of travellers, and the false colouring given both by them and by drawings to the places they describe and represent. Another upon painting ; the cant of connoisseurs ; the contempt artists have for them. To a real lover of nature the sight of a pretty woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best painted pictures of them in the world. Give, however, the due admiration to the *chefs d'œuvre* of art, of Guido, Titian, Guercino, &c. Mention the tiresome sameness of the subjects on which the great masters employed themselves ; how refreshing a bit of paganism is after their eternal Madonnas, St. Francis, &c. : Magdalen my favourite saint. Introduce in a note the discussions about the three Marys. Another epistle must touch upon the difference between the Italian woman and the German in love : more of *physique* in the feelings of the former ; the Italian would kill herself for a living lover, whom she would forget if he died ; the German would pine away for a dead one. The senses of the latter are reached through her imagination (as is the case very much with the English woman), but the imagination of the Italian woman is kindled through her senses, &c., &c.

At Florence, Moore was *fêted* by the Burghershes, the Dillons, the Morgans, and others. We like one bit of natural criticism: "Was much disappointed by the Fornarina, which has coarse skin, coarse features, and coarse expression."

From Florence to Rome with Colonel Camac, Princess Chigi, and an escort of dragoons part of the way. The old princess said "she knew of my fame, &c., &c. ; but this is all nonsense." At Rome, the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Davy were rival *cicerones*, but as the duchess had "undertaken" Canning, Moore fell to the philosopher's lady. What was of more value to him, he got the company also of Chantrey, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, Jackson, and other distinguished artists. Canova and Thorwaldsen, were also at Rome at that time. Eastlake is spoken of at that time as "an artist, studying in Rome." Among others, also—"In the evening went to the Princess Borghese's, a fine creature in her way; delighted to find I knew her friends, Ladies Jersey, Holland, and Lansdowne. Showed her beautiful little hands, which I had the honour of kissing twice; and let me feel her foot, which is matchless!" Canova was still more favoured, witness his *Venere Vincitrice*. Moore's diary has at times a faint resemblance to that of the immortal Pepys, the Admiralty secretary, tuned down to modern taste. For example: "Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's."

Mrs. Dodwell looking beautiful; her husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him 'Caro Doodle.' His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her; and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him."

We may fairly be allowed to pass over the account of all the palaces, chiezas, piazzas, portas, galleries, campaniles, chapels, baptisteries, villas, temples, arches, and tombs; all the statues, fountains, and frescoes; all the Laocoons, Apollos, Antinouses, Andromedas, Cupids and Psyches; all the Madonnas, virgins, angels, and saints; all the Raphaels, Titians, Michael Angelos, Rembrandts, and other great masters, that the poet's eye gloated on, and the poet's pen describes. We must keep, amid such redundant matter, to what is new or characteristic. Passing a church, for example, on his way to the Corso, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street, he says: "If there had been but a burst of music from it, the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven." Again, on a visit to Tivoli: "Nature never disappoints; the humbug is always found in the arts, literature, ruins, &c., &c. The little streamlets that issue from the well by quiet ways of their own, and join the tumult afterwards, a fine illustration of something—I don't know what."—"It is strange enough," he says of Canova (if the world did not abound in such anomalies), "that Canova values himself more on some wretched daubs he has perpetrated in painting than on his best sculpture." At Terni, again: "The rainbow over the fall, like the providence of God watching over a stormy world." The poet is far more at home with nature than art, far more susceptible of nature's beauties, although by no means insensible to the wonders and perfection of art; but, still, in the one case admiration is natural, in the other far too manifestly elaborated criticism. This, notwithstanding that Lucchesini called him *uno dei pilastri delle arte*. Very different are some of the recorded criticisms of his friends distinguished in art. For example, Chantrey on the Duomo of Florence: "The great object of architecture is to produce, by its different forms and projections, different pleasing effects of light and shadows; but an almost flat surface like that of the Duomo, which substitutes variety of light and shadow, is so far from being in good taste, that, at the best, it can only be considered a large and beautiful toy."

On Moore's return to Florence, the society there had received an accession in the person of Lady Charlemont. "Lady Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her beauty is wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the Italians were ready to fall down and worship her." Even the essentially artistic Italians can be more struck by nature than by art. Lady Burghersh was intimate with Maria Louisa. Said she loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and, without beginning "Madame," or "Chère," or anything, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him at St. Helena. (This was in 1819.) Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic.

At Parma, calling for a bottle of Champagne, which he had lost as a wager, Moore told the waiter. " ' *C'è un scommesso ch'io perduto. Perduto!* ' he exclaimed, ' *Ah, per bacco!* ' This beats Bob Acres' oath for appropriateness." On his return to Paris, Moore found letters from the Longmans, stating that the Bermuda business had not been arranged yet, and he had better prolong his stay in France. This was a sad disappointment. His dear cottage and his books! So he took lodgings—a *fairy* suite of apartments, he calls them—an entresol in the Rue Chantreine, and sent for his wife and family, whom he went to escort from Calais.

On his way discussed American literature with two French ladies. Argued that what prevented the Americans exerting themselves was their having the work already done to their hands in the literature of the mother country; "and that, in fact, to be *langue epuisée* (it should be *une langue epuisée*). ' *Comment*, ' she answered, ' *une langue epuisée*, when there are such poets as Byron and Scott alive?' The silence about me I bore very philosophically; found afterwards she had heard much of my name, but never read me." Another disappointment soon followed. A French bonnet was procured for Mrs. Moore the moment of her arrival in Paris; and with this they proceeded together to the Marionettes, "where, notwithstanding her bonnet, somebody cried out, ' *Voilà une dame Anglaise!* ' " This was not all; he had to go to the Couturière. "Rather hard upon me," he says, "to be the interpreter on these occasions." And then, in return for all these self-sacrifices, Lady E. Fielding said to him, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

It is curious to read what authors are sometimes charged with. At this time there were monsters in Paris, known as *piqueurs*, who stabbed women; and the practice was attributed in fashionable circles to the study of Lord Byron's works, and the principles inculcated by him. Similar absurd charges have been made in our time, or it would be impossible to imagine anything so ridiculous.

At this time Moore got into a "cottage"—his worldly ambition—in the Champs Elysées, and set to work at his "Fudge Family," at the rate of thirty lines a day. He appears to have read a great deal for a work apparently so light—especially in art. The murder of the Duc de Berri took place shortly afterwards. A lady who went to see the body at the Louvre, said, "Voilà la seconde exposition au Louvre de l'industrie de M. de Caze."

Went with Madame de Flahault to the Opera. When they were leaving the theatre, the Duchesse de Raguse came over to whisper to her, and asked whether it was Monsieur Walter Scott she had by the arm. Upon Madame de F.'s saying "No, it was Mr. Moore," the duchesse replied, "Ah! c'est la même chose, c'est 'Lalla Rookh' que j'adore." Another time, discussing English literature at the Duc de Broglie's, a Frenchman present mentioning those of Lord Byron's works he liked the best, he said the "Corsair" and "Lalla Rookh."

Received a letter, at last, from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:

"Kirkby Mallory, March 10, 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the consequences.

"To Lord Byron.

"A. BYRON."

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B., is as follows:

"Ravenna, April 3, 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further' . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your attention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with Florentine,

Et io, che posto son con loro in'croce  
\* \* \* \* \*

La sfera moglie, più ch'altro, mi nuoce.

"To Lady Byron.

"BYRON."

In July of the same year, Moore being in a cottage of Mr. Villamil's, at La Butte Coaslin, overlooking Sèvres, commenced his "Epicurean." His reading for this Egyptian romance was curious. "Sethos," a classic work in France, by the Abbé Tennasson, to which the author of "Antenor" was also under great obligations, was evidently of the greatest use to our poet. Chateaubriand had anticipated the idea of a Pagan girl becoming a martyr in "Les Martyrs." In the very thick of these Egyptian labours, Moore discovered that *omelette aux confitures*, with a glass of noyau thrown over it, was a very excellent thing. The discovery was made at Véry's. The entries in the diary are certainly sometimes amusingly naïve. They involuntarily suggest the thought, is it possible a man made such entries with a view to publication? The prurient among the public may take much pleasure in these little details of daily life, which brings down even genius to the level of the humblest of mankind; but a healthy taste can never wish to see its hero disillusioned of his more robust and more intellectual attributes. True that the diary is full of well-bred facetiousness, and sparkle of the very first water; but Tom Moore, as Rogers said of him, was born with a rose in his lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of his bed; and the true admirer of his genius would also have wished him to expire so.

When the wood would not burn in the Jura, Moore said to Lord John Russell that it was "*assuré contre l'Incendie*." In Paris he found that the assurance inscription in the houses, M. A. C. L. (*Maison assurée contre l'Incendie*), were read by the French *Mes amis, chassez Louis*. Visiting Denon, when engaged on his "Epicurean," he saw drawings of Philoe and Elephantine, which made him wish he could take "his poetical people" there. A very natural wish. Moore appears to have entertained a horror of the genus dandy. There is an entry of the 4th

of September to the following effect: "Met Douglas, who told me Lord Miltown expected me to dinner at six o'clock. Went there; but his lordship did not come in till near seven, when he brought the awful news that four or five dandies were at his heels. This was too much. One dandy or so I can bear, but a whole dinner of dandies is insupportable; so I begged him to keep my secret, ran out of the house, and went and dined at Véry's." The next is touching.

11th. Went in to Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the Père la Chaise before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected; but our dull guide insisted upon taking us to the worst part of it, which a good deal spoiled the effect. Saw the tombs of Labedoyère and Ney, which I had missed last year. Gave them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu (Bessy, Dumoulin, Miss Wilson, Anastasia, and Dr. Yonge's little girl), and took them afterwards to the Porte St. Martin. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the "*Voyages de Pythagore*." Bessy, however, told me, when we came home, that she had saved, by little pilferings from me, at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.

The next day he bought the "*Voyages de Pythagore*" with his "dear girl's stolen money." Fourrier furnished Moore with a good idea, viz., that accurate descriptions, in lively language, of some of the Egyptian *tableaux sculptés* would be as sublime and striking as copies in drawing are dry and uninteresting. Our countryman, Mr. Hamilton, had already shown this to be the case in his "*Egyptiaca*." He also consulted Humboldt upon the Egyptian theme. The Prussian spoke contemptuously of the great government work as a confused heap of commonplaces—Fourrier's, a pompous preface, with nothing in it. Yet what he got out of Humboldt himself, as to dark Cleopatras with aquiline noses, and negro sphynxes, he says he found in Volney a day or two after.

In October, they left La Butte for the Allée des Veuves, and once more dined with their little ones. "Bessy said, in going to bed, 'This is the first rational day we have had for a long time.'" Whereupon Lord John remarks, "Mrs. Moore was quite right: in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy."

The Duchesse de Berri is related to have written to her father on the occasion of her *accouchement*, and as a slap on the knuckles for his late sanction of the revolution, "*Je suis accouchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution*." And Lord Byron sent an epigram for the approaching anniversary of his marriage, "most marvellously comical."

#### TO PENELOPE.

This day, of all our days, has done

The worst for me and you;

'Tis now six years since we were *one*,

And five since we were *two*.

It is not a little amusing to find Moore, who, as a Whig, professes the utmost horror and indignation at the decision of the House of Lords against the queen, quoting Martial's epigram as applicable to the case:

So like their manners, so like their life,  
An infamous husband and infamous wife ;  
It is something most strange and surprising to me,  
That a couple so *like* should never agree!

Moore describes Wordsworth as dull in company. "I see," he says, "he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation." Wordsworth had as good an opinion of himself as Moore. One day, in a large party, he called out suddenly, from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy!" and on Davy's putting forth his head, in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it." Wordsworth used to complain that the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" was founded on his style and sentiments. "Tintern Abbey" was the source of it all. Upon which Lord John remarks, "There is some resemblance between 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Childe Harold;' but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, 'When they tell me Homer made Virgil,' I answer, 'Then it is his best work;' so of Wordsworth it may be said, if he wrote the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' it is his best work."

A very characteristic story of Sheridan is fathered by Moore on Lord John Russell.

Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson, hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

Lady — said that Louis XVIII. called Talleyrand "*une vieille lampe qui pue en s'eteignant*." There is a capital story of the Princesse Talleyrand:

It is said of Madame Talleyrand, that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and madame upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, &c., &c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant: at last, upon her saying, "Eh puis, ce cher Vendredil!" he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.

And one of Talleyrand's, told by Lord John. Bobus Smith, one day, in conversation with the great diplomatist, having brought up somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said, "*C'etoit donc votre père qui n'etoit pas bien*."

In talking to Rogers about his living in Paris, Moore said, "One would not enjoy even Paradise, if one was obliged to live in it." "No," replied Rogers, "I dare say when Adam and Eve were turned out they



were very happy." Rogers, walking with two French ladies, complimented one as being *une femme galante et genereuse*; her anger may be easily imagined, whilst her companion laughed heartily, as if to say "It's all out; even strangers know it." Talking of the Hollands, he said, "There are two parties before whom everybody must appear—they and the police."

In September, 1821, Moore, having assumed the name of Dyke, and put on a pair of mustachios, started with Lord John Russell for England, to arrange some business matters with Longmans, Murray, and Power:

Longman called upon me. Told him my intention of settling the Bermuda business with the money arising from the sale of the "Memoirs:" seemed rather disappointed; said that I had better let matters go on as they were, and appeared labouring with some mystery. Remarked that though I had with much delicacy declined the contribution of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting *one* friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that a thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secrecy with regard to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed, of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and that, finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes.

Visited the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. "Had music in the evening; the duchess said she wished I could 'transfer my genius to her for six weeks;' and I answered, 'Most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time.'" From thence Moore repaired to Ireland, where he picked up a number of jokes, which contrast well by their nationality with the more chaste and delicate wit of the Continent. Story of a man asking a servant: "Is your master at home?" "No, sir; he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, sir; she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, sir, that's out too." A fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same thing in the morning, "Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald." Moore sat on this occasion to Mossop and Kirk. "Space between the eyes," he relates (although he before expressed great annoyance at Spurzheim detecting his love of children), "indicates memory of forms, and Kirk has always observed that conformation in persons who were ready in knowing likenesses. The protuberance I have in the forehead remarked in heroes—Napoleon, Duke of Wellington, and the rest of us. Large ears, a sign of eloquence. (This can scarcely said to be the case in the animal kingdom, whatever it may be with regard to man.) Praised mine; so did Bartolini, by-the-by." Sir Philip Crampton also got a mask taken of the national poet's face, "a disagreeable operation," he records it to have been. When the regiment of Enniskilleners lately entered that town, an old woman said, "Well, boys, you look mighty well, considering it is now a hundred and nine years since you were here before."

Received on his return to London joyful news:

Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney-coach, when Rees arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent had accepted the

1000*l.*, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine and showed myself up St. James's-street and Bond-street. Shee all wrong about the late servile pageant in Ireland; thinks that Paddy behaved exactly as he ought to do. Letters from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, "God bless you, my own free, fortunate happy *bird* (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you."

It may be necessary to add here that Lord John Russell offered, in his usually delicate manner, to contribute 200*l.* towards the debt, and a Mr. Sheddon advanced 300*l.*, and that all moneys advanced, even to the 740*l.* accepted from Lord Lansdowne, were, we believe, duly repaid. It is in details like these that we find the peculiar dilemma in which the poet's biographer was placed with regard to this "Diary." If he had left out one sentence he might have left out another, and exposed himself to all kinds of censures. Now in what personally concerned himself, he had criticisms to omit as well as deeds of kindness and acts of generosity to record; witness, for example, the reflection on his vacillation and inconsistency of purpose on quitting Paris. The only wise course to pursue was evidently to leave matters as they stood. The "Diary" was manifestly meant for publication; some few entries might create a doubt upon the subject; but others, again, leave none. For what possible reason would a poet chronicle such a mass of gossip-anecdotes and criticism, and such a heap of *bon-mots* and witticisms? They could be of no possible use to his studies or his compositions, nor were they of any avail as matters of reference. But they serve well to help what might have proved to be a rather tedious journal of occurrences wonderfully, and impart to it a rare raciness and pungency. All the great men and women of the day, titled and untitled, are put to contribution, and Moore's "Diary" will no doubt be quoted in after times as a perfect mine of epigrams, repartee, and anecdote.

On his return to Paris, it was the old routine of things over again, a little work and many dinners, theatres, soirées, and balls, and gaiety less interwoven with study even than before. Moore got tired of it himself. "Never," he records on the 7th of January, 1822, "did I lead such an unquiet life: Bessy ill, my home uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety." When does such revelry induce other results, in minds not solely given up to dissipation, or that have power left to return a moment to themselves and look inwardly? At length, in April, Moore quitted the capital which had too many seductions for him, and returned to England, living at first in lodgings. It was a change of place, however, with little or no change of habits—the same round of dinners, calls, parties, and entertainments. Talking to Jeffrey of the trouble of the *Edinburgh Review*, he said, "Come down to Edinburgh, and I'll give you half of it." Moore replied, "that he thought the public would find in that case one-half of the disc obscured." Luttrell, alluding to his restlessness, said he was "like a little, bright, ever-moving ball of quicksilver; it still eludes you, and it glitters still." It was not, however, till Sloperton became vacant that Paris was abandoned for good, and then Moore sent over his wife and family first. When he did arrive home, the "dear girl" had made herself look wretched by working to get the cottage in order.

"Most happy to be at home again." All his friends were alarmed at the title of the MSS. he brought over with him, "The Loves of the Angels." The Longmans announced it for New Year's Day, which fell on a Sunday, which made people ask if the poem was so very sacred, that nothing less than a Sunday would do for its publication? Moore does not seem to have been much struck with Lamb at first meeting. "Charles Lamb," he says, "a clever fellow certainly; but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. 'I suppose,' said Lamb, 'you addressed that line of Milton to it—'Thou *first* best cause, least understood.'"

In London or at Sloperston; it was still ever the same thing, running about from one noble residence to another, a perpetual flight after dinners and a rush to parties and theatres. A newspaper writer at Limerick reporting that the poet had been seen walking the streets leaning on the Marquis of Lansdowne's arm, reminded him of his own lines, how—

Sooner or later, all have to grieve  
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,  
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

After all, he was only "little Tom" with these aristocrats whose society he so much courted, and who "tolerated" him for his genius, his wit, and, above all, his musical talents. In talking of a children's ball lately given by Lady Jersey, Lady Lansdowne said, "How little Tom would have shown off there!" Then again there are narratives of such frivolous and almost lamentable exhibitions as the following:—"My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Lansdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* as the greatest man in the world, and him as the next, for being my friend. Very goodnaturedly allowed me to walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them; but I thought it better thus."

Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the "Veiled Prophet"—

He knew no more fear than one who dwells  
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles.

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:

He knew no more of fear than one who dwells  
On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles.

On my mentioning this to Corry, he told me of a remark made upon the "Angels," by Kyle, the Provost, which I should have been equally sorry any of my critics had got hold of:—"I could not help figuring to myself," says Kyle, "all the while I was reading it, Tom, Jerry, and Logic on a lark from the sky."

Talking of ghost-stories, Lord Lansdowne told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether she did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, "Si j'y crois? oui, et même je le suis," and instantly vanished. Not very good French

for a ghost. The following is better and from the same source. Mira-beau was answering Maury, and putting himself in a reasoning attitude, he said, "Je m'en vais renfermer M. Maury dans un cercle vicieux;" upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, "Comment! veux tu m'embrasser?" One day Moore enters as follows, "discovered in Irving the extraordinary description of Paradise, in which he introduces an allusion to me; 'Angels, not like those Three,' sung by no holy mouth.' His own Paradise, however, almost as naughty a one as either I or Mahomet could invent."—"Went to the Literary Fund dinner, of which I was a steward. Surprised on finding so large a portion of its directors and visitors to be persons whose names I had never heard before; in short, the only downright literati among them were myself and old George Dyer, the poet, who used to take advantage of the people being earthed up to the chin by Dr. Graham, to go and read his verses to them. Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and Lord John Russell next to him."

The death of Lord Byron, in 1824, entailed much trouble and annoyance on Moore, whose arrangements were of so complicated a character, as to leave the proceeding that ultimately followed—the destruction of the Byron MSS.—a subject of constant discussion. We are glad to extract Lord John Russell's able summary of the case in point.

I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as "the greatest error I had committed; in putting such a document out of my power." He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript to be dealt with, as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations.

Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his 2000 guineas with interest.

The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.

The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John

Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recal a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings.

As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of the great poet.—J. R.

The part taken in this affair by Moore appears to have been alike creditable to his heart and his head. Wilmot Horton and Luttrell had been urging him to take the money from Murray; but Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), upon whose honesty of purpose Moore ever relied, as upon a staff, said, "Shall I tell you, Moore, fairly, what I would do if I were in your situation?" "Out with it," I answered, eagerly, well knowing what was coming. "I would *not* take the money," he replied; and then added, "The fact is, if I wished to injure your character, my advice would be to accept it." This gave firmness to Moore's resolves.

Lord John called upon me, full of Wilmot Horton, who had been working at him too on the subject; was of opinion that there existed no objection whatever to my taking the money. A long conversation; said he would think over what I had said against our next meeting. Went to Rogers's and found him and his sister equally inclined with the rest to consider my refusal of the money as too romantic a sacrifice. Recapitulated my reasons, much more strongly and eloquently than I could ever put them to paper. Saw they were both touched by them, though Rogers would not allow it; owned that *he* would not receive the money in such a case, but said that my having a wife and children made all the difference possible in the views he ought to take of it. This avowal, however, was enough for me. More mean things have been done in this world (as I told him) under the shelter of "wife and children," than under any other pretext that worldly-mindedness can resort to. He said, at last, smiling at me, "Well, your life may be a good *poem*, but it is a damned bad matter-of-fact."

Moore says of Medwin's "Memoirs of Byron"—"To bring up a dead man thus to run a-muck among the living is a formidable thing. In old times, superstitious thieves used to employ a dead man's hand in committing robberies, and then called it *la main de gloire*. I rather think the captain of dragoons (Medwin) is making use of a hand of glory for not much better purposes." The same strange criticism might, however, just as well be applied to the publication of Moore's own "Diary." The greater part of the personages mentioned in it being still alive.

We must finish with an extract or two anon Sir W. Scott.

His reception of me most hearty; we had met but once before, so long ago as immediately after his publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." After presenting me to Lady Scott and his daughter Anne (the Lockharts having, unluckily, just gone to Edinburgh), he and I started for a walk. Said how much he was delighted with Ireland; the fun of the common people. The postilion having run the pole against a corner of a wall and broken it down, crying out, "Well done, pole! didn't the pole do it elegantly, your honour?" Pointing to the opposite bank, said it was believed still by some of the common people that the fairies danced in that spot; and as proof of it, mentioned a fellow having declared before him, in his judicial capacity, that having gone to pen his sheep about sunrise in a field two or three miles further down the river, he had seen little men and women under a hedge, beautifully dressed in green

and gold ; " the Duke of Buccleugh in full dress was nothing to them." " Did you, by virtue of your oath, believe them to be fairies ?" " I dinna ken ; they looked very like the gude people" (evidently believing them to be fairies). The fact was, however, that these fairies were puppets belonging to an itinerant showman, which some weavers, in a drunken frolic, had taken a fancy to and robbed him of, but, fearing the consequences when sober, had thrown them under a hedge, where this fellow saw them. In talking of the commonness of poetical talent just now, he said we were like Captain Bobadil, who had taught the fellows to [A blank left in the MS. The passage referred to is probably in Act 4, sc. 2 (Every Man in his Humour) : " I would teach these nineteens the special rules, as your punta, your reverso, . . . till they could all play very near, or altogether as well, as myself."]

When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said (with much shrewd humour in his face), " Ecod, we were in the luck of it, to come before all this talent was at work." Agreed with me that it would be some time before a great literary reputation could be again called up, " unless (he added) something new could be struck out ; everything that succeeded lately owing its success, in a great degree, to its novelty."

I said how well calculated the way in which Scott had been brought up was to make a writer of poetry and romance, as it combined all that knowledge of rural life and rural legends which is to be gained by living among the peasantry and joining in their sports, with all the advantages which an aristocratic education gives. I said that the want of this manly training showed itself in my poetry, which would perhaps have had a far more vigorous character if it had not been for the sort of *boudoir* education I had received. (The only thing, indeed, that conduced to brace and invigorate my mind was the strong political feelings that were stirring around me when I was a boy, and in which I took a deep and most ardent interest.) Scott was good-natured enough to dissent from all this. His grandfather, he told me, had been, when a young man, very poor ; and a shepherd, who had lived with the family, came and offered him the loan of (I believe all the money he had) thirty pounds, for the purpose of stocking a farm with sheep. The grandfather accepted it, and went to the fair, but instead of buying the sheep, he laid out the whole sum on a horse, much to the horror of the poor shepherd. Having got the horse, however, into good training and order, he appeared on him at a hunt, and showed him off in such style, that he immediately found a purchaser for him at twice the sum he cost him, and then, having paid the shepherd his 30*l.*, he laid out the remainder in sheep, and prospered considerably. Pointed out to me the tower where he was born. His father and uncle went off to join the rebels in 1745, but were brought back ; himself still a sort of Jacobite ; has a feeling of horror at the very name of the Duke of Cumberland.

Moore, notwithstanding his literary, poetic, and social successes, appears from his " Diary," to have no more escaped the shafts of calumny and depreciation than other public men. His connexion with the Whig party rendered him particularly obnoxious to the *John Bull*, in which he was designated as " this vile little fellow," " this filthy fellow ;" scurrility that only recoils upon those who use it. A legacy of Dr. Parr, not for its intrinsic value, but for the testimony of a good and learned man, is the best tribute to Moore's character. " I give a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity." As for the " Diary," there will be but one opinion of it among the unbiassed, that it is a *chef d'auvre* of wit and sprightliness—full of life and light, fancy and feeling.

## THE ANNUAL PICTURE-SHOW IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

THE Royal Academy Exhibition for 1853 will be as remarkable for its omissions as for what it offers to public view. Whether the leading artists are becoming indifferent to the question of "exhibition," after the fashion which has of late years been set by Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, and other notabilities in Paris; or whether they have simply been the victims of gloomy skies and insufficient time for the completion of their works, we will not take upon ourselves to determine, though we are inclined to believe that the first-named possible cause has quite as much to do with the matter as the last. In either case, we are sorry to have to record the fact: for the sake of the public, and for the sake, also, of the artistical credit of the Academy.

From the accustomed list of exhibitors, the names, this year, are wanting of Mulready, Maclise, Frith, Leslie, Frost, and Egg. With respect to the three former, we have heard no especial reason given for non-appearance, and can only lament the absence of their works; but, in the case of the three latter, disappointment is added to our regret, since it is known that some of the finest productions of their pencils are still on their easels, requiring only a little more time to make them perfect. It has always hitherto been the custom, as most of our readers are probably aware, for a few days' "grace" to be given, after the pictures have been received within the walls of the Academy, in order that exhibitors might "paint up" to the general tone of the exhibition, or add to what had unavoidably been left unfinished. Last year, however, the fiat went forth from the authorities that the artist's studio must thenceforward be the *point de départ* of his works, and that no more heightening or lowering, or any other kind of cobbling or patching, would be allowed when once the pictures were fairly housed in Trafalgar-square. Exhibitors were fairly told to "leave all hope" of further retouching "behind;" they were not to paint the lily, nor add more perfume to the violet; they were, in fact, to take their chance for good or evil, as if they were going to be married, or commit themselves to any other equally hazardous speculation. The restrictive clause of the academical law has now come into operation, and if, on that account, there be any shortcomings, exhibitors have only themselves to blame for want of diligence, infirmity of memory, or imperfect calculation.

In one instance, as we were grieved to hear, accidental illness prevented the completion of perhaps the most exquisite work which the genius of its author—fertile as it is—has ever yet given to the world. We allude to Mr. Leslie's "Rape of the Lock," a subject painted with so much delicacy and feeling, so broad in its general treatment, and at the same time so replete with artistic detail, as to merit an exhibition to itself. We confess that we look upon this picture as Mr. Leslie's *capo d'opera*, and may certainly add, without fear of contradiction, that there is no other living artist who could have executed it as he has done. The representation of female beauty is not Mr. Leslie's exclusive privilege, but he stands alone amongst modern artists for the truth of his portraiture of the high-bred woman, the "lady" *par excellence*. Who, for example, can have forgotten the lovely group that followed in the wedding-train

of Queen Victoria, where all that was graceful and charming, all that was beautiful and dignified, all that was easy and unaffected, were combined with as much fidelity by Mr. Leslie as if a mirror had reflected the fair originals?

The scene of Mr. Leslie's unexhibited picture is, of course, Hampton Court:

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flow'rs,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs ;

and in one of the rooms of the palace, graced by "great Anna's" portrait, the dire event, which the poet and the painter have celebrated, takes place. "Hither," as in the poem,

The heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;  
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;  
One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;  
At every word a reputation dies.  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat ;  
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

But the action of the story is further advanced than in the above description. The battle of ombre has been fought ; the coffee has

Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain ;

the "two-edged weapon" of Clarissa had done its office, and the wretched sylph been cut in twain that "fondly interposed" to save "the sacred hair." In short, the adventurous baron has ravished the cherished Lock, and Belinda is lost in the first stupor of her grief. But as it is necessary for a painter to tell all his story at once, Mr. Leslie anticipates events, and, on the very *champ-clos* of conflict, has introduced the demand for "restoration." Sir Plume is there,

With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,  
rapping his amber snuff-box, and nicely conducting his clouded cane.  
All in vain, however, for before him stands the inexorable baron, and again we seem to hear the well-remembered words:

"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again)  
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain ;  
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear  
(Which never more shall join its parted hair ;  
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),  
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."  
He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph spread  
The long-contended honours of her head.

Shock, too, is present, so that the *dramatis personæ* of the poem all witness the tragedy. What a pity that the public should have to wait a whole twelvemonth before they do the same !

It has usually been a characteristic of Mr. Leslie to subordinate those details which every one was aware he was able to represent, had he been so minded. On this occasion, where the picture is all the better for local



illustration, he has departed from the rule. Thus the high relief of the wainscoting—the frame of the full-length portrait of Queen Anne (a miniature of Grinling Gibbon's famous carving, and as sharply and clearly defined as the original), the carpet, the looking-glass, the chandelier—every accessory, indeed, is as true as the most literal pre-Raphaelite could paint it. And with this addition: that however marvellous the skill which depicts inanimate objects, these are the very last things to attract the eye; they insensibly aid in giving truth to the scene, but it is only when the actors have told their story that we turn and see that we are very much indebted to the "properties" for assisting the illusion.

Mr. Frost's unfinished picture—Time being the delinquent here—is "The Lady," in "Comus." He has not presented his subject under the ordinary dramatic aspect, but has chosen rather to idealise that passage in the masque which begins with these lines:

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

"The Lady," a perfect emblem of the virtue thus highly consecrated, forms the centre of a group of angels who throng around and float above her, while the base of the pyramid is supported by earth-born creatures and spirits of the lower deep. For truth of expression, for harmony of colour, for grace of composition, and for beauty of form and face, this latest work of Mr. Frost may challenge competition anywhere. It contrasts greatly with the majority of his own productions, not as affecting the merit of what he has already accomplished, but only the manner of his art; for, instead of the nude to which we have been so much accustomed, almost all the figures here are closely draped. It was with regret we listened to the assurance that not even the "four days' grace" could suffice for the requirements of Mr. Frost's subject.

Mr. Egg has been busy with the two great incidents in the career of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's "Zimri"); the extravagance of his life, and the misery of his death. These pictures are necessarily *pendants* to each other, and, being unable to finish both, Mr. Egg was unwilling to separate them. Report speaks very highly of the manner in which the two opposite subjects have been treated.

The works which we have just enumerated are, with all their beauties, phantoms, so far as present enjoyment is concerned: let us turn, then, to the realities that await us in Trafalgar-square.

We have no hesitation in assigning the first place in the Exhibition to Mr. M. A. Ward's magnificent picture of "The Execution of Montrose." This noble work, the result of seven months' constant application, has been painted for one of the corridors of the new House of Commons, where it will form the first of a series of subjects of national interest. The leading incidents in the brilliant but brief career of "the gallant Græme" are sufficiently well known, but for the readier appreciation of Mr. Ward's picture we may summarily recal them. After the betrayal of Montrose into the hands of General Lesley, he was brought to Edinburgh, where sentence of attainder had already been passed against him. He was met at the Water-gate by the magistrates of the city, and, by their direc-

tion, was placed, bareheaded and pinioned, on a high seat in a cart, and thus led by the executioner to the common gaol, his officers walking two and two before the cart. Two days afterwards he was brought before the Parliament to receive his sentence, for trial there was none, the enumeration of all his alleged offences, bitterly urged against him by the chancellor, being substituted for proofs of his guilt. Montrose replied that he had always acted by the royal command. He was then sentenced to be hung on a gallows thirty feet high, his head to be fixed on a spike in Edinburgh, his arms on the gates of Perth and Stirling, his legs on those of Glasgow and Aberdeen, and his body to be buried by the hangman on the Burrow-Muir. Montrose heard this barbarous sentence with a countenance wholly unchanged. The clergy of the Covenant then came to torture him; they told him that his punishment here was but a shadow of what awaited him in the next world. He repelled them with disdain, being prouder, he said, to have his head placed on the prison-walls than his picture in the king's bed-chamber, and he wished he had flesh enough to be dispersed through Christendom to attest his loyalty. On the 20th of May, 1650, the noble prisoner was led out to execution. He appeared on the scaffold in asplendid dress, as if he were going to a court festival, and calmly addressed the people in explanation of his dying unabsolved by the Church. The executioner then attached to his neck Dr. Wishart's Latin history of his military exploits, but he smiled at the inventive malice of the act, and declared that he wore it with more pride than the Order of the Garter. When he had finished his devotions, he asked if any more indignities were to be practised, and then, cheerfully submitting to his fate, perished by the hangman's hands at the age of thirty-eight.

The moment which Mr. Ward has chosen is that when his hero has paused in his ascent to the scaffold to address the eager multitude. He is arrayed in a rich costume of scarlet and silver, and short cloak of crimson lined with white; the ribbon of the Garter is across his breast, he wears white silken hose, and a plume of feathers waves from his hat. All these details of costume are strictly accurate, a full description of them being given by contemporary writers. The figure of Montrose is erect, his countenance full of dignity, sweetness, and exultation for the cause in which he is about to die. The grace of the polished nobleman, the refinement of the accomplished scholar, the courage of the enterprising soldier, the loyalty of the faithful subject, all shine out in Mr. Ward's portraiture, and complete the ideal of this devoted cavalier, whose gallant bearing and cruel fate evoke irresistible tears. After Montrose, the attention is fixed on those who are close to him. On one side is the grim executioner fastening the book of Montrose's exploits round his neck; on the other a stern fanatical clergyman exhibits the Declaration which the noble loyalist addressed to the Scottish people; a little apart from this last stand a striking group, the two principal figures in which are a sour Puritan, with a pocket Bible in his hand, ready to turn to any text that may confound the Amalekite, and a hard, unrelenting soldier of some rank in the Parliamentary force, who gazes wholly unmoved upon the mournful preparations; it is difficult to say which of these two is most indifferent to the fate of the brave marquis. Sympathy, indeed, is manifested by only two persons of all the crowd assembled to see Montrose put to death: an aged

Highlander and his daughter have struggled to the foot of the scaffold—the old man, one of the clan Græme, waves his blue bonnet decked with the laurel, the cognisance of his chief—the girl clings to her father, and a rough halberdier raises his weapon to silence this demonstration of the clansman's affection. All the rest of the witnesses to the act are silent, cold, and watchful, while conspicuously placed, though shrouded from recognition by their disguises, Argyll—the inveterate foe of Montrose—and his young bride, look down upon the scene. Little thought Argyll then, that within exactly eleven years the "Maiden" would clasp him in her deadly embrace in reward for all his treason. The place of Montrose's execution was in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and Mr. Ward has depicted the locality with the closest antiquarian fidelity, introducing the market-cross, the tower of St. Giles's cathedral, and all the quaint buildings which at that time surrounded the square. The weather that prevailed is another accident of which he has taken advantage; dark clouds, heavily charged with rain, drive over the city, while a gleam of sunshine, breaking through them, raises a seething steam from the crowd which produces an excellent atmospheric effect. The drawing of this fine picture is remarkably vigorous and free, the colouring harmonious, and the composition admirable. Mr. Ward had already done much to render his name famous in the annals of art, but he has now secured a position second to that of no contemporaneous rival.

Nor is the "Montrose" the only subject in which Mr. Ward has been engaged: he has a second picture which also is full of interest, and will, at the present moment, command particular attention. The subject is "The Acquiescence of the Empress Josephine in her Divorce from Napoleon." The scene takes place at night in the palace of St. Cloud, in the presence of the principal members of the imperial family. Josephine, seated at the foot of the council-table, with all the tokens of a heavy grief impressed on her fine features, but patiently submissive to her husband's will, is preparing to sign the paper containing the renunciation of her happiness which Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angely places before her. Queen Hortense (the mother of the present Emperor of the French), yielding to passionate sorrow, is weeping on her mother's shoulder: the Viceroy Eugène stands beside her with downcast eyes suppressing deep emotion: Napoleon, at the opposite extremity of the table, eyes Josephine askance, endeavouring to scrutinise her feelings while his own closely-compressed lips attest that he too feels the severity of the trial: Caroline Bonaparte, regally attired, sits proud and impassive, unmoved by the sight of her sister-in-law's sufferings: Murat, her husband, the "Roi Franconi," is conspicuous for his dress and ornaments, but no sentiment of chivalry is visible on his face to stir him to protest against the wrong he is called upon to witness: Talleyrand is there with the inscrutable countenance that never changed: and, lastly, among the most prominent personages, St. Jean D'Angely seriously performing the solemn task which his master has assigned to him: the rest of the canvas is filled with the inferior witnesses of the event, exception being made as to station, in favour of Madame Letizia, Napoleon's mother, whose features are only partially seen. Mr. Ward has happily concentrated the interest in this painful drama upon the principal actor in it; the pallid face and tear-swollen eyes of Josephine tell all her melancholy story, and

at once awaken our deepest sympathy; but force of expression reigns throughout the picture. The colour is rich and effective, though we have some doubt as to certain tones of green and blue, which appeared to us as too strikingly opposed to each other, those hues by candlelight being rarely distinguishable apart.

We are happy to perceive that Mrs. Ward is still pursuing the avocation of her husband, and with manifest improvement in her style. Her treatment of an interesting annual ceremony at the village of Langley—"The Crowning with Flowers of the most Deserving Little Girl in the Parish," is marked by originality as well as by grace and feeling.

A passage in the prison-life of "The Man with the Iron Mask" has employed the pencil of Mr. Charles Landseer. It is one of the incidents recorded by Mr. Ellis, in his "History of the Unfortunate *Matthioli*," illustrative of the jealous care with which he was guarded. The story is told with great truth and feeling, and painted with the most careful attention to character, costume, and general detail.

Mr. Hart has two pictures this year, of an opposite kind, but both painted in a masterly manner. The first is an Oriental subject—"Solomon Meditating in his Garden;" the other an Italian one—"A Dominican Preaching." To Mr. Hart it almost exclusively belongs to represent the departed glory of Israel in the persons of her monarchs, her prophets, and her high priests; the forms of her ancient worship are familiar to his mind, and the splendour of her ceremonial has found in his pencil its most adequate exponent. There is no vagueness in his treatment of the royal sage; the positive character of the race, and the individuality of the man, are marked with equal precision, while all the adjuncts of costume and locality are in the most perfect keeping. The figure of the king is majestic, his countenance noble, and of grave but not austere expression; his thoughts wholly occupy him, and there is little difficulty in interpreting them by his own well-remembered words: "Then I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun!" Mr. Hart has been very successful in combining detail with general effect; his work will bear the closest examination, and loses none of its breadth when more distantly surveyed; the Oriental character of the whole subject is admirably rendered, in the atmosphere of that sunny clime as well as in the rich produce of its soil.

"The Dominican Preaching" is, as we have said, in striking contrast with "Solomon;" the latter is deeply meditative and calm—the former all energy and excitement. If the features of the *Frate predicatore* were not so regular and so finely cut, we should have fancied it had been Mr. Hart's intention to depict the enthusiastic martyr Savanarola, but his well known portrait presents a very different face. But the spirit which animates Mr. Hart's "Dominican" is identical with that which led the victim of Alexander the Sixth to the stake; his the same fiery zeal to denounce the vices of the clergy of his time; his the same boldness of thought and fearlessness of language. The preacher's gestures are emphatic without violence, the expression of his countenance earnest without distortion. There is nothing more of the subject than the monk, except a slight indication of the locality; but the head of the Dominican is a

picture in itself, and is, in every way, a fine example of Mr. Hart's genius.

Mr. Philip has not sojourned in the south of Spain without bringing back the happiest recollections of his travel. The most important of the two pictures which he now sends to the Academy will collect round it a crowd of gazers, many of whom will recognise the truth of his subject, and all be interested in its treatment. The half-Spanish, half-Moorish Andalusian has long been familiar to our eyes, but the Spanish gipsy has figured more rarely on canvas. Mr. Philip has become the historical illustrator of the habits and appearance of this strange people, and given us "A Gitana Festival." In the *patio* of a *venta* in Seville, situated, we may suppose, in the suburb of Los Humeros (the "Gitaneria" of the Zinculi tribe), the swarthy merry-makers are assembled, abandoning themselves to the idle enjoyment of the hour; though the presence of some alguazils in the background show them to be still under a certain degree of *surveillance*. They are, as Ford and Barrow have described them, of the true blood, the "*errate*," though that they abhor the rest of mankind, the "*busné*" is not quite so evident. But it is for money, not love, that the flaunting, dark-eyed "*callee*" is twisting her form in the *nautch*-like dance which she exhibits for the especial pleasure of two English officers, who have come over from "the rock" to get a glimpse of the *majo* life of Seville. This girl is the principal figure in the picture, and around her are grouped in various attitudes the male and female members of her tribe, some playing at cards, some tinkling the guitar, to the music of which she moves, others displaying the finery of which they are so fond, and all intent upon not unprofitable amusement. But the spectators are not all Zincali; besides the two Englishmen are a *majo* and two splendidly-dressed *majas*, with their magnificent *ojos Arabes*, and luxuriant hair, and their gorgeous satins and streaming ribbons, which so well set off their symmetrical forms. The scene, in short, is a transcript of a regular gipsy "*funcion*" complete in every particular. That the individual character of gipsy beauty may be more specifically shown, Mr. Philip has painted the portrait of a celebrated Gitana of Seville. She is one of the wealthiest of her tribe, as the gold and gems that glitter in her black hair sufficiently testify; and is, moreover, a brilliant specimen of her sex and race.

Mr. Frank Stone, in one of the three pictures which he exhibits, still keeps in the pleasant path which has led him so successfully to the delineation of English female beauty. Four charming girls are gathered on a knoll, on a wide, breezy common, uncertain as they sit and lie about how they shall disport themselves. One of their number has risen to her knees, and, with the archest expression on her sweet face, is saying to them, as plainly as she can speak: "Now, I'll tell you what we'll do"—and, from the way in which she makes the announcement, we feel sure her proposition will be unanimously carried. We shall be very much mistaken if the engraving from this picture be not one of the most popular that the pencil of Mr. Stone has originated. A "Girl in an Egyptian costume" is a pretty single figure; but his third picture is of a higher range than any he has yet attempted. The subject is "The Sisters of Bethany:" Mary, in all the agony of her tearful despair at the death of her brother,

Lazarus; and Martha, who announces that the Master is come and calleth for her. The treatment is full of feeling.

If Mr. Millais is still to be considered as the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites, that school may now console itself for all the censure that has been heaped upon it. As long as it was their practice to raise the accessories of their pictures to the same level with the principal, to bestow so much care and finish upon the details as to eclipse the general design, we felt that the Pre-Raphaelites were treading a wrong path; but when we find the sentiment so exalted as to predominate over every material object, we have no further complaint to make against any amount of labour which they may choose to bestow upon subordinate parts with the view of arriving at complete fidelity. The greatest difficulty that the painter has to encounter in the exercise of his art, is to represent the human subject, not simply in form and colour, but with all the attributes of humanity, with the thoughts, the feelings, and the passions which stir the mind and speak in the lineaments and gestures. To accomplish this is to attain the highest reach of art, and he who seeks to be a great painter must make it his chief and constant endeavour. To imitate the shape, hue, and texture of inanimate objects, or accurately to copy the outward characteristics of living things that neither speak nor think, demands, no doubt, a considerable degree of skill, but the praise we award to him who achieves no greater result than this is not the recompense that true genius either expects or receives. An earthen jar, a copper kettle, a broomstick, or a cabbage, may be so faithfully copied as to pass for the things themselves, but when painted they excite no more emotion than the originals: "it is very clever," is all we say, and the thing is at once forgotten. But if we see a face in whose expression we can read hatred or scorn, pity, devotion, hope, or love, the same feeling is awakened in our minds as if we were sharers in the actual scene; we are then living again with our fellow-creatures, participating in their joys and sorrows, and we recognise a world as real as that in which we move and breathe ourselves.

It was impossible to ignore the sentiment which prevailed in Mr. Millais' "Huguenot," but it was equally impossible not to recognise the presence of the admirably-painted brick wall beneath which the lovers were met; in spite of the earnest expression of the two heads, it played almost as conspicuous a part as Tom Snout, the tinker, when he represented the wall through whose cranny Bottom and Flute whispered the amorous thoughts of Pyramus and Thisbe. But there is no such distraction of thought in looking on "The order of Release," which is the title of the principal picture that Mr. Millais has sent for exhibition this year.

The subject is a simple one. A Highlander, wounded at Culloden, and cast into prison, is clasped to the breast of the affectionate wife who has procured his pardon, and brought the letter which announces it; she has travelled, barefooted, many a mile, and her infant child, wearied with fatigue, has sunk to sleep on her arm, dropping from its little hand the primroses which she had gathered by the roadside to please it. On her flushed features, mastering even her joy, reigns the triumphant expression of having conquered every obstacle that stood in the way of her husband's restoration to life and freedom; she is proud to be his saviour, proud to think that the bolts and bars which kept him in *duress* have

fallen before the strong purpose of her woman's heart; it is by the energy of her will and the depth of her affection that she has won the victory, and, radiant with success, she quells the emotion which would unfit her for being the protectress of one who still needs protection. Her husband, worn with captivity and pain, weakened by lingering expectation, and overcome by sudden joy, has bowed his head upon the faithful, sustaining bosom of his deliverer; we see only the profile of his wasted countenance, but the lines and hues which mark it, most truly indicate the tumult of his soul. Beside the open door of the prison, and only partially revealed, stands the military gaoler, carefully scanning the order of release; if the document be authentic, his duty will be to obey it, but he has no sympathy to spare for the man who has suffered, or the heroic woman who has triumphed. The child on its mother's arm is the perfection of wearied infancy; sleep has taken possession of every part of its little frame; it is not in the painter's art to represent those pendent limbs with greater truthfulness. There is yet another actor in the scene: the Highlander's dog standing up, outstretched, and licking the wounded hand of his newly-found master. After the æsthetical treatment of the picture, the details come in fairly for their claim to admiration; none of them are obtrusive, but all are painted with a marvellous semblance of reality.

A second picture by Mr. Millais, representing the stolen visit of a lady to her royalist lover, who is hiding from pursuit in the perilous days of the Parliamentary war, has more of the old leaven in it than we altogether approve of. In the hollow of a large oak, in the midst of a wide, open forest, the cavalier is crouching and pressing to his lips the hand of her who has brought him, not food only, but what he prizes more than life—herself. The lady, fearful for his safety, is looking round with an air of extreme anxiety, as if she feared that every whispering breeze bore the sound of a pursuer's footstep. Arrayed as she is, in the full magnificence of the costume of the period, her presence alone in the forest might well excite suspicion, were she suddenly encountered there; a peasant's dress would, we think, have better answered the purpose of concealment. Besides, we feel quite unhappy at the thought that such splendid satin should be frayed and torn by the brambles and bushes which lie in her path. They are much too naturally represented not to give cause for such apprehension. Apart from these considerations respecting the lady and her dress, the treatment of the subject is exquisite. There never yet was such an oak-tree painted as that in whose hollow the fugitive lies concealed; it is absolute nature.

Mr. Millais has two smaller pictures: a view from a wood, looking over Hayes Common, near Bromley, in Kent; and a canal scene. Both are painted with wonderful finish and charming effect.

Of Mr. Hunt's picture of "Sheep," we are not in a position to speak, not having seen it; but those who have, report that the animals in it surpass the flock that attracted so much observation last year, with this in their favour, that there are no jolly swains nor sweltering lasses to tend them.

Mr. C. Collins, whom we mention in this place as belonging to the "art-union" of which Mr. Millais is the head, has one very small, but very well-painted subject—a half-length of a young girl with flowers.

Female loveliness is not the aim of the pre-Raphaelites; we have never seen a single face of theirs that could be called even pretty. They seek rather to interest you by intensity of expression; a noble purpose, as we have intimated, if not accomplished at the expense of something better. They idealise homeliness instead of beauty. Of the two, we confess we prefer the latter, believing that a beautiful face may express at least as much sentiment as a plain one. Thus, we doubt not that Mr. Collins might have found a hundred prettier subjects, had he been so minded, but his inclination has led him—unless the picture be a portrait—to choose features that shall interest more by their thoughtful character than by their beauty of form. But what he has done is well done, and the earnestness and sweetness of expression in this child's head atone for the absence of other charms. The treatment is as natural as it is simple; one arm crosses her breast sustaining a few flowers, and the disengaged hand is drawing a fuchsia towards her from the plant on which it is growing. The delicate tints and tender shadows which belong to the age of childhood have been very successfully caught, but the auburn hair strikes us as of somewhat too coarse a texture. The flowers and leaves, and the flower-pot in which they grow, are exquisitely painted.

That amusing paper in the *Spectator*, which relates the rivalry between Phillis and Brunetta, has supplied Mr. Solomon with one of those subjects which he manages so exceedingly well. He has seized all the comedy of the well-told story, and adapted it to the purpose of an admirable picture. The stately, *insouciant* air of Brunetta, attired in a plain black silk mantua, the arch look of the negro girl, dressed in a petticoat of the brocade which her rival wore with so much pride, the agony of the distracted Phillis, who has fainted at the malice of her quondam friend, are points which Mr. Solomon has conceived and expressed with great skill. The sympathy of Phillis's lover, the glee of Brunetta's friend, the surprise of the general company and the vexation of the old card-playing dowager at being disturbed in her game by what is to her such a trumpery cause, are also features in the composition which will not be overlooked. There is no grimace in Mr. Solomon's manner of telling a story like this; he treats his subject humorously, but in the most natural way possible.

Before we dismiss the class of subject-painters, and while we regret that our opportunity for taking a note of the studios was not greater, we must make mention of a few of which we have only heard. Mr. Webster, we are told, has another "Dame's-school" in no respect inferior to that which he has already painted; Mr. Jones has a "Battle of Waterloo" (the *pendant* to a former one), in which "the Duke" is the most conspicuous figure; and Mr. Elmore, if we are rightly informed, has an incident in the life of Louis X. of France of considerable romantic interest.

Some of the leading landscape-painters are in great force this year. Mr. Roberts sends in four pictures: "Venice from the Grand Canal;" "Interior of St. Stephen's, at Vienna;" "A Street in Verona;" and "The Interior of the Crystal Palace on the Day of its Inauguration." The view in Venice is directly across the grand canal, immediately opposite the Piazza of St. Mark. The noble and picturesque architecture of the city is shown to great advantage, under the broad light of the noonday sun—and the countless gondolas which lie at the edge of the quay, like a long row of cabs, waiting for hire, give an air of singular originality to the well-known scene; the sky is purely Italian, and the tone of the water,



its depth and transparency, are exquisite. We cannot help rating this picture as the finest Venetian subject which Mr. Roberts has painted. The St. Stephen's is the converse of his interior of last year; this time we are looking *from* the altar instead of towards it, and are shown the arch from beneath which the former view was taken. Though not so striking in its effect, this picture is quite equal in merits to its companion. The street in Verona, admirable in its perspective, exhibits all the preparations for a *festa*; it is beautifully coloured, and the numerous figures that are scattered about have all that crispness which is so remarkable a feature of Mr. Roberts's manner. The inauguration of the Crystal Palace on the 1st of May, 1851, at once recalls the event to all who were present on that occasion; Mr. Roberts has triumphantly surmounted all the difficulties of straight lines and gaudy colours by the exercise of consummate taste and judgment. We believe that the picture is the property of her Majesty.

Mr. Stanfield has two pictures, one by sea and the other by land, and each of them painted with his accustomed excellence. The first is "*The Victory*," with the body of Nelson on board, towed by "*The Neptune*" into Gibraltar, on the 28th of October, 1805, seven days after the battle of Trafalgar. The *Victory* with her mizen-mast shot away, her fore and main-mast jury-rigged, her hull shattered, and her colours half-mast high, occupies nearly the centre of the picture; the *Neptune*, fore-shortened, is leading into Gibraltar, boats from the town fill the foreground, and in the distance looms the lofty rock. The composition is simple but grand, the treatment most effective, and the breadth of Mr. Stanfield's style gives full importance to the subject. His second picture is "*An Effect in the Pyrenees with Contrabandistas*," a most picturesque work, and an earnest, we trust, of what may be expected when the portfolio which he filled during his excursion in the North of Spain, in the autumn of 1851, supplies him with materials for scenes at Passages and St. Sebastian.

Mr. George Stanfield exhibits two charming views: "*Loggio, on the Lake of Lugano*," and "*Bellagio, on the Lakes of Como*;" they vividly recal the loveliest scenery of which the north of Italy can boast.

Where laurels are being gained, Mr. Cooke worthily asserts his claim to share them, even with such competitors as Stanfield, Roberts—and Vandervelde! He has five pictures, amongst them views in Rome and Venice and a sea-piece of the most masterly character. Nothing can be more chaste than the tranquil air of his Venetian picture, with its cloudless sky dissolving in one fine gradation. The marine subject is quite another affair: here all is life and motion; the dancing waves are admirably drawn, the water is of the most perfect transparency and colour, the various craft are excellently well painted, and the perspective of some boats has all the truth of the daguerreotype. We must not omit from marine subjects a very interesting one by Mr. Chambers, representing the *Isabel* (now on her second Arctic voyage) while lying off Greenwich: it is painted with great skill.

Mr. Lee's studies, chiefly in Scotland, complete our list of landscapes. He has been very busy since the last exhibition, having no less than five pictures of his own, and a composite one, in which the cattle are painted, as usual, by Mr. Sydney Cooper. "*Loch Etive*," under the influence of a stormy sky, is one of the finest things that, to our thinking, he has

ever painted. A scene on a still river, with a poacher spearing salmon, is also a gem: the masses of grey rock, the deep-toned water, the fringing, overhanging foliage, and the warm, sunny light upon the distant mountain, are points in the landscape which may challenge the severest criticism. A "Lock on the River Awe," with the chafed waters forcing their foaming passage down the rapid, exhibits another beautiful variety of Scottish scenery. Contrasted with these is a fine composition of English landscape, as soft and tranquil as its rivals are bold and impetuous. It is a level view, with a ferry-boat crossing a calm river to where some lofty and beautifully-formed trees throw a shade over the landing-place. The composite subject is no less charming than its English companion.

We have few portraits to speak of, but those which we have seen are excellent. They are limited to the productions of Mr. Desanges, whose celebrity increases with every exhibition. His largest work is an equestrian portrait, the size of life, of the present King of Sardinia. His majesty sat to Mr. Desanges in the autumn of last year, and the good people of Nice are anxiously expecting the close of the London season to claim the picture, which has been painted for that city. Accustomed as we now are to every variety of hirsute ornament, it is as well the public should be assured that the moustaches of Victor Emmanuel are far from being exaggerated in Mr. Desanges' portrait. This peculiarity apart, the head of the king, which is much more a northern than a southern type, is attractive from the strong sense and firm resolve which the features express; his attitude is easy and unconstrained, and he masters his fiery steed with the grace of an accomplished cavalier. It is not as one commonly considers the portrait of a king—an object of curiosity only—that we look upon that of Victor Emmanuel, for the high qualities which he first developed on the field of Novara invest his character with peculiar interest. The situation, too, of his country, *enclave* between France and Austrian Lombardy, and all the associations which connect Piedmont with England, cannot be overlooked, and for its safety much, at the present moment, depends upon the prudence and firmness of her ruler. If we draw our inference from the past conduct of the King of Sardinia, the augury will be a favourable one.

"Lady Bolton" is one of those charming, ladylike portraits which Mr. Desanges is so happy in realising; the face is exquisitely beautiful, the figure full of grace, the *pose* very natural, and the manner in which the dress is painted—no unimportant item in a lady's picture—cannot be surpassed for delicacy and finished execution. A third portrait by the same accomplished artist—the "Young Marquis Graham and a Newfoundland Dog"—will afford pleasure to a far wider circle than is comprised by family friends, or even by the numerous clan of which he will one day be the chief.

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It is not necessary to tax the memory of "the oldest inhabitant" to recall the time when "The Exhibition," as it was called, was the only "picture-show" of London. Most of us recollect, and not with the liveliest sense of enjoyment, the annual struggle up and down the gloomy staircase of Somerset House. That toil is happily over, though the present generation have a great deal more work to do, in the way of

picture seeing, if they wish to be *au courant* of all that is going on in the world of modern art. But the labour is, to say the least of it, a pleasant one: we are sure of our reward, in some shape, to whatever Gallery we bend our steps. This is the age of illustration; books, newspapers, morning lectures, evening entertainments, all are commended to our notice by the appliances of art—nothing can be “got up” without its appropriate dioramic, cycloramic, or panoramic accompaniment. It is not, however, of these that we purpose to speak, in continuation of our anticipatory notice of the works which will occupy the most prominent place in the Royal Academy Exhibition, but of what has been done by the artists who are chiefly represented elsewhere.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, in Pall-mall, is, at this season, devoted to modern exhibitors. Although the works that have this year been sent in do not, taken generally, manifest much progress, there are several striking exceptions; in favour, it is true, of names already well known.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, in Suffolk-street, puts forth the highest pretensions after the Royal Academy, but the interval which separates the two is still a wide one. The president, Mr. Hurlstone, has treated that interesting passage in the life of Columbus, where he begs for bread for his fainting son at the Convent of La Rabida, with a great deal of feeling and truth. Mr. Salter, in a variety of pictures, but more particularly in “Venus teaching her Son the use of the Bow,” shows he has not fallen off from his reputation as an excellent colourist. Mr. Woolmer has several agreeable subjects: “The Footstep,” where three village girls, gathered round a spring, beneath some pine trees, are listening with some apprehension to the footsteps of a person approaching, has most sentiment in it, though the “Young Lady returned from a Masquerade,” and “The Forest of Ardennes,” are also very attractive. Mr. Pettitt’s “Seventh Vial,” and Mr. Desurne’s “Fall of the Rebel Angels,” should not be overlooked, but we must forewarn our readers that it is not on account of their merits: the first may be not inappropriately compared to a cataclysm in a chemist’s shop, and the second to a fricassee of human legs and arms. There are several pleasing domestic subjects—one of the most successful exhibitors in this line being Mr. W. Knight, whose cottage interiors are very carefully painted. Mr. Earl is as successful here as at the Gallery in Pall-mall: the poor, neglected dog, yclept “The Disowned,” and the animated Skye terrier barking at a hedgehog, with the significant motto, “*N’y touchez pas*,” are admirable specimens of his ability in depicting the department called “canine.” Mr. Bodington’s landscapes are all of them very fine: “The Lake of Tal-y-llyn” is a noble production, and his “Golden Morning” glows with summer-light. Mr. Pyne, too, is very effective in landscape, and so are Mr. Ward and Mr. Cole. The water-colour room contains also a great many good pictures.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS, in Langham-place, heretofore the “Free Exhibition,” offers scarcely its average amount of attraction this year, though it sins less than some of its elder brethren in faults of commission. Mr. Egley’s “Katherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn” is the most interesting subject. It is the scene at court, where the present and future Queen of Henry the Eighth are playing at cards, and Katherine’s successful but no less ill-fated rival has turned up “the

king." The great merit of this picture consists in its truth of expression, and the carefulness with which every detail is made subservient to the general design; the drawing and colouring do not deserve the same unqualified commendation. There is better colouring in Mr. Egley's second picture of "Harold and Alfred," but the story has less interest. "The Viaticum," by Mr. F. W. Deane, is a death-bed scene, painted with great truth and feeling; and "A Monk instructing others in the Art of Illumination," exhibits the same artist's skill in dealing with variety of expression. Mr. Glass confines himself, perhaps, too closely to the same theme, but "Too Late for the Ferry" is still a worthy specimen of his skill; a little wanting, it may be, in transparency, but a fine picturesque composition. Mr. H. Barraud, who has chosen his subject from Scripture, and painted it on the amplest scale, has not, however, succeeded in making "The One Thing Needful" the "cynosure of every eye;" the sentiment falls short of depicting the depth of love which filled the heart of Mary, or the holiness of the divine guest's expression. A less ambitious effort would have ensured a more certain reward. Mr. J. E. Lauder has addressed himself this year to domestic subjects: his "Maiden's Reverie," and "Wishing-bone," are neither of them without merit—the first developing a thoughtful, the second a humorous expression. Of subject-pictures, belonging to the second class, the "Village Smithy" of Mr. Provis is deserving of considerable praise; and Mr. Hemsley, who improves every year, treads very closely upon the heels of Mr. Hunt; his "Young Love" has all the force and truth of the "Gamekeeper's Boy" of last season, and tells a better story. This exhibition always abounds in landscapes, and the Williams family, Mr. Hulme, Mr. Peel, and Mr. D. O. Hill have contributed ably to this department.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS exhibit some pictures this year which need not shun competition with those which are annually collected by their elder brethren. As must always be the case with the vehicle which they employ, the water-colour artists in Pall-mall are stronger in landscapes than in "subjects;" but of the latter class there are several good examples. Mr. L. Haghe takes the lead in two pictures, bearing the titles of "The Happy Trio" and "The Salle d'Armes in the Castle of Salzburg." The first of these subjects represents a lady playing on the virginals, a cavalier, who wears her colours, accompanying her on the guitar, and the lady's father so sound asleep as not to offer the slightest impediment to any declaration that may be forthcoming; the colouring of this scene is wonderfully rich, and the distribution of light admirable. The "Salle d'Armes" is a graver picture, but is even of a more truthful character than its companion. In the centre of the vaulted hall a group of men-at-arms are trying the temper of a sword-blade—on one side a knight is being arrayed in full panoply—on the other, two soldiers are looking through a casement, watching for the moment that shall summon them "to boot and saddle;" various stalwart men and formidable weapons are scattered about. The tones of light and shade are finely modulated, and the general treatment is excellent. Mr. E. H. Corbould has a scene from "Faust"—"The Decision by the Flower;" the situations are natural, the head of Margaret is very pretty, and the figure of Faust good—but the expression of his countenance not to our liking; the costume is rich and the colouring effective. Mr. Absalon's subjects

are all of them clever, but we must especially select for commendation his picture of "The Nun:" it is painted with great delicacy and feeling. A "Corner in Spain" is also very characteristically treated. "The Fatal Statue," by Mr. Kearney, possesses much merit; the Spanish grandee who witnesses the destruction of the image of the Virgin, for which he offered such niggardly payment, and thereby excited the rage of Torriano—the affrighted monk, and the sculptor himself, are all full of expression. Mr. H. Warren, the president of the society, has contributed three subject-pieces, but we cannot extend to them the same praise that we have given to the works which we have just adverted to. His "Walk to Emmaus" is tame in conception and faulty in execution, the figure of Our Lord being wholly deficient in dignity; "Danger," is the sleeping form of a half-naked Indian girl, with a serpent stealing towards her, but the attitude of the sleeper is a very awkward one; an "Augsburg Peasant-girl" is the best of the three; there is motion in her limbs, and the colouring is good. Mr. Corbould's "Magic Mirror," set down in the catalogue at a very high figure, will never, we are of opinion, command the price at which it is estimated.

## ON THE BIRTH OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.

BY W. BRAILSFORD, ESQ.

APRIL greets the earth again  
 With its sunshine and its rain;  
 Buds upon the leafless trees  
 Fill the void by slow degrees;  
 Birds within each tangled brake  
 All their gentle music make;  
 While the river glides along  
 Like a chorus to a song.  
 Happy, aye, thrice happy earth,  
 Blest with Nature's teeming worth.

April, o'er our English isles,  
 Comes with tears and sunny smiles,  
 Comes to glad each hopeful heart;  
 So the darksome shadows part,  
 And the soul, refreshed with grace,  
 Lights anew the drooping face.  
 And changing clouds are breaking,  
 Awhile the sky forsaking,

Lo! upon the palace gate  
 Shines the all-transcendent sun—  
 Type of bliss, our prayers have won  
 Joyous news that all men wait.  
 Bells are loud upon the air,  
 And the cannon, unaware,

Speaketh with a mighty sound  
Of our happiness profound.  
All men say, Rejoice, rejoice !  
All, with universal voice.  
Thus, the noble, high in state,  
Deems his greatness yet more great,  
When his heartfelt hopes expand  
For the monarch of the land;  
Thus the merchant stays to be  
Sure of her felicity,  
Ere by change and mart he hies  
To his costly argosies ;  
Thus the lowly matron prays  
Heaven may grant her length of days,  
That the young babe-Prince may prove  
Worthy of her worthy love ;  
So the peasant on the green  
Prays God bless great England's Queen !  
Aye, God bless her ! and defend  
One who is so great and good ;  
One who lives best understood,  
Ever as her people's friend.

Ay, God bless her ! every voice  
Speaks that English word, Rejoice !  
She, true Lady of the Isles,  
Sweetly on her infant's face  
Pours the radiance of her smiles  
With a woman's tender grace.  
Certes, at this happy hour,  
Love asserts its potent power ;  
Not one jewel of her crown  
Weighs her parent feelings down.

England, should the front of war  
All thy blessings seek to mar ;  
Or should panting foemen roar,  
On thine old time-honoured shore—  
Up, and quail not—let thy crest  
Shine on every manly breast—  
" Ill to those who evil think ;"  
Not a heart should dare to shrink. .  
Up, and quail not, every breeze  
Wafts our watchword o'er the seas,  
Sweetest name of high degree,  
Fitted well to majesty,  
Filling all the trembling air  
With a tone that kills despair ;  
Let it speak both far and wide,  
England's hope and England's pride—  
Victoria ! Victoria !

## THE FRENCH IN THE SOUTH SÉAS.\*

ON the 12th of December, 1843, the members of a special mission from the court of Louis Philippe to that of the Emperor of China, sailed in *La Sirène* from the port of Brest. The minister plenipotentiary employed on this distant service was M. de Lagrené, there were also five attachés, four delegates from the chambers of commerce, inspectors of customs, secretaries and interpreters, and even an historiographer—M. Xavier Reymond; but it is to the doctor—Yvan, a genuine Provençal—that we are indebted for a peculiarly amusing, graphic, and naïve account of the travels, doings, and impressions of this extraordinary mission.

Dr. Yvan had, like the generality of his countrymen, never before quitted his native soil, and it may be imagined how great was his astonishment as each successive picture in the panorama of the world developed itself before him. First came Teneriffe, with its bigoted beggarly inhabitants, who horrified the mission, by calling its members "Dis Donc;" two expressive words by which the Canarians always designate a Frenchman. Here they also met with what was still more unpleasant to contemplate—a perpetual eye-sore to the jealous Frank—several very happy English families—the head of one of which is ludicrously enough described as having an especial mission to make perpetual ascents of the Peak!

We met English at our very first stage, and from that time forward we met them wherever there was a *bifteck* to eat, the presence of a beautiful site, and a mild temperature. The English race is the only one in the present day, which, thanks to its riches, enjoys all the good things disseminated over the earth's surface, there is no known part of this vast globe that does not contribute to the enjoyment of some child of foggy England. How is it, that the people who are pre-eminently artistic, who are the most apt to appreciate the wonders of creation, who know best how to identify themselves with the genius of other nations, resign themselves to being confined at home, and do not dispute with their jealous neighbours, the possession of a happiness that God created for the entire species, and not for the satisfaction of one nation only?

Why, indeed? we would also ask. Because they individually, although not collectively as a nation, want the enterprise of Englishmen. There was a Frenchman, however, at Santa Cruz, and that a fellow disciple of Galen too, but he complained bitterly of the extreme salubrity of the islands, where he positively declared it was an act of stupidity to die. There was also a fair Canarian, tall, handsome, well made, who led our doctor—evidently as much devoted to adventure in that particular line which is so much more characteristic of his countrymen than the research of unknown lands—a fruitless expedition by night into dangerous quarters. The doctor was lucky enough, however, to escape, but not without the sacrifice of some sentimental rhapsodies.

The next stage was Rio Janeiro. To our provincial traveller every harbour was a gulf, every river an arm of the sea, every grove a virgin forest, and every tree was a hundred feet high. The streets were invaded by

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\* Voyages et Récits par le Docteur M. Yvan. De Brest à Bourbon. Six mois chez les Malais. Un an en Chine.

a negro population, the shops were filled with Parisian goods, with wines from Bordeaux, and comestibles from Marseilles and Nantes.

The following is an account of a Rio dinner served up by a brother professional :

A soup was first served up, the aromatic odour of which excited my palate to a remarkable degree ; this was followed by an enormous piece of beef, which was accompanied by flour of tapioca boiled in broth, and a sauce of allspice to communicate to it a flavour. This again was followed by eggs and a dish of cooked herbs, so tremendously spiced that I thought I had by mistake swallowed a live coal. Luckily a salad of cucumber and onions, which outflanked an enormous fowl, came to temper the ardour of these dishes. Bread was not served, yet I prefer this article of diet, common though it be, to the insipid taste of tapioca. Pure water is drunk in large hollow cups, and the wines of Madeira and Lisbon are drank in foot-glasses, without water. At the end of this repast bananas, mangoes, guavas, and an exquisite preserve of cocoa were served up, and made me forget the too tropical character of Brazilian dishes.

Then there was the theatre, sanctified like a church—San Pedro d'Alcantara—which, but for a negress at the back of each box, and a few heterogeneous figures here and there, might have been taken for the stage of some province of La Belle France ; there was also the presentation to the emperor, young, light-haired, intelligent, but pensive ; there were also actually French *cabarets* and *guinguettes* in the suburbs. But even a Frenchman did not come all the way to Brazil merely to see France travestied, so a journey into the interior was resolved upon. The objects more particularly proposed in this excursion was a visit to the Serra dos Orgaos, the banks of the Macacou, and Novo Friburgo—as its name indicates, a Swiss settlement. A steamer took the party to Piedade, beyond which they were reduced to the mules of the country, which, however, soon led them to the establishment of Mr. Marsh, an eccentric Englishman, according to our author quite rich enough to live upon his income, but who being fond of society keeps an open house in the cool “mountains of the organ,” and leaves visitors to settle with the *maitre d'hôtel*. All Englishmen are more or less eccentric in a Frenchman's eyes ; but the following portrait, if not coloured, would certainly warrant the individual who sat for it being classed among the world's decided eccentricities. The doctor, let it be understood, was roving about in the Organ Mountains :

Weary with exertion I sat down by the banks of a rivulet, when I heard a voice above my head evidently addressing itself to me, for I was alone in the midst of this vast space ; I do not count as any one the negro who accompanied me. The voice addressed me in English. Not knowing a word of that language I contented myself with answering, without turning towards my interlocutor.

“What do you want, sir ? I do not understand English.”

“Oh ! These Frenchmen are such funny fellows,” replied the same voice, with a perfect Britannic accent ; “they think that every one knows their language ; they never speak any other but their own !”

“You are right” I replied, rising up to confront the stranger. “Frenchmen have the folly to believe that their language is the universal language, but they are well punished for their vanity the moment they put their nose out of their country.”

My interlocutor stood upon the top of a rock, like a chamois hunter on the border of a precipice, with a firm limb and foot, in leather gaiters, a round jacket and cap, a cutlass by his side, his fresh ruddy countenance framed in a



red beard, and altogether a frank open appearance that spoke in his favour. After having cast an exploratory look upon me, the son of Albion said,

"I am Mr. Braone (I write his name as he pronounced it), will you come and rest yourself at my house? I like Frenchmen very much."

I gave my name in return, and using the same formula that was employed by my host. I added,

"I will willingly go and rest myself at your house. I like the English much."

I thought that the strange manner in which our acquaintanceship begun would excuse the exaggeration which is manifest in the latter assertion.

I got up to Mr. Braone's domain by a corkscrew staircase cut in the wall, the modern Prometheus receiving me with outstretched hands. It was easy to be seen, by his rosy countenance, that but slight chains bound him to this solitary rock, and that no vulture gnawed at his heart. A madman or a philosopher could alone have chosen such a site; it remained to be seen with which of the two my new acquaintance was to be ranked.

Mr. Braone introduced me into a little room neatly furnished, it was long and narrow, having three windows, loaded with stores, a divan, and sundry chairs. He placed me at a table, on which were bottles of port, sherry, brandy, and rum, and a great bound book.

As soon as I had seated myself, Mr. Braone begged me to excuse him for a moment, and he disappeared, returning about a quarter of an hour afterwards with a young negress. This girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, was dressed in a white gown with an immense cape, such as English ladies only wear; upon her head was a blue bonnet in similar fashion; upon her feet heavy black leather shoes, laced in front; upon her hands gloves of black thread; and she appeared little at her ease in these accoutrements. The poor creature had the stolid look and foolish countenance of the negroes of the coast; and three deep cicatrices marked her forehead above the nose. The negroes newly introduced into the colonies are almost always marked, so that their identity may at any time be established, whilst the creoles no longer practise that barbarous custom. Mr. Braone placed himself before me, with the negress leaning on his arm, and both bowed to me at the same time; the Englishman said to me, pointing to the young negress:

*"C'était, Madame Braone!"*

I returned the salutation of this strange couple as seriously as I could; but I must acknowledge I could not find a word wherewith to address them. So the gentleman having made a second bow turned on his heels and once more disappeared, taking with him Madame Braone.

I had not recovered from the state of surprise into which this singular presentation had thrown me, before Mr. Braone reappeared, conducting another negress. This one, much younger than the former, had on evidently the very same garments, and as she was much shorter they trailed along the floor after her. Mr. Braone, rigid in the performance of those customs of his own country which concern presentations, once again bowed before me, saying at the same time:

*"C'était une autre, Madame Braone."*

At this strange declaration I could no longer refrain from laughing outright. My rudeness, however, in no way disconcerted my host, he merely lifted up his eyes to the ceiling, exclaiming,

"Oh, these Frenchmen; they are astonished at everything!"

"No, not precisely at everything, my dear Mr. Braone; but at that which would appear impossible if one had not seen it. I pray you tell me who is the priest who blessed your double marriage? he may be useful upon a similar occasion."

"I am the priest," answered the Englishman, "I married myself."

"My dear Mr. Braone, you will be hung like a dog, and damned as a Jew, if you go on this way. Polygamy is a hanging and damnable crime."

"Oh, oh!" replied the gentleman. "I might be hung in France or England, true; but not in Brazil. No, nor shall I in any way be damned; I live here as did Abraham and Jacob."

"But you are a Christian, I suppose?"

"At London or at Paris, yes; here I am a Patriarch. I know the Bible better than you, *my dear*. It is the only book that I read for now six long years," he added, pointing to the great volume that lay on the table. "I find in it the rules of my conduct!"

The introductions did not terminate here; there were six little chestnut-coloured beings still to be called in—they were the little Braones! And on going out our traveller was conducted through the kitchen, where an Aunt Chloe was busy roasting two gigantic monkeys.

"If you will only stay," said M. Braone, pointing to the gastronomic apparatus, "there is our dinner!"

But the Frenchman beat a hasty retreat; so closely did the roast resemble the juvenile Browns, that he involuntarily thought of Saturn devouring his own children, and the English patriarch assumed in his terrified eyes the appearance of an ogre.

"When travelling," says M. Yvan, elsewhere, and *apropos* of another subject, "the days are so short, and the hours fly so swiftly, that one has not time to select and to seek elsewhere than in one's notes and reminiscences facts to relate, sites to describe—and little lies most innocent to invent; for what traveller does not lie more or less? I at least do not know any." The above, we suppose, is a specimen of these *petits mensonges fort innocens a inventer*!

This little invention at the expense of one of the large family of Browns is, however, a mere trifle compared with what our intrepid traveller relates of the wonders of the Serra dos Orgaos. There also was he benighted at the house of one Don Patricio Tejeiro y Campillo, the terror of the neighbourhood. In this man he found—and to the doctor's credit we must say he expresses horror and detestation at the fact—a true disciple of Voltaire, Volney, and Fréret. There also did he contemplate, in a not very dignified manner, through a key-hole, a beautiful naked foot, and another eye met his at the opposite side of that key-hole, which lit up a fire within the doctor's ardent bosom not to be extinguished for nearly twenty-four hours afterwards. There also did he first learn the art of propagating slaves—the *fazenda* of this Voltarian being, in fact, in the doctor's strong expression, *un haras infâme*! The doctor, on starting, did try to rebuke the villanous *fazendiero*, but the latter retorted by a well-administered cut of his whip, inflicted on the traveller's horse, accompanied by the following pithy remark:

"My dear doctor, you pursue impossibilities. It will be just as easy for you to persuade the Brazilians that they ought to emancipate their negroes, as it will be to arrive at good fortune through the key-hole of a door!"

The horrid slave-breeder—he had then seen the learned doctor in his undignified exploration! Worse than all, the inhabitant of this mysterious fazienda, the proprietor of the infamous haras—Don Patricio Tejeira y Campillo—was found out afterwards to be a Frenchman, whose real name was simply Durand; and the pretty foot belonged to the daughter of a former partner of the same man, whose ruin the monster

had first effected, and he had then availed himself of slave legislation to make victims of his daughters!

If these are further *petits mensonges*, they certainly are not *forts innocents a inventer*; for the blood boils before the very thoughts of the dark and infamous crimes that are shrouded under the great cloak of slavery, embracing as it does in its hideous proportions creole, mulatto, and white, as well as negro blood—horrors, not one hundred thousandth part of which ever come to light, but are buried with their victims in their graves, to rise up one day in judgment against their inhuman authors.

As to the good Swiss who came some twenty years back to form a settlement in this land of heathens, they have not prospered much. Novo Friburgo now contains a mixed population of some 1500 Swiss, Brazilians, French, and English, and they have all alike adopted the Portuguese language. The only school is kept by an Englishman. The parish priest was also master of ceremonies in this primitive colony.

On the return of the party to Rio, the Brazilians were in full carnival, which was succeeded on Ash Wednesday by a procession before the royal family. Everything was conducted with strict regard to etiquette. When the first wooden saint, with spangled robes and powdered hair, arrived before his majesty the emperor, he made as graceful a bow as his ankylosed joints would permit him to do; the next did the same thing, and after nearly forty saints had passed in succession, the great figure of our Saviour came at the end of all to do similar homage to imperial power!

The gorgeous and exuberant vegetation of Rio, its great rivers bordered by gigantic forests, its wild scenes, and population brutalised by perpetual contact with slavery, were exchanged at the Cape of Good Hope for a red, arid soil, with here and there a flower or a tuft of shrubs; but art indemnified the traveller for the loss in natural gifts, and even our Frenchman was struck with the care and attention bestowed by a provident administration upon the streets and walks of Cape Town:

The streets, well paved, are adorned with large and handsome shops; excellent carriages, drawn by capital horses, pass along them. We find here, indeed, a city quite European in aspect, as well also as by its resources to satisfy the thousand demands of a refined civilisation. Here everything reminds us of France, everything brings to mind the order and security that reign in our country, and we find it, as with us, personified in the serious *policemen*, of whom our *sergents de ville* are but clever counterfeits. Certainly, we saw nothing like it in the ragged population of Teneriffe, nor in the confusion of Rio, in the midst of that young society, which has all the defects inherent to its age. We saw nothing but the decrepitude of a society brutalised by misery and debauchery in the one, and a feverish, disordered activity in the other. Here we see life in its most normal manifestation, life, laborious, grave, sensible, with all the joys and all the satisfactions that are obtained by the development of our faculties when well employed.

The purity and simplicity of manner and the religious tone that pervades society at the Cape, notwithstanding the number of opposing sects, also struck our traveller forcibly. "Above all," he says, "civil and religious liberty had united to make slavery disappear from the Cape!"

Very different was it at that time at "Ile Bourbon;" at that island—a French island, too—one of the first things seen on landing was a female

with a puce-coloured silk parasol, and no shoes or stockings. At the Isle of Bourbon the use of shoes is, or rather was—for the slaves have been emancipated since Dr. Yvan's visit—exclusively reserved to the free people, whether white, brown, or black. Even the clergy of Bourbon, like their brethren of Brazil, were opposed to emancipation. "The negroes," said M. le Curé de St. Denis to Dr. Yvan, "are not yet sufficiently religious; no sooner are they emancipated than they refuse to do their duty as Catholics, under pretence of being free and acting like their masters of old." "The good father," Dr. Yvan remarks upon this, "has slaves like all the priests in our colonies, he is terrified at the idea of a proceeding which might, perhaps, rejoice his heart as a Christian, but which would hurt his interests as a proprietor!"

Dr. Yvan recognised with surprise that the slave population of Bourbon did not consist of negroes only, but also of Malays, Bengalis, Malabars, and even of whites. The latter are descended from the forays made in olden times throughout the India seas, without regard to race or nation. A fact, which the doctor justly observes, gives the measure of the morality of the colonists of old, the Saint Vincents de Paul of slavery, who, to believe their panegyrista, purchased negroes for purely pious motives! The number of white negroes, to use an expression of the creoles, increases every day from the ardour with which the colonists seek the company of young negresses. There are few houses in which such connexions are not to be met with. Dr. Yvan explains the excessive affection borne by the colonists for their young slaves to their natural charms, which far surpass those of the creoles. "The latter," he says, "make, it is true, adorable statues, but they have never the grace of movement, nor the firmness and elasticity which give to every part of the body anatomical perfection without the necessity of the constraints of art; they have not the ardent eyes, fringed with long lashes, and surrounded with the dark aureola, which gives so much sweetness of expression, and is in vain imitated in the East; neither have they that exquisite beauty of foot, which makes the mulattoes resemble so many hunting Dianas." On the other hand, Dr. Yvan assures us, that these dark beauties remain themselves always cold and passionless, and that their hearts are totally incapable of returning the warm affection of their masters; but he tells this in so spiteful a manner, that we feel inclined to think he pens the calumny from some personal disappointment. Among themselves, he would have us believe, it is quite a different thing, and he gives an account of some orgies which he accidentally witnessed, accompanied by dances; with which, he says, the least tolerated of "La Grande Chaumière" would be decent minuets, or the step of a grave and studied ballet. Since Dr. Yvan wrote, the emancipation of the slave race in Bourbon has been happily proclaimed, and their ignoble toil has been replaced by free labour, more especially that of the Chinese, who have hastened to the now free soil, and introduced there, to the great advantage of the colonists, the improved agricultural practices of the flowery empire.

Frenchmen in the South Seas are in the present day most undoubtedly like beings out of their element. To whatever populous island or city a Briton steers his vessel, he is almost sure to find a countryman or a home. The Frenchman is, on the contrary, often perfectly isolated, or he has to scrape up an acquaintance with some half-bred descendant of Spanish or Portuguese extraction. To such an extent was this state of isolation

carried at Malacca, that one exploring party from *La Sirène* actually made a descent upon a dinner, which had been prepared, after innumerable difficulties, by another, and devoured it in their presence! On the other hand, the doctor, who was one of the sufferers from the rapacity of his own countrymen and fellow-travellers, admired the yellow Malayan beauties even more than negroes, mulattoes, or creoles, and his attentions appear to have been met with such a reception, as to have very much strengthened his first impressions. The history of this visit to Malacca is altogether well worthy of perusal, from the truly ingenious narrative it discloses of the perplexity of Frenchmen on shore, in a place where natives and colonists were alike strangers to them. A worthy Catholic missionary alone appears to have noticed the doctor, from his love of natural history, and he conducted him to some dealers in curiosities:

Our first visit (the doctor relates) was to the collection of a native of Dutch extraction. He was about fifty years of age, tall, and of an agreeable canary yellow colour. I admired with rapture, at this man's house, all the various winged creations of Malacca; red, blue, green, and yellow parrots and parrots, toucans with gigantic bills, and many others. But the prettiest bird in this merchant's aviary was his young daughter, only fourteen years of age, and as white as milk. She was seated in a corner of the room in which we were; her eyes were bent timidly to the ground, and her long, light-coloured hair, which bathed her shoulders, covered her as if with a modest veil.

"How many children have you?" inquired the missionary of the Dutch-Indian, as he looked at the young girl.

"I have three," he answered.

"But it appears to me," continued the minister, "that only one young man accompanies your wife when she comes to church."

"That is true, senior padre, but it is because Vicente de Paule is the only one of my children who is a Catholic," replied the merchant.

"And the others, what are they?" asked the priest, with an expression of surprise.

At this the merchant did not answer the question; but, after reflecting a moment, he said,

"You see, father, there is good everywhere; Vicente, who is the oldest of our children, was made a Catholic of, like his mother and myself (for I am a Catholic by my mother, although of Dutch descent), because it was proper that the eldest should be of the same religion as his parents. My second son, John, was made a Protestant, out of consideration for the English, our masters. I also thought, that in consideration of the religion which he would profess, the ministers, who are very powerful, would be of use to him. As to my daughter, I was much troubled to think what religion I should give to her, till one day, taking a walk with the imam, he proved to me that Muhammadinism was the religion which was best suited for a female, so I made a Musulman of her!"

At this revelation, the missionary got into a holy passion; very legitimate under the circumstances, it must be acknowledged, whilst I had much difficulty in preserving my gravity. He did not leave the Dutchman till he made him promise that he would bring John and Fatima to be baptised and receive religious instruction."

The sale of Malay krisses and other arms among the French visitors, appears to have been very active. They could not, they were told, present themselves before the rajahs of the Malayan islands without such a decoration; and as it is evident such a visit was one of the main objects of the so-called mission, they soon got up a whole armament of zigzag daggers, and other strange weapons, reputed to be poisoned. "All of them," says the doctor, "had belonged to princes

or rajahs, and most of them dated back to the times of a king celebrated among the Malays, and who conquered, some thousand years ago, the island of Ceylon, with an army of *uran-utans*, which he had disciplined. "This wise emperor is certainly to be preferred to Napoleon, for he esteemed the human race sufficiently to employ only animals in the stupid use of arms." This is a strange sentiment for a Frenchman; after it, we shall begin to believe in the gradual regeneration of mankind.

To Malacca succeeded Singapore. "This town," says the doctor, in a liberal spirit, which, be it said to his infinite credit as a traveller, rises dominant over national and religious prejudices alike, "did not exist thirty years ago; a few Malay huts, perched upon the shore, inhabited by pirates or fishermen, alone marked the spot upon which a flourishing city was destined to arise. It is English genius and European activity that have founded this great city, and that have constrained without violence, by the sole allurements of profit and well-being, all the races of Hindu-China to people this corner of the earth. But English genius has called to its aid a most powerful auxiliary, in order to establish in less than thirty years, upon this naked shore, a city of 75,000 souls. That irresistible auxiliary is liberty!" What an example does the history of Singapore, as thus placed before them, present to other nations? and indeed to ourselves, what reflections does it not give birth to? The whole world is kept in darkness, ignorance, and poverty, simply from the absence of freedom of commerce and communication, and of unanimity in language and religion. Not a nation but is more or less driven back to within itself from these differences, and is ground almost to dust by taxation to support an unnecessary nationality; when with universal freedom and toleration, nothing beyond municipal or parochial taxes would be requisite from one end of the earth to the other! We come into the world surrounded with a cloud of ignorance, which is increased by the false prejudices of a bad education. Were all nations taught above all things that brotherly love is the true basis of religion, freedom and toleration would gain their proper ascendancy, international bickerings and disputes would be looked upon as discreditable, and a more liberal spirit would infuse itself into the commercial and political relations of the different people of the earth.

"In the port of Singapore," as Dr. Yvan justly points out, "the merchandises of all countries are admitted upon equally liberal terms; the *Singapore Free Press* presents to all the inhabitants alike an organ of publicity; and in the streets, encumbered with the merchandise of all the nations of the earth, the imam in his turban, the bonze in his long gown, the almost naked Brahmin, elbow the Protestant minister, nearly strangled in his white neckcloth, and the Catholic missionary, buried in his cassock. Commercial liberty, civil liberty, religious liberty, seriously practised, have caused to flow upon this point, but a short time ago uninhabited, more people and more wealth than the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the Dutch, with their prohibitory laws, their systems of violence, and their religious intolerance, ever concentrated at Goa, *Mannila*, or *Java*!" Honour to the nation which sets the example of a commencement of reform in the existing commercial, political, and religious relations of mankind!

Our traveller was in elysium at Singapore. London Hotel was kept by a brave *Belge*, who could be French, English, or Dutch, precisely

as might be desirable—as cosmopolitan in manners as the Dutch-Malay was in religion. M. Dutroncoy received the doctor, cap in hand, but smiling at a large parcel he carried under his arm.

“Monsieur,” said mine host, “is no doubt a Frenchman?”

“Yes, Monsieur Dutroncoy,” answered the doctor.

“Oh, monsieur knows my name! Well, vanity apart, it does not surprise me. I also ought to be a Frenchman.”

“What, you are not sure of it, then?”

“*Mon Dieu, non!* I have roamed about for a long time, as the song says, and I have forgotten where I started from . . . But I must be a Frenchman, for I love coffee and the great Napoleon!”

Too soon, alas, even in this land of liberty, we have an example of the most difficult of all prejudices to be got over—the religious prejudices that separate man from man. The doctor got for help in his excursions one Ali, a Mussulman, and an Hindu palankin driver. He saw one day that the latter was trembling with cold and hunger—

So I took up from the table an American biscuit that had been served up with tea, and offered it to him, but he absolutely refused it. Ali, who smiled at my surprise, said to me:

“Monsieur should not touch the biscuit if he wished the Bengali to eat it.”

“Give him then a bit of meat, some rice, or something that you eat,” said I.

Ali obeyed, but when he saw the meat the says drew back with an expression of horror.

“He is of good caste, this Bengali; he does not eat meat,” observed Ali, laughing.

“Well, give him simply rice then.”

This is the answer that the says made to this last offer:

“I would willingly accept uncooked rice, but I have no vessel to cook it in. I cannot partake of food that is not cooked by one of my caste.”

“Let him go to the devil with his difficulties!” I exclaimed, when Ali had interpreted his answer, and put the horse to the palankin.

The poor says understood my exclamation without its being interpreted to him, and he withdrew, smiling sorrowfully. Our countryman of Chandarnagur had a good heart, and he hastened to give to the Bengali two bananas, which he accepted with joy. Turning his back to us he sat down in the sunshine. He devoured greedily the fruit that had been given to him. As I was contemplating with interest the poor says, I turned to Ali:

“And what caste do you belong to?”

“I,” he answered, with pride—“I am a Mussulman, and I know that all men are equal.”

“So then you would eat of everything and with anybody?”

“Undoubtedly I would eat with anybody, but I would not eat the flesh of an animal that had been killed by a Christian.”

“Well, I have not the same prejudice, so you may kill a fowl for my breakfast to-morrow morning.”

At Singapore each nation has its street: there are English streets, Chinese streets, Hindu streets, and Malay streets. A prodigious activity reigns everywhere—an animation without parallel; and, as Dr. Yvan remarks, commercial contests take the place there of the unproductive contests of the West. The doctor visited a school of young Malay Muhammadans; they were reading the Kuran in Arabic, although neither master nor scholars understood a word of the language. Is it not, he justly enough remarks, the faith of our mothers and sisters, who are taught to read and pray in a dead language of which they cannot understand a word.

If Singapore aroused the enthusiasm of our traveller to ecstasy, how much more so was this the case with Pulo Pinang, or Prince of Wales' Island! "Placed in the midst of Malasia," he says, "it is the paradise of that Eden of the universe! It is on this fragment of earth that Heaven has realised the dream of a perpetual spring; and he has isolated it in the midst of the ocean, so that a coarse and greedy crowd should not invade its beautiful shores. The poetic people of India, Persia, Javanese, Hindus, industrious Chinese, and a few select Europeans, priests of foreign missions and the English, kings of the known universe, possess this domain." Pulo Pinang is not larger than Jersey, yet it is a little world in itself, with its plains, its valleys, its rivers, and its gulfs, even its mountains. Every kind of climate may be found at different altitudes, as also every description of vegetation; the soil is fertile in the extreme; nothing can be more healthy; constitutions, debilitated by the moist heats of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, recover their tone here in a brief space of time. Since England governs this island, it has become, says Dr. Yvan, a place of resurrection for the conquerors of India. "It is there that these glorious merchants, who invade the world by rendering it tributary to their enterprise, go to recover the health wasted in commercial struggles—struggles a hundred times more honourable than the victories gained by the mutilated heroes of the Invalides." The town of Pinang is clean, and pleasantly situated, but the cottages, embosomed like nests among all kinds of odoriferous trees and flowering plants, constitute the charm of the island. "Never will her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, whom Heaven preserve!" exclaims the enchanted doctor, "inhabit so delicious a palace as that which the most humble of her subjects—a poor Malay; or less than that even, a Bengali—possesses at Pinang."

We must, however, leave this enchanting island—in relation with which the doctor tells a rather long and unmeaning romance—to follow the embassy, now bent on tragic deeds. The success of Sir James Brooke, or the mere spirit of rivalry, had induced Louis Philippe under pretence of an embassy to China, to entrust M. de Langrené with the special duty of seeking out in the Malayan Archipelago "one of those perfumed oases which are bathed by the warm waters of the Indian ocean, to form there an establishment. The old king wished France to possess its little spice island; he wished that she, too, should have a pearl out of that magnificent casket in Oceana, of which England, Holland, and Spain, hold the best jewels." The manner in which the French proceeded to fulfil this delicate mission, presents a marked difference to the proceedings of Sir James Brooke in Borneo, or to the origin of Singapore, as depicted by our author himself. A corvette was despatched to the archipelago of Sooloo, or Hulu, and under pretence of surveying (*faire de l'hydrographie de ses cotes*) stopped at Basilan. The progress of the survey led to results which might possibly have been anticipated; the Malays attacked one of the boats which had gone astray up a river, killed two officers, and made prisoners of the crew. Thereupon the corvette *La Victorieuse*—which was navigating in these seas, no doubt just as accidentally as the *Samarang*, which came up in time to watch operations—and *La Sabine* sailed to Hulu to ask satisfaction of the sultan. But the latter answered that the Malays of Basilan were rebels, and he would be



very glad if any one would undertake to punish them. Thereupon the two French ships sailed to Basilan, and attacking Yusuf, the chief of the offending tribe—and who defended himself with about a hundred men—killed twenty, and disabled Yusuf himself by a shot in the wrist. This action, however, producing no definite results, the ships rejoined the ambassador, who set sail for Hulu on board *La Cléopâtre*, commanded by Vice-Admiral Cécille, accompanied also by the steamship *Archimedes*. The fleet, thus strengthened, repaired once more to Hulu, to demand from the sultan satisfaction for the assault, or the cession of a country over which he could not assert his authority. The astute Malay, however, acknowledged the right of the French to punish the assailants, but he denied that such an act of reprisal entitled the French to the possession of the country; such a cession might, however, be made upon a consideration of some 50,000 piastres. This ultimatum does not appear to have satisfied the French, who did not value their "spice island," their "pearl of the Malay casket," and which they must fight for, even if ceded to them by the powerful Sultan of Hulu, at 50,000 piastres. At all events, they very naturally preferred fighting before paying. So off the fleet sailed again to Basilan.

The expeditionary forces were divided into two bodies: one received orders to ascend the river of Maloso; the second to disembark at the west point of the island. M. de Lagrené and some members of the embassy resolutely joined the party; as for me, I followed those who were to go to the west. Our little army was composed of about 200 men with two field-pieces. Arrived at the place of landing, a post was established to communicate with the fleet by signals, and to give protection to the wounded. These preliminaries being settled, we threw ourselves into the dense fringe of wood that lines the shore, which was so close, indeed, that we were obliged to leave sentinels at short distances from one another, so that we could find our way back in case of disaster.

It was not long before we found that we were entering into a marshy forest, through which we could only make our way with the greatest difficulty; the field-pieces sank in up to their throats, and the men lost their shoes in the clayey soil; at last a great pond covered with rushes, reeds, and other aquatic plants stopped us altogether. We were thus obliged to return to the place of disembarkation, just as we reached which, we heard the roar of cannon, and shortly afterwards, the quick fire of musketry in the depths of the river. We accordingly set off at once in the direction of the contest.

The Malays had obstructed the river at short distances, by throwing down enormous trees into its current. The boats that had gone up first had experienced great difficulties in overcoming these obstacles: even ourselves, though the channel had been opened for us, still experienced great trouble, and we were actually obliged to abandon the long boat of *La Sabine*, and some heavily-laden boats. The *yu-yu* we were in drew less water than the ships' boats, and we soon arrived at the field of battle.

The first boat we got up to served as an *ambulance* (hospital); there were three dead in it, and one not far from being so. An officer related to us how the action commenced. "When we ascended the river, at a distance of about a league from its mouth, we found ourselves in front of a well-constructed palisade. No sooner did we make our appearance than the enemy opened fire upon us, and killed the poor fellows you see here. Our boats retorted with cannonades, but these were found to be insufficient to carry the entrenchment. It was then resolved to disembark on the left bank, and turn the palisade by the village of Maloso, and we are waiting the results of this proceeding."

Scarcely had he finished his narrative, than we heard a well-sustained discharge of musketry, followed by shouts of "*Vive le roi! Vive la France!*" and we saw an officer planting the flag on the top of the Malay barricade.

I acknowledge, to my shame, that on hearing these shouts of triumph and of joy, I participated in the feeling, hastened to the shore, and mounting with my companions on the barricade, determined to take part in the action. It is that we have all some old Gallic blood in our veins; and there is at the bottom of our hearts an old leaven of barbarity which ferments at the slightest contact with bellicose elements. The Malays were flying in every direction, our sailors were in full pursuit, and from time to time a yellow skin was seen to fall, struck by our balls, but they were at once raised up by their companions, and carried away at speed.

Behind the palisade were only two guns, in a bad state, and which had been loaded with fragments of coral, bound up in reeds: only two pound of powder were found. The chief arms were hollow bamboos. "All this," says the doctor, "is a little behind-hand; but as, in the art of war, brutal courage is much more important than intelligence, if these means are not sufficient to resist a regular attack, it often requires nothing more for the intrepid Malays to surprise and conquer the regular troops of old Europe."

Twenty men were left in charge of the palisade, whilst the remainder spread themselves over the country, to burn the habitations, cut down the cocoa-nut trees, and destroy the harvest.

I joined one of these expeditions. We ascended the river for about half an hour, and came in presence of a charming residence. It was a beautiful Malay house, remarkably well built, the staircase that led to the verandah being sculptured like the wood-work of the middle ages, and the different rooms inside being exquisitely neat and clean. Robust trees shaded the roof of the house with their giant branches, and the green points of the palm-trees rose out of these verdant masses like gothic steeples. A rivulet of clear water, drawn from the river, watered a long avenue of bananas.

Attached to the house was a spacious shed, covered with leaves, in which four prahus were being built. This abandoned ship-yard and solitary house wore a most sorrowful aspect; they appeared to ask to be spared by the invaders, and even the little rivulet seemed to murmur a prayer. But, alas! this language was not understood; a column of smoke soon rose up out of the roof of the pretty house, the graceful staircase broke out into flames, the sculptures of the prahus were soon darkened by the fire, the trees fell beneath the axes of the sailors, like straw before the sickle of the reaper, and a few hours more and nothing remained of all that beauty and prosperity.

I had in the meantime spied out, in a corner of the garden, a little turf-covered mound, in the midst of which grew several odoriferous plants. I had seen at the Cape of Good Hope similar mounds in the burial-grounds of the Malay Muhammadans, and deeming that it was a grave, I thought I might avail myself of the circumstance to violate the tomb, in order to obtain a few crania for my phrenological collection. I called two sailors to help me, and we set to work. At a depth of about two yards we met with stones, beneath which was a wooden case, which contained the body of a child about three years of age. On seeing this I felt the deepest regret at having disturbed the grave. I cut off a few leaves of bananas, and gathered some of the odoriferous flowers of the mound, and covering with them the body of the child, I placed back the lid and heavy stones, and went away in sorrowful mood.

Not long after the retreat was sounded, and we all met as had been arranged beforehand at the palisade. The whole of the left bank of the river was in flames, houses and magazines of rice were burnt down, the fields, a short time

ago covered with trees, were cleared like the meadows of our own climates at the end of autumn. We descended the river of Maloso, so as to reach the ships before night; the tide was down and we got on with the greatest difficulty. Under such circumstances, we should have been at the mercy of a few resolute Malays secreted in the mangroves, and this thought made us sometimes shudder. But what is writ is written, the Malays let us go by without even sending us a few balls as a reminiscence.

Next morning by daybreak the boats were once more launched, and the attack upon the Malays was renewed, one party was despatched along the left bank of the river to see if anything had escaped the devastation of the day before, another was sent up the right bank into regions as yet unexplored. The palisade was still burning, and columns of smoke rose up here and there from the ruins of burnt houses. The doctor joined the party on the right bank, and they were not long in stumbling upon some inhabited houses. The Malay peasants, however, ran away without attempting to defend them, carrying on their shoulders heavy burdens of rice, probably to keep their children from starvation. After ransacking these houses, from which the sailors obtained a plentiful harvest of copper utensils, silver chains, precious stones mounted in copper, boxes, musical instruments, cloths and stuffs, they were set fire to, as well as the magazines for rice, and all the houses in the plain below were similarly devastated and burnt. Into one solitary hut that the doctor went, he relates,

Some eggs, fresh cocoa-nuts, and vessels filled with water had been purposely left on the ground. It seemed as if the poor peasant had trusted to the poverty of his house to save it from destruction. The hopes of this barbarous Malay founded on the better feelings of mankind, pity for the unfortunate, were doomed to disappointment; the civilised and Christian soldiers only cried out, "Malheur aux vaincus!" And his humble hut was pitilessly sacked and burnt.

At this moment a sailor came up to me and said, "I have taken two eggs from that house, do you think that they are poisoned?"

I shrugged my shoulders at this stupid question; but in the bottom of my heart, I wished that the two eggs should give the dolt a sharp colic.

The sacking and burning was carried on for eight hours. Sixty houses were burnt, more than a thousand cocoa-nut trees were cut down, and three thousand *hectolitres* (66,000 gallons) of rice were consumed! The last house discovered was the home of the chief, Yusuf. It stood in a park surrounded by a paling, not a blade of grass, to use our author's hyperbolic expression for excessive devastation, was left standing on the accursed soil. It was like a carnival to see the soldiers and sailors returning to the ships loaded with spoil.

Thus finished the expedition, which cost us some money and some precious blood; which cost the Malays many lives, caused many tears to be shed, and completely ruined a very flourishing district, and that because an officer of marines did not obey the orders of his commander. He was the first victim to his own disobedience; no doubt he is to be pitied, but still more are the yellow and the white men, who, not having committed the same fault, participated in its atonement. It is the only time that I have seen war, and I have seen enough to make me curse it. It will be said that I am not competent to give an opinion upon the subject; that is possible, but many people who reason upon the subject, and who wear great epaulets have not seen more than me.

These are strange opinions for a Frenchman to hold, and although a

sacking, plundering, burning expedition against a tribe of piratical Malays because they had attacked a boatful of people who came ostensibly to take possession of their country, cannot be designated as "war," still the sense of the cruelty of the proceeding awakened in its historian does him infinite credit, and gives us hope of better things. It is evident that Dr. Yvan, as an educated man, a naturalist, philosopher, and phrenologist, has learnt to estimate these strange vagaries of human nature, even when countenanced by a minister plenipotentiary, a vice-admiral, and the officers and crew of a whole fleet at their true value.

It is, however, but fair to state that these piratical Malays deserved chastisement for sins of far greater calibre than the attack upon the French boat and the treacherous murder of two officers. Bad as was such an act, they had many such to answer for—murder, robbery, and kidnapping—being, let the Manchester school of politicians aver as much as they like to the contrary, among their almost daily habits of life. Then, again, as the whites enslave the black and yellow races, so the Malays invariably make slaves of all Christians that fall into their hands, by wreck or by rapine, and whom they spare from immediate death. Thus, when *La Cleopatre* was at Hulu many Christian slaves swam out under favour of darkness to the ship, and were taken on board. Upon this, the red flag with its great white cross—the signal of redemption—was hoisted on board, and numbers of poor captive slaves, cheered by the sight, fled from the interior of the island to seek refuge under the well known and significant emblem.

Still, there was a great difference between the steps taken by M. de Lagrené, to found a colony in the Malayan Archipelago, and those followed by our oft-reviled countryman, Sir James Brooke. The same habits obtained among the Malays of the Sarabab and the Sakarran as among their countrymen of Hulu and Basilan; but there were also in the same regions industrious and peaceful tribes, who, under the protection of the English, left the jungle in which they had been wont to skulk in daily and nightly terror, and came down upon the sea coast, and upon the banks of the rivers, and gave themselves up in fancied security to the pursuits of agriculture and fishery. The piratical hordes of the continent of Borneo viewed this state of things with the disfavour and jealousy inherent in savage barbarism. They made descents upon the new colony, massacred the peaceful and industrious population, and assailed the British settlements. Captain Keppel chastised them with terrible effect. Still they returned to the charge. In 1849 the pirates (there are those who assert that there are no pirates in the Malayan Archipelago: they should go there before so stultifying themselves in presence of the whole world) were at sea again, murdering and plundering indiscriminately—sacking villages, and carrying the inhabitants off to slavery. This time Captain Farquhar was despatched in the *Albatross*, with Captain Wallace in the steamer *Nemesis*, to wreak vengeance on the spoliators. Sir James Brooke joined the avengers with a native contingent from Sarawak, and the reprisals were, as is well known, most signal.

To prevent the recurrence of such disasters, Sir James Brooke adopted the best and most humane mode that presented itself of checking piracy; which was to build forts in the rivers, to prevent the descent of the pirates in their war prahus. Three of these were constructed, one at Sakarran,

under charge of an English gentleman of the name of Brereton, another at Linga, under Mr. Lee, and a third on the Regang, under Mr. Steele. These gentlemen cheerfully undertook the risks and privations of such a life, as the pioneers of civilisation and good government among a wild and fierce population. Sir James Brooke hoped the best things from these arrangements, and he stated that it would be sufficient if a steamer should touch from time to time upon the coast, in order to prove to the piratical tribes that the force was there, if wanted, in order to induce the pirates to forego their plundering habits, and if not themselves adopt more industrious pursuits, at least not interfere with those who were disposed so to do.

Such, indeed, was for a time the case. Commerce was growing up, human life was secure, the seas were free; but, unfortunately, the attacks and misrepresentations of a party of maudlin sentimentalists and adverse politicians in this country prevented even the single steamer that was asked for being sent out to shield the pioneers of Christianity and civilisation under its paddles. The consequence was, that the inveterate plundering propensities of the natives were allowed to gain an unchecked ascendancy; the settlements of the industrious natives, so deserving of protection, were assailed; Mr. Lee was killed, fighting gallantly in a good cause—that of humanity; Mr. Brereton fled to Sarawak; and property and life have alike been left at the mercy of the ferocious invaders, while hundreds of unsuspecting people, farming and fishing on the banks of the river, will, in all probability, be sacrificed to the mistaken philanthropy of the distinguished advocates of Dyak and Malayan honour and integrity!

It is a satisfaction to know that since this visit of the French fleet to the Malayan Archipelago, the Spaniards, wearied out by a long forbearance of unceasing acts of piracy, plunder, brigandage, murder, and rapine, have subjected the “much maligned” Malays to a severe retribution, and the whole archipelago of Hulu, coveted by Louis Philippe, has passed under the dominion of Isabella II. of Spain, who, it is to be hoped, will imitate the English at Sarawak in introducing the habits and manners of civilised life among the barbarous mariners, but will not imitate the English in giving neither countenance or protection to the peaceful and industrious against their less reclaimable and more savage countrymen.

The scene changes to Macao—with its environs, all that the author appears to have seen of China, unless his work, as is probably the case, is not complete—and it was, he says, with deep emotion that he first entered into that strange and celebrated city, founded by untold efforts, and kept with indomitable perseverance. The European city, with its forts, its numerous churches, and handsome houses, brought to mind the time when the Perez de Andrade, the Antonio de Farias, and Fernando Mendez Pinto—the latter the Quintus Curtius of these vagabond Alexanders—first landed here, with picturesque costumes and energetic physiognomies, and confronted the pacific Chinese, who at that time were in advance of us both in the arts of civilisation and in well-being. The *Cidade do Santo Nome de Dios de Macao*, as the Portuguese who have time to utter long names call the European city, is built among ravines, and hills, and even blocks of solid granite, and yet the patient industry

of the Chinese has triumphed over these obstacles, and Macao is still, the doctor tells us, " notwithstanding the enormous sums of money sunk by the English at Hong-Kong, the most European city in Hindu-China." The doctor omits here to consider the difference in time in the foundation of the one and the other. The Macaists, as the doctor calls the Christian population of Macao, boast of their nobility, and sometimes of their direct descent from the ancient conquerors of the land in which they live, but now almost all are born in Macao itself, and a very mixed blood flows in their veins. What is more remarkable, is, that the members of the same family generally bear little resemblance to one another. Every now and then a type indicative of anterior alliances, as has been frequently remarked elsewhere, springs up to life again. Thus, for example, the doctor describes a noble Macaist family of three girls and two boys: The eldest girl was a white negress, with woolly hair and thick lips; the second was an Andalusian, with a downy upper lip and beautiful black hair; the third, of an amber colour, resembled more a fair native of the banks of the Ganges than her sisters; and as to the two boys, they were Chinese! This must have been an extreme case.

These noble families are, for the most part, poor, proud, and ignorant. As the French nobles would once only learn the noble art of *verrière*, or glass-painting, so the only manual labour a poor Macaist noble will condescend to learn is the art of printing. The women actually do nothing, not even house duties. Ask a Chinese what are the occupations of a Macaist, he will answer,

" The gentleman goes to Canton," which means, in the idea of a Chinaman, he is a sailor or a merchant; " madame waits for him at Macao, eating *balichan*."

Balichan is a condiment composed of prawns, fish, and aromatic spices; the doctor declares it to be superior to anchovy-paste.

If commerce has abandoned Macao and taken up its residence for the time being at Hong-Kong, the staff of those permanent armies that incessantly besiege the gates of the celestial empire, the doctor tells us, remains at the Catholic city of old. The Portuguese and French Lazarists, the fathers of the Italian Propaganda, the congregation of foreign missions, all have their head-quarters there. It is in that little island that the most formidable conspiracies against Chinese superstitions are got up. The Protestant ministers, Dr. Yvan tells us, are rather zealous Propagandists of knowledge and learning, than of any particular form of belief; their labours are also likely to be both more generally spread and more lasting. Knowledge may pave the way to overthrow superstitions, which are not so readily merely supplanted by superstitions of another kind. Death inspires no terror to the Chinese. They write upon their tombs, " I have quitted the roof of my fathers and my native soil to sleep under these sacred shades, in an eternal sleep." To such minds death is repose. It seems almost a pity to disturb so pleasant a belief.

## THE PARADISE OF SPAIN.

BY DR. SCOFFERN.

THERE must have been a time when beauty, all-predominant—beauty everywhere diffused, was the characteristic of Spain: when the broad sweeps of desolate La Mancha were clad with verdure—when the barren wastes of Alicante bloomed with flowers, and the frowning ranges of the Alpujarras were shaded with their pines—when the still beautiful Andalusia, irrigated by crystal streams from Moorish aqueducts, was a garden, clustering with pomegranates and roses, odorous jasmines and feathery palms. There must have been a time when all Spain was so jovely that its loveliness, for lack of contrast, would pall; when the eye, unceasingly regarding the beauty of surrounding objects, would tire, and the ear grow weary of ever-gushing fountains and warbling nightingales.

It is no longer thus. Fierce contentions of warring races, through many centuries prolonged, have left unfading evidence of their progress in Spain. A long succession of unwise governments, more desolating even than wars, has also contributed to the result. Religious persecution has done the rest. With the final expulsion of the chivalrous, elegant, industrious Saracen, and the keen, calculating, mercantile Israelite, fell the prosperity of Spain; and the beauty of many regions departed; while forests were hewn down, and none planted in their stead, until vast tracts became desolate. Aqueducts, the pride of the Arabs, and monuments of their industry, have been either wilfully destroyed out of sheer hatred to their origin, or allowed to go to ruin; and this unrelenting process of devastation has proceeded until whole regions, once teeming with verdure and cultivated as a garden, are now arid as the Sahara, and scarcely more hospitable. Tracts, where only a solitary gum cystus, springing here and there, just serves to prove that vegetation has not entirely relinquished its claim to the soil, and scarcely afford sustenance to a few disconsolate goats. Now an enormous lizard will cross your path—now a snake. Not a little bird of any kind—not even the cosmopolitan sparrow; but the vulture soars like a spectre aloft, ready to pounce at the carcass near your feet. Then the sun!—that mighty, scorching, unclouded sun—glares fiercely down, burning into hard masses the parched-up earth. Glancing your eye along that wild expanse, the rocks tremble with radiating heat, like one vast brick-kiln. The entire panorama quivers and dances like a land agitated by an earthquake, or a scene, regarded through a telescope, in motion. The eye at length grows dim with contemplating the savage glare—the brain feels maddened. There is no shelter now, not even of a solitary tree; and the mockery of your suffering is enhanced by the sight of aqueducts now dried up, ramblas, or mountain torrent-courses, which only gush in winter, and white snow-capped sierras in the far-off horizon, telling of coolness, whilst your brain is on fire.

The only kind of loveliness, everywhere diffused, which still remains to Spain, is the loveliness of human face and form—a loveliness which neither foreign wars, nor native governments, nor religious persecutions have been able to efface. The blue-eyed Asturian maiden, the majestic

senora of Castile, the olive-tinted, languishing, mysterious Andaluza, with tresses black as raven-plume, and hands and feet modelled in such fashion of exquisite beauty as no hands and feet were ever modelled in before—and swan-like neck, half veiled in the folds of her gracefully waving mantilla—who so lovely as these! Yet think not, reader, that the beauty of inanimate nature has fled from Spain. It has not fled, but is concentrated. As many oppressed races of man, taking refuge from a conqueror, have leagued themselves together, localised their energies, interwoven their relations, nestled in inaccessible glens, and formed commonwealths, so have consolidated themselves in many a spot of isolated loveliness the undying natural beauties of Spain. There, in one of those exquisite spots, with the frowning sierras about you, shall you be enveloped in garlanded tresses of the wild vine as they cluster round the ruby-flowered pomegranate, the quivering aspen, or graceful palm. There the turtle doves shall nestle in groves of orange-trees, and the nightingale shall sing, and the myrtle and jasmine shall mingle their perfume with the orange blossom, wild thyme, and rosemary. There the rain shall never fall. The earth shall be refreshed by dews, and irrigated by streamlets, and bring forth its fruits and flowers as under the wand of a magician. Torrents of sparkling water dash down the sierra from the melting snows above, and glide through the valley below like gorgeous serpents. All here is impressed with such beauty as poets dream of, and painters love to depict—but all around is savage, terrible, desolate! Mountains, whose peaked summits lose themselves in clouds, or piercing through the canopy, cut with faint outline of their snowy crests the gold-tinted horizon. Their flanks desolate and bare; here black as night itself—there, glittering with disclosed mineral wealth under the noonday sunbeam, like some enormous jewel mounted on jet. Frowning like an angry giant at the vision of beauty below, and threatening to destroy it, thus seems the sierra! Yet, as those rugged flanks sink into the valley where you stand, they lose their desolation. Gradually vegetable forms appear. First the stunted pine, then the oak—then follows the chestnut, and now clustering on natural terraces the vine. The terrific, as an attribute, is seen no more. Olive-trees, of grotesque form, with hue of dusky green, seal the compact of peace between the two contending elements—the lovely and the terrific. Now, with graceful curve the mountain flank sweeps into the valley, and you are lost in a maze of palms, apricots, and sugar-canes, or, it may be, citron, orange, and lemon-trees, with the beautiful pomegranate springing like brushwood underneath. Large bushes of wild thyme and rosemary crash beneath your feet, and contribute their mite to the delicious perfume which comes borne to you on every breeze. Magnificent aloes elevate their gorgeous flower-decked spikelets more than thirty feet high, and gigantic cactuses, rising here and there, bend under their luscious fruit-bearing treasure the prickly pear. Ah! how lovely—how exquisitely lovely—are those valleys of Andalusia! All that pagan sybarite could have longed for as the scene of his pleasurable rest—all that Mahomet could have pictured in his dreamy reveries as the scene of a paradise for dark-eyed houris—all that we of purer faith depict to ourselves as the attributes of a past Eden—they are there! In the sky above, and the flowers beneath, and luscious fruits, and crystal streams—they are there!



And now, lost in reverie, creating for ourselves an innocent pantheon with feigned spiritual attributes of tree and flower, regard those quivering aspens as they whisper to the breeze, and listen to their tale. Wild vines encircle them, climb up their trunks, hang from one to another in graceful festoons, and hold the whole forest in their close embrace. Guardians of their forest charge, those wild vines tightly cling, and the whispering aspens seem to say, Protect us from destruction!

But awaking at length from reverie, to treat of real things and real times, let the reader be briefly informed, that circumstances took me, in the early part of the year 1850, to Spain. Took me, not to live in large hotels and big cities, those hateful foci of propagandism for extraneous habits, which undermine all nationality, jumbling together things the most incongruous, making the nations of the earth alike in one condition of mediocrity, chasing away poetic visions, uprooting romance, desecrating the most sacred regions with the omnipresent *bifstiek* and stumpy bottles of porter. Thanks to many circumstances which need not be detailed here, Spain, even in her large cities, is still pretty free of these, but I avoided even the trace of them, by taking up my quarters in a little Andalusian town, where not half a dozen of my country people had been seen before; a town situated in a delightful little valley, or vega, close to the Mediterranean, and called Motril, a town which some maps of Spain do themselves the honour to indicate, and some do not—more shame to them.

A very curious place to get at is this vega of Motril, and when once there, a very curious place to get out of. On three sides a semicircular offset from the Alpujarras hem it in, elevating their summits far above, until they terminate in the Sierra Nevada, some fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the fourth side is the Mediterranean, but neither harbour, nor jetty, nor roadstead is there. Ships that do come are very few, and come at their peril, for this tranquil-looking Mediterranean is far from being so innocent as it seems; and although no crested billows mantle upon its blue surface, as we see in the turbulent Atlantic, and no foaming spray comes dashing over the cliffs, yet a certain quiet mysterious swell, which the Mediterranean here assumes, plays sad pranks at times. Particularly inaccessible, then, is this vega of Motril—primitive, isolated, and beautiful. Once there, a remembrance of physical exertion passed indisposes you to think of removing again, so down you settle in your *dolce far niente*, and although there is no bull arena in Motril, nor could fighting bulls be brought there from the Ganaderas, except Madame Poitevin should bring them attached to her balloon; and although not one bookseller's shop exists in the whole valley, not one spring carriage, neither theatre, hotel, nor any of those public lounging-places where people are wont to resort, yet I managed to live very happily in Motril. In the vega is abundant game, which a stranger who has ingratiated himself may shoot. In the mountain gorges are vast stores of mineral wealth to be explored; and in the valley is such an assemblage of vegetable products, tropical and temperate, as nowhere else exists. There is the cotton and indigo, date, palm, and sugar-cane, mingling with oranges, citrons, limes, and lemons, roses, pinks, and geraniums, of delicious fragrance, and a thousand other productions which would be tedious to describe. A visitor inclined to the study of natural history, may long enjoy the contemplation of these varied trea-

tures ; and, should he possess an artist's eye, alive to all that is gorgeous in mountain scenery and wild luxuriance of vegetable form, another source of pleasure would be found. Should he delight in contemplating past greatness, and retracing on the wings of imagination those romantic days when Andalusia was peopled by the Saracen race, this is the very place for begetting these contemplations.

Moorish buildings surround him on every side, from the houses in the valley itself to the embattled watch-towers on mountain elevations. In the same vega, or almost the same, for a very insignificant spur of the mountain divides them, and they are both comprehended in one semi-circular contour, is the celebrated fortress of Salobreña, the chief maritime stronghold of the Moor, and only forty miles distant from his cherished Alhambra. This was the last spot held by the retreating Saracens. Here the flying Boabdil rested when hastening to Africa. This was the scene of many a bloody fray between turbaned Saracen and Christian knight, particularly on that memorable occasion when the lion-hearted Perez del Pulgar, he of the great deeds, as historians call him, and who has been graphically described to us by Bulwer and Washington Irving, punished the treachery of the Mudaxares. And to vivify all these heroic deeds, and bring them prominently before the mind's eye, a descendant of the hero, and who now resides at Motril, Doña Aurora del Pulgar de Chacon, will herself recite the chivalrous deeds. Despite lack of bull-fighting and theatres, then, one may be very happy in Motril ; but it would be ingratitude itself to omit from my list things agreeable in Motril—the balls and tertulias of the Marqueza di Puerto Santa Maria. Should this reach that lady's eye, I beg her to understand I have placed her name so late in the list for the sake of emphasis. A very agreeable way of spending the evening are those balls and tertulias, and when a Spanish lady has once told you, "Señor, this house is at your disposal," she means what she says : Go when you like, introduce what friend you like, never except an invitation again, for you will not have one. If in your diffidence you wait for such, the hostess will think you are offended, or consider your conduct a *disaire*, which is the politest word ever yet devised for characterising something between impertinence and insult. Go and be welcome, then, but learn the language first. If you have any doubts about your being at home, they will soon be set at rest by the lady of the house asking your name ; she means your Christian name, for the surname in Spain is not called a name at all, but the *apelido*. You tell her your name, and she tells you hers, and so matters rest with you for a time, though the lady is not idle. Going the round of her lady friends, she whispers something, which of course you are polite enough not to hear, and presently the reason will be made manifest why she asked your name. She addresses you by it plainly, unadorned it may be, most likely, although in Spain, as everywhere else, ladies differ as to the amount of familiarity they are pleased to assume ; and, whilst a few will Don you, the greater number will not. At any rate, to address you as plain Juan, Enrique, Pedro, or Pablo, as the case may be, is perfectly *en regle* without the prefix of Don, and you in return will not be thought impertinent if you address quite as unceremoniously a lady—no matter what her rank or social condition may be. Few Englishmen, however, would

have the courage to adopt this license all at once. The occasional prefix of Señora or Señorita makes one feel more at his ease, and will certainly not give offence. Then, as a set-off against this self-imposed formality, after one gets a little acquainted with his lady friends, after he has danced with them, accepted bouquets of them or given in return, walked with them on the Paseo, escorted them to the bull-fights, and so forth—then it is understood that, with all propriety imaginable, one may change their names into some of those pretty diminutives which can only be pronounced in Spanish or Italian. In return, the lady you address will take a similar liberty with your name, and thus you are equal again. *Apropos* of bouquets, let no unconscious individual, ignorant of the Andalusian flower language, presume to offer a white rose:—it means hatred, and therefore had better be omitted.

But these remarks are general, whereas my theme is special, so back we go again to Motril. There are no bookseller's shops, as I have said, no circulating libraries or newspaper-rooms, yet is there no lack of news. Barbers there are innumerable in Motril (no wonder a Spaniard's hair is so short), and here settled in one of their stalls, whilst the process of devastation is being committed on your scalp, all the current news may be learned from the living tongue, and if a little distorted as to truth, a little dressed with Andalusian embellishments, why all the more racy it is.

*Apropos* of barbers in Spain, their contemplation brings forcibly before my imagination one of the most sanguinary codes of that land. Bull-fighting is cruel enough, and *auto-da-fés* were still worse. Many and powerful are the deprecatory comments which both these national customs have elicited; yet there is another characteristic of Spanish manners hitherto not commented on by writers, to the best of my knowledge, but which is infinitely more cruel and sanguinary. The early Romans had their Tarpeian rock, at the foot of which they exposed to perish the feeble and infirm; the Spartans accomplished the same end by leaving the victims to perish in a cave. In both these countries the end was avowed. Now in Spain the end, though not avowed, is universally recognised; it has entered into their *leges non scriptæ*, and is practised from one end of the peninsula to the other. The maimed, sickly, and weak of constitution, are handed over from the physician to the barber, and the barber bleeds them to death!

But to be serious—this repeated bleeding operation for the slightest ailment, is carried to a frightful extent in Spain. The Draconian code of remedy is pitilessly employed in all diseases of every gravity, from the merest headache to the most prostrating typhus; and worse than all, the bleeding is conducted on such a system as cannot possibly do any good in those diseases where bleeding would be desirable. A bandage being tied round the patient's wrist, the barber comes, opens a vein on the back of the hand, immerses the hand in hot water, and there leaves it whilst he walks about, probably amusing himself with a cigar. From time to time he turns about, and looking at the water, judges from the tint it has assumed whether the operation has been carried far enough. In this way, for a very trifling ailment—more properly speaking, no ailment at all—a lady informed me she had been bled no less than thirty-six times in the

space of one twelvemonth. The system is murderous. Nor in the more important surgical operations are Spanish practitioners more restorative. Looking at the numerous civil wars which have long reigned in Spain, and the sanguinary appeals to the knife resorted to for the settlement of private feuds, one might reasonably expect to meet with individuals having wooden arms and legs. No such thing—they all die under the mild treatment of Spanish surgery.

Notwithstanding this sanguinary portion of their calling, the barbers of Motril are a light-hearted, merry, guitar-playing set, who, when the sun has set, fill the whole air with the sound of tinkling boleros. After the barbers of Motril, next come in importance the priests, good, hearty, kind-hearted fellows, with plenty of good wishes for everybody, Catholic or heretic, and rather prone than the contrary to discuss religious subjects, which they treat with remarkable moderation and forbearance. One very important class of Motrillanos still remains to be sketched, gentlemen of uncertain profession, as I will venture to designate them for want of a better name. Gentlemen who, in contravention of all Spanish law, manufacture their own gunpowder, and wander about with long guns, sometimes contemplating the beauty of mountain scenery, at other times directing their anxious glances towards the sea. This, reader, is a general sketch of the people with whom I dwelt. And now you have a picture of Motril.

So placidly, so tranquilly did existence pass in this beautiful vega of fruit and flowers, that more than once did the idea occur of comparing it with the happy Abyssinian valley; but, alas! as summer came, and the waters of the Asequia, or Moorish aqueduct, had to be fairly distributed amongst the various owners of the soil, then came the season of bickering and disputes, the solution of which not unfrequently was entrusted to the knife, and more than once the solitary coffin of the place—there is but one—was borne along in solemn chant with a victim of the fray. Away to church the corpse is borne, and there till midnight it remains, when, removed from the coffin, and enveloped in a cloak, it is carried to its final resting-place—a square enclosure on the mountain side, thick with tumuli and grim with exhumed skulls.

It was after witnessing one of these melancholy processions, and reflecting on its cause, I became certain that Motril was not the spot of happiness unalloyed—that human wrath had entered there, and crime was frequent. “Pity that such a Paradise should be so defiled,” one evening I said to a friend.

“Ah, señor, Motril is indeed no Paradise,” replied the lady I addressed, “but contains some desperate men; nevertheless, there is,” said she, “a Paradise in Spain—the beautiful Lanjaron.”

“It is a place I am sure you would like,” remarked Doña Aurora, “and all the better that it is comparatively unknown. Everything there is Spanish—more so than in Motril. Nowhere, probably, is the former Moorish aspect of Andalusia so well preserved as there; and, besides, there are mineral springs at Lanjaron, which would interest you too.”

I needed no further incentive. Having thanked my fair informant for her kindness, I prepared to start with my sister and a friend over the Alpujarras, *en route* for the beautiful Lanjaron, and with that provision for the future, which I would recommend all travellers in Spain to imitate,

our first thought was for the provend, not for the journey alone, but also for the whole time we should be pleased to remain in this terrestrial Paradise, where I was credibly informed wine might certainly be had, possibly eggs, and every other creature comfort, including beds—"that the traveller might bring with him." So, these preliminaries having been duly settled, we started: my sister and myself, an English gentleman, our mutual acquaintance, and our armed guide, Julio. A very pretty cavalcade we formed with our three mules, each carrying bedding under his rider, and each having capacious saddle-bags slung, full of provisions. As usual, the ladies' sitting-place was a contrivance called a *hamuja*, which may be shortly described as a sort of garden-chair tied to the mule's back with ropes, and padded with pillows. The gentlemen's saddles were of a construction so very peculiar, that description fails; but the bridles were each formed on a plan of numerous adaptations, that cannot be too greatly admired, as proclaiming the ingenuity of Spanish muleteers. They consisted each of a very long rope, ending in a bit, and held, whilst used as a bridle, many times encircled in coils. When used as a means of propulsion, which was not unfrequently the case, the coil, being unfolded, liberated a rope of such length that it might be used effectively as a whip, not only for one's own mule, but those of his neighbour's. But there was a third use; occasionally, the most spittal, least obstinate animal, being made pioneer, the bridle-end of the second was attached to his saddle-girth, and so on again, Julio following in the rear, and holding manfully on to the third mule's tail. Thus, much of our journey was accomplished; but Julio occasionally had other business on hand. Suddenly letting go the friendly tail, and running a little in advance, he would cock his *trabujo*, run the thumb-nail across its flint, look mysteriously behind each nook, and into each crevice, as if he recognised at every step a concealed foe. My friend, too, and myself, were armed; for every one goes armed in this part of Spain.

This warlike preparation is by no means unnecessary, as vestiges of murders committed remained to testify. On the mountain passes between Motril and Lanjaron, although the entire distance between these places is not more than twenty-five English miles, several monumental crosses are erected to commemorate a murder committed at that spot, and even at this time of which I write, a bandit chief, known under the name of *El Gato*, or "the cat," was known to be investing this part of the *Alpujarras*.

"You see that cross, Señor Don Juan?" remarked Julio, as he pointed to one of these monuments of blood, and gave my sister's mule such a belabouring with the rope as should suffice until the completion of his tale; "that cross, señor," continued he, "points out the spot where one of you caballeros Ingleses was killed."

"Indeed!"

"Killed by mistake," said Julio, withdrawing slowly his *cigarrito*, and puffing a full volume of smoke.

"By mistake for somebody else, I suppose?"

"No, señor, for no one else, but because he did not know the ways of the country."

Julio's intimation puzzled me not a little. Spanish customs are peculiar and not easily picked up. I had therefore set about learning them

on principle as a matter of philosophy. Had been initiated into *all* the little peculiarities of social life as I fondly thought. Had been instructed that true Iberian politeness required you never to cross anybody in front; never to turn your back to anybody—even if people were standing all around; never to offer a lady your arm on the Paseo; never to shut the door on entering her drawing-room; never on walking to allow your companion to be always on your left, but to change sides with him, alternately and dexterously, in order that the *place d'honneur* might be equally divided; never to make a repast in company—no, not even so much as to taste an ice at a confectioner's—without asking all around you, strangers though they might be, to partake: and, lastly, never, beyond all things, to presume continuing your addresses to a lady who had once shown you the butt-end of her fan. All this had been firmly impressed upon my memory—learned by rote, digested into a code—by remembering which, and acting up to its spirit and letter, I fondly hoped to pass for a polite man anywhere in Spain. Great was my trepidation, therefore, to find, beyond this long list of things to be avoided, there yet remained another, and of such importance too, that the penalty for not complying with it might be death. So I pressed Julio for an explanation. Rubbing his thumb-nail across the flint of his trabujo, and puffing a wreath of smoke from between his lips, Julio gracefully removed his cigarrito, and thus expressed himself.

“Señor Don Juan, every land has its customs, and the custom of Andalusia is this; when any of the Gentes de las Montañas meet you on your path, and want to do business with you, they say ‘Boca abajo!’ which means this: you are to lie flat on the ground, and stretch out your arms so, whilst the captain or his men examine your pockets. No one is hurt who does this,” continued he, “not even the lowest ratones would hurt you, and this is what any single caballero *ought* to have done—it stands to reason.

“Well, this poor gentleman didn’t know the custom of the country, so there he stood, as the Gato told me, and clenched his hands so.

“Even then the Gato didn’t want to kill him, so he came over and tried to seize him, when the caballerito struck him a blow. After that, you see, what *could* be done? The Gato had been struck, disgraced, and so he killed him, and that was the end of it. A mistake, Señor Don Juan, an unfortunate mistake,” said Julio, replacing his cigarrito.

“Julio,” said I, “you seem to have been there.”

“Oh, señor, no! but the Gato told me so himself, and told me how very sorry he was.”

“You seem to have respectable acquaintances, Julio.”

Julio smiled, and continued, “The Gato buys his powder of me, señor, therefore no wonder I know his affairs.”

This little episode on the consequences of a mistake being finished, we suddenly turned an abutting ridge of the mountain, and a valley lay before us. There glittering in all its beauty lay Velez di Benaudalla, one of those spots of concentrated loveliness nowhere to be seen but in the south of Spain. Were there not a Lanjaron, Velez di Benandalla would be now, as it was then, the most beautiful gem of village landscape I had ever gazed upon. Deep down between frowning crests of the Alpujarras, on a circular terrace, is this lovely little village with its domed Moorish

turrets and loopholed battlements, an old Arab castle elevated on a mound in its centre. On one flank of this terrace rolls the noisy Guadalfeo deep down in a ravine; on other sides rise precipitous cliffs festooned with jasmine and clematis. Here and there dark cypresses shoot up, black, sombre, gloomy-looking trees, which seem to mourn over Saracen glories departed; but the clustering roses and gay pomegranate dispel the saddening influence of the cypresses, and proclaim the beauty of to-day. I could have lingered long, very long, in Velez di Benaudalla, if the end of our journey had not been predetermined for Lanjaron.

As it was, we merely stopped in this delightful little village to refresh ourselves with vino tinto, figs, and apricots, and more than all with ice-cold water. In the matter of water an Andalusian is most fastidious. Little as he may like to be told so, he has much of Arab blood running in his veins, and Arab prejudices monopolise a considerable portion of his intellectual self. On what supposition else can we account for that dislike of wine entertained by him, and love of *agua fria*? How otherwise can we excuse him for so cruelly imprisoning the ladies in lattice-work—like so many singing-birds. Even the black-eyed little Andaluza, who sold us our vino tinto in this very place, handed us the cups through the bars of the reja, or lattice-work before her window, and received her money through the same. So far as casual observation enabled me to form an opinion, this caging system had intensified, in the daughters of Velez, all those natural feelings of curiosity which ladies are said to possess. As we sat upon our mules partaking our humble repast of wine, and fruit, and hard eggs, numerous were the bright eyes levelled at us and our equipage, through the reja lattice-work. We attempted to take a deliberate view of those fair children of Andalusia, but in vain. No sooner did our eyes return the compliment than back would pop the head, down would fall the corner of the striped blind, and the provoking creature was lost to our view.

Having finished our humble repast under the shade of a majestic olive-tree, we bade adieu to the charms of Velez, and speedily lost again in the chasms of the Alpujarras, we went onwards to Lanjaron.

The noonday sun fiercely glared, the ground cracked and smoked beneath the footsteps of our mules. In vain the Sierra Nevada displayed its snowy mantle, and seemed so near, as viewed through the pellucid atmosphere, that we might reach it in half an hour. In vain the roaring Guadalfeo called up ideas of a cooling stream. All was furious, savage, terrible. Huge masses of fiery red projected from the mountain here and there, glowing like a burning furnace. Not an animal to be seen except the ever present lizard, and the vulture awaiting the death of some stray mule. Now a gorge through which we had to pass on foot—now riding along the brink of precipices down which one stumbling footstep would have sent us headlong. Thus on we went. At length, when the sun had already turned in his downward course, and long, dark shadows began to fall, deep below, through a cleft between two rocks, the beautiful Lanjaron first glanced upon our sight. It were vain attempting a description of the exquisite loveliness of that first glimpse. Although at least six miles away, in a straight line, thousands of feet below the mountain on which we stood, yet, seen through the transparent atmosphere of Andalusia, it appeared quite close to the eye. I do not

know why it is, but now and then, on other similar occasions, I have remarked the idea of distance is lost. All that diminution in the size of objects, by the appreciation of which we judge of their proximity or remoteness does not count. Whether by contrast with the grandeur of mountain scenery, or owing to the transparent purity of the atmosphere intercepting so little light, I know not, but the whole landscape of certain spots, viewed from mountain elevation, seems close to the eye. In vain do great trees seem like bushes, and buildings like card-houses, and human beings like ants; these appearances fail to make you appreciate how far you are away. Lanjaron seemed a fairy spot amidst the resort of Titans, and reminded one of the appearance recognised on looking at a beautiful park through the reverse end of a telescope, when every object is diminished. Even the thousand dashing torrents which took their way down the chestnut-wooded hills of Lanjaron—foaming, yet noiseless, from the distance they were removed—failed to create a notion that we were six miles away. We lingered at this point of view so long that Julio began to remind us that we had three leagues of travelling by the road before we could reach Lanjaron. We could willingly have lingered longer still; for before arriving at Lanjaron these beauties had to be lost once more, whilst passing through the beds of dried-up torrents and mountain clefts. At length we arrived, and could gaze at leisure on the loveliness of the scene. The aspect of the mountains all around is such as may be accounted for on the supposition that some violent earthquake has rent the Alpujarras on all sides, and, leaving a deep chasm between, this latter has in course of time become filled up with richest soil, not horizontally placed, but rising, terrace-like, on one side. Along one of these terraces is built the chief portion of the village; but houses are thinly scattered above and below, chiefly little picturesque cornmills, which take advantage of the rushing streams. But what constitutes the peculiarity of Lanjaron is this: owing to the successive elevation of terraces which constitute its site, such a variety of climate is attained, that a range of vegetation from that of the tropics to that of northern climes may be seen at one *coup d'œil*. Low down is the region of the palm and sugar-cane; a little higher, the orange, the lemon, and the citron bloom; still higher, the apricot and almond-tree; then comes the region of chestnuts; and, still ascending, one views the flowers and fruits of Northern Europe. No wonder the Spaniard, insensible though he be in general to landscape beauty, should have designated by the term Paradise the charming Lanjaron!

The sun, although descending in his course, still fiercely darts his rays upon the spires of Lanjaron. All is at rest save the rustling of leaves and the murmuring of streams. Dark-eyed Andalusas are still wrapped in their siesta, and grey-bearded patriarchs dose under the shade of some friendly tree. Even the sturdy wolf-dogs are sleeping at the cottage-doors; sleeping as trusty dogs alone know how to sleep, each opening and shutting his two eyes in turn, and faintly barking at long intervals in proof of his vigilance. Even the huge oxen which we meet—broad-browed, ponderous-looking animals, but so innocent and benevolent-looking withal—scarce open their drowsy eyes to bestow a glance of recognition on the passing strangers. The angel of sleep seemed hovering over Lanjaron, filling the spirits of its inhabitants with dreams of beati-



tude, as if conscious that waking souls of mortal stamp could never be attuned amidst the realities of life in full unison with the loveliness around.

On we go, clattering over the rocks; the sound of our mules' tramp reverberates along the valley and up the hill, mingled with the voice of Julio speaking to the mules, or chaunting scraps of an old song. This is the signal for Lanjaron to arouse. The wolf-dogs, springing up, rattle their spiked collars, and survey us obliquely. Then they bark a friendly welcome, and wag their tails, while sleepy-looking Andalusian girls put forth their heads through *reja* bars, and nod, and laugh, and beckon to each other as if no such equipage had ever been seen before.

And thus we linger on through the vine-garlanded terraces, whilst every step we take is the signal for a general awakening. Now we pass a circular, elevated mound, with flat top. It is the threshing-floor of Lanjaron. There stands a sort of car, to which are quickly attached four sturdy mules. A peasant-girl now mounts the car, and urging the mules into a gallop, she drives them wildly over the golden sheaves, until, in this primitive manner, the grain is separated from the straw. In every direction flies the corn. Now darting high up into the air, now falling in a shower of golden hail upon the fair charioteer. Wilder and wilder still flies the harnessed team in its circular path, urged onwards by the fair nymph of Ceres, whom you might feign to be a charioteer in the Olympian Games in a circus of Ancient Greece. One step more, the angel of sleep retreats from Lanjaron. Aged matrons now come forth in front of their houses, each bearing a caldron, a charcoal fire, and a wheel, whilst peasant-girls come tripping from the mulberry gardens, whither they have gone to collect the silkworms' cocoons. Into the caldrons the latter are now put, and their ends being now unravelled, the silk is spun off upon the wheels, which revolve in ceaseless hum. And now, as on we go, watching the quick revolutions of the silk winding-wheels, another phase of busy activity opens on Lanjaron. All at once the smart crackling of the castanet is heard, mingling its sound with a few stray chords struck upon a guitar. The sound comes from far away; we scarcely know from what direction, and strain our hearing towards the presumed spot. Now, in another part of the valley, similar sounds are heard; then again, and then again. The angel of sleep which guarded the siesta has now fairly taken flight, and the spirit of life, merry, joyous life, is awake in Lanjaron. The whole air is filled with tinklings of the guitar and rattling of castanets, whilst girls and youths come tripping forth to join in the bolero.

Poets have sung the loveliness of morning; have praised its balmy air, with feathered minstrels teeming, warbling their orisons aloft to the great Creator of all; have sung the bright hues of the many-tinted Aurora, as she heralds the great luminary on his daily course—yet beautiful though morning be, and beautiful it is, the waning glories of day in southern climes are more beautiful still. In the morning, with a busy day before us, we cannot resign ourselves to that placid contemplation of cherished unrealities which is suggested and encouraged by the waning sun. In the morning, reverie is brief. As the bright beams of daylight pierce through the mists of the valley, even so does the stern earnestness of day pierce through and scatter the temples of our fancy's creation. Scarce,

gazing on yon mountain, have you conjured up visions of unreal forms—scarce have you fashioned knights and giants out of its promontories, castles in its embattled crests—scarce have you invested these creatures of your imagination with attributes of their appropriate age and kind—no sooner has a fleeting cloud added plume to the knight, or standard to the battlement—than comes the full-orbed sun, like a destroyer of visions as he is, and scatters your creation to the broad glare of day.

Oh, blessed be that southern race who invented the siesta!—who taught mankind to sleep away those hours of stern reality in which the mid-day sun destroys the spirit of illusion—taught them to arouse only in those waning hours of later day when the spirit of night, still advancing, cherishes and protects each dreamy vision which contemplation begets—invests those visions with real attributes more and more, until finally consecrated by the dark shadows of night! Blessed—ever blessed be the race who invented the siesta! Louder and louder yet wax the sweet sounds of revelry in fair Lanjaron. Guitars tinkle, and castanets beat time. Faster and faster still whirl joyous groups in the maze of the bolero. The big sun, lingering awhile on the peak of yonder sierra, and gilding its rugged outline with flood of mellow light, now sinks to rest. Listen!—what sound is that? It is the vesper chime. Now cease the dancing groups. Pale, black-veiled, Madonna-like forms glide through the narrow streets, and, slowly passing, wend their way to the house of prayer, where for a time we shall leave them at their devotions, whilst, passing on, we explore the mineral springs, and ascend into the forest of chestnuts, ere the short twilight of this southern land sinks into night.

Gushing in many a turbulent flood come forth those healing waters from one side of the rock—and, rippling on, are finally collected in rude basins cut out of stone. Over the principal of these has been built a simple edifice in the usual Moorish style of architecture, a court-yard with galleries around; and here those who are desirous of benefiting by these hot chalybeate waters may bathe. There are none of these abominable refinements in the shape of gambling-houses which desecrate so many of the French and German watering places, neither is there a single individual of the medical profession in all Lanjaron; but, like the true Paradise of our forefathers, the restorative virtues of this Moorish Eden reside in its natural salubrity of gushing streamlets and pure air.

Night casts her dusky mantle over this abode of loveliness; but darkness is half dispelled by the full-orbed moon and humming swarms of brilliant fire-flies. We now ascend high on the hills amidst the chestnut-trees, carefully measuring our steps over silvery brooks which came rolling precipitately down the rocky steep. Now and then some patriarchal goat, standing sentinel over his attendant flock, crosses our path, looking grim enough in the moon's subdued light, waiting until we almost touch him, then stamping his foot and scampering away. Upward still we go, until the path, growing more precipitous, and the twinkling lights of the valley shining dim, admonish us to rest. What a vision of dark, shadowy beauty flits before the brain as the spectator peers from this elevation into the depths below. The moonbeams gleaming on minaret-like forms, or trembling on the agitated leaves of the forest! And what a harmony of sweet sounds comes wafted to the ear—sounds of

guitars and Moorish roundelay mingled with cigarra's voice and warbling nightingale!

The task is vain. The wayward pen is powerless to describe the thousand varied beauties of this Paradise—the charming Lanjaron.

But even the contemplation of natural beauty must cease in deference to the sterner calls of eating, drinking, and sleeping. There is no hotel at Lanjaron—not even a *venta*, or a *casa di pupilos*, only a *posada*. Do not fear to enter that *posada*—you shall come to no harm. There, in an enormous shed, elevated with Arab arches, and fretted with carved arabesques, amidst scores of donkeys, mules, and horses, pedlars, gipsies, gentlemen of the *capa parda* and long gun—highwaymen perhaps, or professed bull-fighters—slip your saddles, unpack your beds, eat and drink whatever you have got, or whatever you can get, go to sleep and dream of Lanjaron. Don't fear that black-looking gentleman in the corner; he may be a cut-throat—he may be one of the *Cuadrilla* of bull-fighters on their way to Granada. In the mountain, had he met you, possibly you would have been considered fair game, but you are sacred under this roof, so take your rest!

## THE DRUID PRIESTESS.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

WITHIN you consecrated grove 'tis night,  
And all is ready for the sacred rite:  
Red flames are flashing midst the foliage round,  
Whilst solemn chaunts through the calm air resound.  
Beyond the holy altar's rustic pile,  
The silent-fettered victim stands the while.  
All now is still—  
And the mute priestess comes, prepared to kill  
The destined offering, and her task fulfil.

Yes! as bright Freia, beautiful is she;  
From human feeling is she also free?  
Calm is the gaze of that dark lustrous eye,  
But from the heart escapes a struggling sigh;  
The victim starts as if from some deep trance,  
And casts on her a speaking, burning glance.  
The cold steel gleams—  
And now it strikes, and forth his red blood streams,  
While Freia's self, to him, the lovely priestess seems!

## AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. II.—RICHARD HENRY DANA.

AMERICA is a great fact. Even the dim-eyed, bespectacled Old World can see and acknowledge *that*—crabbed and purblind as the aged witness is thought over the water. A greater fact, measured by square inches, it might be hard to find. Equally great, perhaps, if considered as the theatre of scenes of struggle and acts of enterprise, present and advent, in the drama of the world's progress, in the working out of interests, and the solution of problems, on a gigantic scale, material, moral, social, political. But one thing American there is, which we cannot yet regard as a great fact; one thing, which at best, is only a fiction founded upon fact: and that is, its poetical literature. Hitherto the national genius has sought—or rather has found ready to hand—other modes of expressing its character and asserting its power. It has been occupied with the task of ordering the chaos of elements, colossal and crude, rich with teeming germs of promise, amid which its lot is cast; it has been too busy to sing, though not to talk; it has had too many urgent calls on its physical faculties, its bread-winning arts and money-making appliances, to “go courting” the coy muses, or to build model stables for Pegasus. The young Titan’s instinct has been to exercise his muscular frame in turning prairies into parks, and forests into cities, and rivers into mill-streams, rather than haunt the pine-woods in quest of aboriginal dryads, or invoke primæval silence in the depth of sylvan wilds, with hymns inspired by the ecstasy and attuned to the large utterance of the elder gods of song. Compared with her other attainments, America’s poetry is backward, stunted, unshapen. It is, comparatively, a lisping speech. Its stars are many in number, but pale in lustre; not *much* differing from one another in glory, and altogether comprising a sort of milky way, with a *sompon* of water in it; whereof the constellated members, though for ever singing as they shine, have not yet caught the rolling music of the spheres. American poetry is not of its mother earth, earthy. It is rather of the Old World, worldly.

Imitation is, in effect, the vice of transatlantic verse; the very head and front of its offending. Not yet has it learned to walk alone on the steep of Parnassus, bold as is the national mien, and firm as is its step, on the level of this work-day world. Again and again we hear the complaint, that American poets give us back our own coin, thinned and deteriorated by the transit—“as if America had not the ore of song in all her rivers, and a mint of her own in every mountain, she does little more for the service of the muse than melt down our English gold and recast it in British forms.” Again and again we hear it charged on the American bard, that he is a dealer rather than a producer, an echo rather than a voice, a shadow rather than a reality; that what he exports he can hardly be said to grow; that he has no faith in his native muses; that Europe is the Mecca of his poetical superstition—England the Jerusalem of his imaginative worship; and that when, at length, the harp is taken down from the trees where for centuries it has hung tuneless, it is

but to sing the old songs of his poetical Zion in a strange land. "How is it," asks an eloquent critic, "that America's children, who wear the new costume of their condition with an ostentation so preposterous, put on the old threadbare garments of the past whenever they sit down to the lyre? While the prosaic American is acting poetry without knowing it, building up new cities in a night, as the poet in the old time reared his fabrics, the bard his brother is haunting the ruins of the European past. The transatlantic muse is an exile, as much as in the days of the pilgrim fathers. Her aspect is that of an emigrant, who has found no settlement; her talk that of one who 'fain would be hame to her ain countree.' In a word, all things that creep on the face of the earth have gone up with the American to his new ark of refuge, and naturalised themselves there; but again and again the dove is sent forth to bring in the olive-branch of song from a strange land." This indictment is confirmed by America herself. Says one of her shrewdest sons to his loving brethren,

The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)  
Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders;  
Though you ought to be free as the winds and the waves,  
You've the gait and the manners of runaway slaves;  
Though you brag of your New World, you don't half believe in it,  
And as much of the Old as is possible weave in it. . . .  
You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thought,  
With their salt on her tail the wild eagle is caught;  
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion  
To what will be thought of it over the ocean.

Emerson, again, utters his aspirations for a day when his country's long apprenticeship to the literature of other lands shall draw to a close; when the millions who are there rushing into life shall find they can no longer feed on the sere remains of foreign harvests; when poetry shall revive and lead in a new age. And so with almost every literary "power" among his countrymen. Nowhere is the charge, such as it is, ignored—by grand or petty jury.

Now, imitation in poetry is *ipso facto* excommunication from the inner circle of the ecclesia of song. It strips the imitator of his priestly vestments. It cuts off the candidate from first-class honours. The world declines to recognise a revised edition of Homer's "Achilles," or a modernised version of Shakspeare's "Hamlet," or a corrected proof of Milton's "Satan." Imitation in such cases implies either the feebleness of self-distrust, or the boldness of piracy, and, either way, pronounces its own doom.

Has America, then, no poets? We are not sophistic enough to set about proving a negation of *that* sort. But if it be asked, "Has she any great poets?" then we, who love America much, but truth more,—who like to read Bryant and Longfellow, but not in forgetfulness of Shakspeare and Milton,—then we venture to answer, "Surely not." Here again we are not called upon to prove a negative. Let the New York Dante appear; let the Boston Chaucer arise; let the Charlestown Wordsworth come forth—each in the spirit and power, not merely in the mantle, of the respective bards—and forthwith the oracles of criticism are dumb, only to find new speech wherein to welcome the new comers. Understand what you may by the perhaps indefinite expression "great

poets," we simply imply that America has not yet produced an "Iliad," or a "Divine Comedy," or a "Jerusalem Delivered;" not yet a "Prometheus Bound," or a "Macbeth," a "Faery Queen," or a "Paradise Lost;" not yet, to approach more debatable ground, a "Marmion," or a "Childe Harold," an "Excursion," or a "Gertrude of Wyoming." We will add, however, that in the matter of living poets, we have anything but a crushing majority of merit. And doubtless the day will dawn—it may be soon—when the American imagination shall prove its creative power. And her first great poet—one of her living prophets hath prophesied it—will take his inspiration "from those very themes and objects from which, in her young and imitative time, the transatlantic muse seeks to escape. He will teach truth by American parable. The wisdom which is of all time and of every land, will be presented by him in the especial form and striking aspects which she has chosen for herself in the country wherein he sings." America's future will have its poetry "uttered," as her past has its poetry "unexpressed"—

For though no poet *then* she had to glorify her fame,  
Her deeds were poems, that could light dead words with living flame.

The time has been when Richard Henry Dana was regarded as America's brightest orb of song. And there are probably still those who claim for him this bright particular star-shine. His verses are distinguished by meditative calmness, religious aspirations, and manly simplicity. This simplicity, indeed, trenches on the bald and barren, and has been called morbid in its character. His diction is often common-place and prosaic, but occasionally indulges in abrupt, and often spasmodic, intervals of "strong endeavour." Sometimes unruffled and musical, it is at others rasping, rugged, grating, to "ears polite." That Mr. Dana specifically and of set purpose imitates any one particular bard, we do not believe: whatever of the imitative feebleness just referred to may attach to his poems, is there rather implicitly, and by "spontaneous generation" (if *that* may be said of anything imitative). His tendency, however, is to the reflective stand-point of Wordsworth and Coleridge; and his doctrines of idealism and super-sensual-insight, now widely and earnestly affirmed, and often exaggerated, at Boston and other nests of the singing birds, were once scouted as heretical by haters of paradox, and by *cui bono* men of letters.

For his prose writings as well as his verse, a permanent place is assured to him by Griswold, in the literature of America. As a prose writer (though malicious detractors may affect to see nothing *but* prose in him) he is almost unwholly unknown in England. His "Paul Felton" and "Tom Thornton" have been heard of; *voilà tout*. Yet his doings in romance, politics, and criticism, have been considerable, though far from successful in a pecuniary sense;—his son's graphic narrative of "Two Years before the Mast" has had a run to which *he* is quite a stranger. It is nearly forty years since he began his contributions to the *North American Review*, in the editorship of which he afterwards took part. It was in this journal that he excited the opposition of the "Queen Anne's Men" and reigning arbiters in poetical criticism, by his eulogy of the Lake poets. He "thought poetry was something more than a recreation; that it was something superinduced upon the realities of life; he believed the ideal and the spiritual might be as real as the

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visible and the tangible; thought there were truths beyond the understanding and the senses, and not to be reached by ratiocination.\*" In a periodical of his own, called the *Idle Man*, he published his novel of "Tom Thornton," which an able reviewer has pronounced "interesting," and written in a "style of earnestness which holds truth paramount even to taste, and refuses to adorn vice with a veil of beauty." This periodical ceased with the first volume, which did not pay its expenses, owing, it is said, to the absence of laws of protective copyright; and to this "cause defective" is attributed Mr. Dana's discouragement from the literary enterprises which otherwise he would have engaged in. However, by the testimony of Mr. Flint, the *Idle Man* has become as established a classic in the United States as the "Sketch Book" itself. To become a classic, by the way, is presumably identical with being "put on the shelf," which is a phrase with a Janus face. Few are the libraries where the classics don't want dusting. They are not, by popular interpretation, synonymous with what Charles Lamb called "readable books"—a title recently assumed by a London series, which thus, in its every advertisement, hints unutterable things as to the unreadability of rival issues.

Although evidently predisposed to poetry of a meditative cast, and of soothing, "all serene" purpose, Mr. Dana's longest and best known effort is in quite a different key, and adventures the treatment of a dramatic theme, with "striking effects," in a suitably rapid and exciting manner. "The Buccaneer" is a legend connected with an island on the New England coast—the oral tradition itself being "added to," and "diminished from," by the poet, according to the supposed exigencies of his art. A murder at sea by a pirate, Matthew Lee by name, and a preternatural process of retribution, are the theme. The distinctive feature in the adjustment of the just recompense of reward, is the introduction of the White Horse, which was cast overboard after its mistress, and whose spectre is the agent of final suffering and penal woe to the reprobate seaman. A fear, half ribald jest, half shrinking apprehension, lest by some wild miracle the white steed should find utterance to reveal bloody secrets, just as in old, old times the diviner's ass had the sudden faculty of speech, constrains Lee to hurl him to the waves alive, and bid him ride them as he may. Then and there, the cry of the struggling brute is appalling to the ruffians on deck, as they watch his wrestlings with the yeasty waters—now sinking, now rearing upwards—"then drifts away: but through the night they hear far off that dreadful cry." To blot out the last vestige of crime, the ship itself is burnt; and the desperadoes settle down on the solitary island "of craggy rock and sandy bay," to enjoy the "much fine gold" for which they have sold ship, business, conscience, and peace. They try to drown reflection in jovial riot:

Mat lords it now throughout the isle:

His hand falls heavier than before.

All dread alike his frown or smile;—

None come within his door,

Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him;

Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

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The anniversary of the crime comes round: the guilty revellers keep

\* Griswold.

high holiday. But at midnight there is a strange vision seen, at midnight a strange cry heard : across the dark waters flits a ship in flames, riding upright and still, shedding a wild and lurid light around her, scaring the sea-birds from their nests, and making them dart and wheel with deafening screams—while above the wave uprises, ghastly white, a horse's head. "There, on the sea, he stands—the Spectre-Horse! He moves; he gains the sands," and onward speeds, his ghostly sides streaming with a cold blue light, his path shining like a swift ship's wake : onward speeds, till he reaches Lee's blasted threshold, and with neigh that seems the living trump of hell, summons the pirate to mount and away! But the hour of final vengeance is not yet come, and though Lee mounts the spirit-steed and is borne whither he would not, and sees into ocean depths where lie the sleeping dead, done to death by *him*; yet with the morning he is again quit of the apparition, and left to brood on his sins, and await the last scene of all—standing on the cliff, beneath the sun's broad fierce blaze, but himself "as stiff and cold as one that's dead"—lost in a dreamy trouble "of some wild horror past, and coming woes." Misery withers the caitiff's existence for another year; and again the burning ship is seen, and the white steed visits him, and gives warning that the next visit shall be the last. Punctual and inexorable visitant!—he comes in his season, and in vain Lee flings and writhes in wild despair; "the spirit corse holds him by fearful spell;" a mystic fire

Illumes the sea around their track—

The curling comb, and dark steel wave :

There, yet, sits Lee the spectre's back—

Gone! gone! and none to save!

They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.

May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain;

The sealed up sky is breaking forth,

Mustering its glorious hosts again,

From the far south and north;

The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.

—O, whither on its waters rideth Lee?

The legend is a *telling* one. And Mr. Dana has told it impressively. But in the hands of a more devoted romanticist it would have told much better. It is here a somewhat hard and bald composition—not unfrequently obscure from compression and elliptical treatment. The metre selected, too, requires for success a delicate and varied mastery of musical rhythm on the part of the poet, and some familiarity with its character on that of the reader. Some stanzas are excellent—others curt and rugged to a degree. Judging by the rest of his poems, Mr. Dana was out of his element in this stern fancy-piece of legendary lore; and certainly, had we read the others first, we should have been surprised by the imaginative power he *has* brought to bear on a superstition of piracy and blood, involving the use of machinery from the spirit-world.

The brief introduction to the tragedy is quite in his happiest style, and breathes a melodious tranquillity aptly chosen, by contrast to the advent agitation of struggling passion and savage discord. We see, in a few picturesque lines, a lonely island, all in silence, but for ocean's roar, and the fitful cry, heard through sparkling foam, of the shrill sea-bird :



But when the light winds lie at rest,  
 And on the glassy, heaving sea,  
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,  
 Sits swinging silently,—  
 How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,  
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

There are not many verses equal to that in the "Buccaneer"—not many figures so suggestive as that of the silent rocking of the black duck on the gentle cradle of an unvexed sea.

The "Changes of Home" is, as the subject demands, meditative and pathetic. The poet revisits the scene of boyhood, and is smitten to his poet's soul by the revolution and decay and innovation it reveals; or rather, by the revolution and decay he discovers in himself, while outward aspects, so far as Nature is concerned, continue much as they were. He meets one, who, like the pastor in the "Excursion," informs him of the chronicles of the village. There are many touching passages—as this:

To pass the doors where I had welcomed been,  
 And none but unknown voices hear within;  
*Strange, wondering faces at those windows see,*  
*Once lightly tapped, and then a nod for me!—*  
 To walk full cities, and yet feel alone—  
 From day to day to listen to the moan  
 Of mourning trees—'twas sadder here unknown.

A tale of love and bereavement and madness is the mainstay of this poem, and is very feelingly narrated—"soon 'tis told—simple though sad; no mystery to unfold, save that one great, dread mystery, the mind." Sentiment and diction are both pleasing in these verses.

The poem entitled "Factitious Life" is founded on Wordsworth's protest, that the world is too much with us, our hearts given away, our powers wasted. But there is more life and heat and meaning in that memorable sonnet of Rydal's bard, than in this protracted effort of didactic philosophy. The satire is so-so; the humour not very genial; the poetry perilously akin to prose, albeit so anti-prosaic and anti-utilitarian in its purpose. That purpose is indeed high and praise-worthy; nor do we object, as the author seems to have apprehended, to his commencing in a comparatively trifling vein, and falling gradually into the serious, and at last resting "in that which should be the home of all our thoughts, the religious." The protest is against reducing man's soul to the limits of the conventional, cramping his mind by rules of etiquette, substituting respectability for virtue—"to keep in with the world your only end, and with the world to censure or defend"—it is against a modish existence, where singularity alone is sin, where manners rather than heart are the subject of education, where the simple way of right is lost, and curious expedients substituted for truth. And the aspiration is for a return of the fresh, inartificial time, in the now dim past, when

Free and ever varying played the heart;  
 Great Nature schooled it; life was not an art;  
 And as the bosom heaved, so wrought the mind;  
 The thought put forth in act; and, unconfin'd,  
 The whole man *lived* his feelings.

A like spirit animates the lines called "Thoughts on the Soul"—the text being, that it exceeds man's thoughts to think how high God hath raised man—the "practical improvement," that man should cast off his slough, and send forth his spirit to expatiate in "immortal light, and life for evermore." We are earnestly reminded that, linked with the immortal, immortality begins e'en here—the soul once given, as a solemn trust to man, there ne'er will come a date to its tremendous energies, but ever shall it be taking fresh life, starting fresh for future toil,

And on shall go, for ever, ever, on,  
Changing, all down its course, each thing to one  
With its immortal nature.

More popular, and charged with more than one home-thrust at the feelings, are the lines called "The Husband's and Wife's Grave." There, folded in deep stillness, in all the nearness of the narrow tomb, lie the partners in life and death—

Yet feel they not each other's presence now.  
Dead fellowship!—together, yet alone.

"The Dying Raven" was Mr. Dana's earliest production in verse—appearing in 1825, in the *New York Review*, then under Bryant's editorship—and a fine memorial it is, tender and true, of a sympathetic nature, which has a reverent faith in the truth that He who made us, made also and loveth all. We watch the poor doomed bird, gasping its life out, where the grass makes a soft couch, and blooming boughs (needlessly kind) spread a tent above; we hear its mate calling to the white, piled clouds, and asking for the missed and forlorn one. That airy call

Thou'lt hear no longer; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,  
With beating wings, or steady poise aslant,  
Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws  
Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of death  
Are on thee.

From Him who heareth the ravens' cry for food comes the inspiration of this elegy.

A "Fragment of an Epistle," composed in octosyllabic verse, is an attempt to escape not only what Byron calls the fatal facility, but what the author calls the fatal monotony, of that metre. There is little else to characterise it. "A Clump of Daisies" shows dim and diminutive beside the same object in other poets one might name. "Chantrey's Washington" has little of the massive power of either the statesman or the sculptor involved in its memorial verse. "The Moss supplicateth for the Poet," as for one who leaves, oftentimes, the flaunting flowers and open sky, to woo the moss by shady brook, with voice low and soft and sad as the brook itself, and because the moss is of lowly frame, and more constant than the flower, and because it is

—Kind to old decay, and wraps it softly round in green,  
On naked root, and trunk of grey, spreading a garniture and screen.

"The Pleasure Boat" goes tilting pleasantly on its way, to a soft breeze and musical murmur of accompaniment. And such, with the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" and a few lyrics, comprise, so far as we are informed, the lays of the minstrel whom we have thus inadequately but impartially, "when found, made a note of."

## THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA.\*

THE expedition of Messrs. Richardson, Barth, and Overweg, now so sadly broken up by the deaths of its originator, and of the enterprising Dr. Overweg, but soon to be strengthened by the accession of Dr. Vogel and his English companions, was undertaken by the British Government, with a view to the promotion of commerce, by way of the Sahara, or Great Desert, with that great belt of populous country which stretches across Central Africa, and includes the kingdoms of Wadai, Burnu, Sudan, and Timbaktu. The acquisition of geographical, statistical, and scientific information was looked upon as subsidiary to these main objects—the opening of commercial relations, and the conclusion of treaties with the native powers, being justly looked upon as a first step towards ultimately superseding the inhuman traffic carried on in slaves by all the powers of Central Africa, with the exception, it is said (but we scarcely know if upon adequate authority), of Timbaktu, by legitimate commerce.

The party started from Tripoli, with that Oriental irregularity which is almost unavoidable where many are concerned, somewhere about the 30th of March, 1850, but the disjointed members of the party gathered together previous to the transit of the Tripoline Atlas, where the last straggling well-wishers sped their way back, leaving the caravan to pursue its steady way onward. The heights around were crowned with ruined castles, mementoes of the past dominion of the Arabs. There were also a few villages, but still more Troglodytes, but the latter soon ceased. The country was rocky, dreary, and desolate, with here and there patches of cultivation, or a bushy Lentisk. The broken columns of Roman milestones still marked the road. "We saluted," says Mr. Richardson, with a feeling that can be best appreciated by those who have been similarly circumstanced, "the memory of the sublime road-makers." As they got on, incessant squabbles sprung up between the camel-drivers, the chaushes, or Turkish guard, the natives, the blacks, and the blacks' wives.

Beyond the Atlas the aspect of the country may be compared to that of an archipelago, with seas of various breadths dividing the oases (wadis) like islands. Three days took the party to Castle Gharivan, at the foot of the Atlas; three more to Mizdah, a miserable town, with crumbling towers; and beyond this they advanced on the preliminary desert, stretching in front of the great plateau of the Hamadah, which defends, like a wall of desolation, the approaches of Fazzan from the north. Already they began to breathe the hot air with difficulty and displeasure. In the Wadi Taghijah, where they next arrived, Dr. Barth discovered a splendid mausoleum of Roman-Christian architecture. The water was bitter at their next two stations, Amjam and Tabaniyah. The flies they had brought with them from Tripoli also teased them. "Men," says Mr. Richardson, "usually carry their 'black cares' along with them in this way." Ghariya Gharbiya, or the Western Ghariya, to distinguish it

\* Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, performed in the years 1850-51, under the orders and at the expense of her Majesty's Government. By the late James Richardson. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

from an Eastern Ghariya some six hours off, a heap of huts on the site of an ancient Roman city, was the last station before advancing on the dreaded desert.

Drs. Barth and Overweg, no doubt not to cross the country without an insight into its structure and natural productions, travelled by day; Mr. Richardson remained behind with the blacks, to follow by night. "The name of desert—the waterless desert," he writes, "hangs over the horizon and suggests the most gloomy apprehensions." "I shall ever look back," he adds, a little further on, "to that solemn night-march over the desert, which my pen fails to describe, with sentiments of pleasurable awe." Poor fellow, on leaving Tripoli, he had bid adieu to his wife. "How many things," he wrote, "that were thought were left unsaid on either side! It will be pleasant to fill up all blanks when we talk of these days after a safe return from this arduous undertaking." Alas! he was destined neither to look back, nor to talk of these things again; lucky it is that his notes have been spared, to console alike his wife, his friends, and his countrymen.

An additional solemnity was imparted to the commencement of this arduous journey by the fact that they had passed the last pillar erected by the Romans. Even their mighty power seems to have recoiled, as well it might, before the horrid aspect of the Hamadah. This redoubtable desert appears to be a plateau or upland of red earth, with scattered pebbles, flints, and pieces of limestone, about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. For three days and nights the party continued travelling over this elevated, stony desert, Mr. Richardson by night, the Germans by day. At times the cold at night was very sharp. Little mounds here and there marked the graves of children, or slaves, who had perished on their way from inner Africa.

On the Sukna road, followed by Ritchie and Lyon in 1816, and by Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton, in 1822, the Hamadah breaks up into the so-called "Black Mountains," but in the route followed on this occasion, it broke up in cliffs of limestone, marles, and sandstone, and the travellers descended by a pass through these to the sandy wadi or valley of Al Hasi, with clumps of wild palm, green copses, and the majestic ethel-tree; and beyond, to the south, sandy swells, succeeded by "a desert more horrible even than the Hamadah," composed of sandstone rocks, and valleys covered with pebble and loose blocks. Mr. Richardson, who had just been congratulating himself upon the change from the "eternal limestone" to sandstone, as soon got tired of the latter, when unrelieved by vegetation, or blackened by the weather to a kind of basaltic hue.

On the 26th of April the expedition reached Idri, a miserable Saharan town, with about twenty-five houses, built on a small mound of yellow clay and rock, in a narrow valley, with salt and water, date-trees, and some cultivation. This is the usual kind of oasis in the desert; poor as it was the sight cheered the travellers, and a whitewashed marabouts sanctuary appeared quite monumental. Here they were visited by the Kaid of the district, with about thirty Arab horsemen. Beyond this the country became still more sandy, but alternated with wadis with palm groves, and had here and there particles of coarse herbage, scattered like black spots on the bright white surface. Lizards and black beetles—the

sacred beetle of the Egyptians—were the sole inhabitants of these desolate portions of the Sahara; the former is said to change in species with the nature of the country. Here and there, one or two palms pointed out the whereabouts of a buried well. On the 1st of May they travelled fourteen hours over this heavy sand, with the hot wind breathing fiercely upon it. In such cases the heat and swinging motion of the camel produced a slight dizziness, and the outer world assumed a hazy indistinctness of outline—something like dream landscapes. "There is," says Mr. R., "a desert-intoxication, which must be felt to be appreciated."

At length the white line of cliffs of Murzuk came in view, and after descending into the valley, which stretches like a green belt between the sand and the mountains beyond, they had villages, and water, and cultivation, for the remainder of the journey to the capital of Fazzan, which they reached after a journey of thirty-nine days from Tripoli, and where they were hospitably received by the Pasha and the British consul—the Ottoman flag flying on the castle in honour of their arrival.

Fazzan is in reality nothing but a portion of the Sahara in which fertile valleys occur more frequently than in the other portions. The population of the province is estimated at 26,000 souls, of whom 2000 inhabit Murzuk. Among the curiosities of the province are sulphur mines and natron lakes, in which a kind of worm or mollusk appear at certain seasons of the year, and is eaten like sardines as a relish.

The party remained at Murzuk from the 6th of May till the 12th of June, 1850, detained partly by preparations for the journey, and partly waiting for certain camel loads which had still to come up. Few incidents worth recording marked this long period of detention. Mr. Richardson, on his part, seems to have been mainly occupied in correspondence and preparations, relieved by walks in the country and interchange of dinner-parties with the Pasha, the military commandant, the consul, and the Greek doctor Paniotti. The Germans, wearied with the delay, started on the 12th of June with a caravan of Tanalkum Tawariks, evidently somewhat to Mr. Richardson's annoyance. Mr. Richardson himself did not start till the 25th, and then evidently harassed and discomfited by the expenses and peculations attendant upon laying in stores and presents for his distant journey. The weather was found to be much more temperate in the open country than in the city. The Tawariks, however, to our author's dismay, would only travel by day and encamp by night. Their camels, also, went straight on their way, and were not allowed to browse, as was the case with the Arab camels. Mr. Richardson came up with the rest of the party on the 2nd of July; all were the better for the bracing air of the desert. On the 8th, they found some bas-reliefs, supposed to be Egyptian, cut in the naked sandstone rocks in a wadi called that of Talazaghi,\* and on the 7th, they came to a pass in the sandstone rock, so narrow and deep as to appear to have been purposely cut out. Beyond this their way lay over the stony plain of Tahiti, or Taeta, with the Ghat mountains in view. Before entering fairly into the "Land of Demons," as the country of the Ghat Tawariks is called by themselves, they had to get through another pass, called Abu Laghlagh,

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\* The Germans call this Wadi, Felisjahreh.—"Journ. Roy. Geo. Soc.," vol. xxi, p. 133.

in which were several sandstone rocks swinging or resting on a small base like a pivot; regular rocking or ordeal stones of archaeologists!

Beyond this the country changed to slate marl, as Dr. Overweg at once determined, and not, as Oudney and Mr. Richardson had previously described, sandstone, and the hills and mountains assumed a peculiar castle-like and battlemented appearance. High over all rose the Kasr Janun, or Castle of the Ginn: a huge square mass of rock, said to be a day in circuit, and bristling with turret-pinnacles, some of which must be 700 feet in height.

Nothing (says Mr. Richardson) but its magnitude can convince the eye at a distance that it is not a work raised by human hands, and shattered by time or warfare. Its vast disrupted walls tower gigantically over the plain. Here, as in another Pandemonium, the spirits of the desert collect from places distant thousands of miles, for the purpose of debate or prayer. It is a mosque as well as a hall of council, and a thesaurus to boot, for unimaginable treasures are buried in its caverns. Poor people love to forge wealthy neighbours for themselves. No Tuarick will venture to explore these Titanic dwellings, for, according to old compact, the tribes of all these parts have agreed to abstain from impertinent curiosity, on condition of receiving advice and assistance from the spirit-inhabitants of their country. In my former visit I nearly lost my life in an attempt to explore it, and was supposed to have been misled by mocking-spirits: little did I think that this superstition was about to receive another confirmation.

The Germans were tempted to run all chances to examine this great natural curiosity, and the life of one of them—Dr. Barth—was all but sacrificed to his zeal. The adventure is thus related, as having occurred on the 15th of July:

The Germans had determined to go and examine the Kasar, and were about to start just as I came out of my tent. They had had some altercation with Hateetah, because, partly for superstitious reasons, he would not give them a guide, and they had made up their minds to undertake the exploration alone. I saw Dr. Barth going off somewhat stiffly by himself; Dr. Overweg came to where I was standing, and asked Amankee, my Soudan servant, about the well near the Kasar, and then also went off. He said to me, "I shall boil the water on the highest point, and then go along the top to the other end." He was taking some points of the Kasar with the compass, and I observed to him, "Take the eastern point." Then he started. Yusuf called out after him, "Take a camel with you, it is very distant." Distressed at seeing them go alone, I told Amankee that if he would follow I would give him a present. He agreed, upon the condition that he should not be expected to ascend the Kasar; for he feared the Janoon. We then gave him dates, biscuits, and a skin of water, and he started after Dr. Overweg. I confess I had my fears about them. On arriving near the well, we pitched our tent near an immense spreading old ethel, which afforded us some shade. I watched the changing aspect of the Kasar nearly all the time of our three hours' ride; and could not help thinking that the more it was examined the more marvellous did it appear. I then looked out to recognise the place where I was lost four years ago, and at last I thought I could distinguish the locality. The day wore on. It blew gales of hot wind. No Germans appeared, although it had been told them that we should only stop during the hot hours of the day. However, I anticipated that they would not arrive before sunset. Hateetah sent word, that as there was little water he should not move on till to-morrow. This was good news for the Germans.

At last, about five o'clock, P.M., Dr. Overweg appeared. He had experienced great thirst and fatigue; but, having the assistance of Amankee, he got

back safe. He at once confessed his fears for Dr. Barth. I began to think this gentleman must either have gone to Ghât, or that some accident had befallen him. Soon, indeed, we began to have gloomy apprehensions, and to talk seriously of a search. The Tuaricks were not very civil, and Hateetah threw all the responsibility of the safety of my fellow-travellers on me. Dr. Overweg and several people went out in search of Dr. Barth just before sunset.

Night closed in; no appearance of our friend. I hoisted a lamp on the top of the ethel, and made large fires as the sun went down, in hopes that their glare might be seen at a distance from the Kasar. Our servants returned without Dr. Overweg. He had promised to be back by sunset, and I began to fear some accident had befallen him likewise.

The evening grew late, and Hateetah came to me, in a very nervous state, to inquire after the Germans. I endeavoured to compose him by telling him the responsibility was on us, and not on him. Dr. Overweg returned at midnight. He had thrown into the desert various pieces of paper, on which was written the direction of our encampment from the Kasar. We were very uneasy, and slept little, as may be imagined; but before we retired for the night Hateetah arranged a general search for the morning.

Next morning, accordingly, at daybreak (16th), the search was commenced, by two camels scouring the environs of the desert. Dr. Overweg went with one of the parties, but returned at noon, bringing no news of Dr. Barth. Amankee with his party had, however, seen his footsteps towards the north. This was most important, as it directed our attention that way, and we thought no more of his having gone to Ghât. We now calculated that our companion had been twenty-four hours without a drop of water, a gale of hot wind blowing all the time! Dr. Overweg proposed to me that we should offer a considerable reward, as the last effort. He mentioned twenty, but I increased the sum to fifty dollars. This set them all to work, and a Tuarick with a maharee volunteered to search. I found it necessary, however, to give him two dollars for going, besides the proffered reward; he left at two p.m., and all the people were sent off by Hateetah a couple of hours after him.

This was a dreadfully exciting day. I confess that as the afternoon wore on I had given up nearly all hope, and continued the search merely as a matter of duty. Few will be able to imagine the anguish of losing a friend under such circumstances in the wide desert, where you may for ever remain uncertain how he came by his death, whether by the spear of a bandit, the claws of a wild beast, or by that still more deadly enemy, thirst. Just before sunset I was preparing fresh fires as a last resort, when I saw one of our blacks, the little Mahadee, running eagerly towards the encampment. Good news was in his very step. I hastened to meet him. He brought the joyful intelligence that Dr. Barth had been found, still alive, and even able to speak! The Tuarick whom I had despatched, in scouring the country with his maharee, had found him about eight miles from the camp, lying on the ground, unable to move. For twenty-four hours he had remained in the same position, perfectly exhausted with heat and fatigue. Our fires had not been unmarked by him, but they only served to show that we were doing our best to find him. He could not move a step towards them. On seeing his deliverers, he could just muster strength to say, "Water, water!" He had finished the small supply he had taken with him the day before at noon, and had from that time suffered the most horrible tortures from thirst. He had even drunk his own blood! Twenty-eight hours without water in the Sahara! Our people could scarcely at first credit that he was alive; for their saying is, that no man can live more than twelve hours when lost in the desert during the heats of summer.

Dr. Barth was now brought back to the camp. He had still a supply of biscuit and dates with him; but eating only aggravates the torture of thirst.

Moist food is fitter to carry on such occasions. We found rum very useful in restoring his health.

The doctor, being of a robust constitution, was happily well enough to mount his camel the next day, and the day after the party reached Ghat, situated on the spur of a lofty hill, which overlooks it from the north. Ghat is a miserable small town with crumbling walls and a single minaret, and an oasis of only a few miles extent—a mere station, in fact, for caravans on their way to Sudan. The inhabitants are of Moorish origin, but political authority resides entirely in the hands of Azghar Tawarik of the Sahara. Every Tawarik considers himself a kind of chief as compared with the poorer citizens or peasants, and is easily known by his wrapping the lower part of his face in a muffler. What between Arab Shaikhs and Tawarik rovers, the party were tremendously fleeced during their stay of seven days at this place. As to a commercial treaty to have been concluded at the last great suk or market, it may as well be deposited among the archives of the “enchanted palace” just described.

Beyond Ghat all was new country—valleys unexplored, deserts unaffronted, countries which no European had ever surveyed. Before them, somewhere in the heart of the Sahara, raised into magnificence, perhaps, by the mirage of report, was the kingdom of Aheer, or Hahir—Hahir of Ibn Batutah and Leo Africanus; Air, of Dr. Barth and Overweg—of which nothing was really known. The party travelled under the guidance of some trading Tawarik of the Kailui tribe. The scenery, in starting, was varied by alternate rock and scanty vegetation, and there was some animal life in the shape of vultures, eagles, crows, and quails. Asses from Sudan were also seen feeding about in droves. The route lay as usual over rocky plateaus, alternating with valleys, totally different from the notions hitherto entertained of the Great Sahara, supposed to be a continuous desert or level expanse of sand. With some few exceptions, Mr. Richardson remarks, “the Sahara is a region covered by comparatively low, rocky hills, forming valleys here and there, supplied with trees, and herbage, and water; and when so, always inhabited.” At times the rocks assumed fantastic forms, bristling up like a forest of pines, or rising up in the form of castles and houses, and even of groups of human beings. “All this,” says Mr. Richardson, “is black sandstone—hideously black, unlovely, unsociable, savage-looking. ’Tis a mere wilderness of rock, thrown in heaps about, with valleys, or trenches, or crevices, through which the caravan slowly winds.” Here and there, amid these rocks, were also lakes or pools of water, most grateful to the eye. On the 1st of August they passed, to the delight of all, from a sandstone region to one of granite. The granite was often decomposed in the shape of cones, or rose up like sugar-loafs, sometimes to an altitude of many hundred feet. On this great expanse everything appears to be different to what it is in more favoured countries; something like what one may suppose a dried-up bottom of the sea to be, only without its products, and the results here were the effects of time, not of currents of water. A little black bird, with white head and tail, was the only bird of the desert—“The Bird of the Desert” Mr. Richardson emphatically calls it.

At the well of Falazlaz they found some dates buried in the sand for them by the Tanalkuma. Had a hundred caravans passed, no one (says



Mr. Richardson) would have touched them! It is a point of honour to steal nothing thus confided to the desert. We suspect some of our Arctic travellers are not half so particular with the caches or dépôts of provisions entrusted to the snow. Beyond this, footmarks of wild oxen and mouflons were first noticed; next came the valley of Arukin—a deep hollow, surrounded by rugged and savage-looking mountains—the grandest desert prospect they had yet seen. This deep dell abounded in trees and grass. Pleasant, also, was “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” Man is fond of change, and our party, in their progress onward, vexed by the continued exactions of the Tawariks by repeated and incessant threats and stories of dangers, began to tire of the granitic country, which seemed so picturesque on first entering upon it. The amount travelled each day was also too great for persons not trained to camel riding and to an African climate, and Mr. Richardson, especially, appears to have got frequently ill and in low spirits. On the 17th of August they reached “The Seven Wells,” at the frontier of the kingdom of Hahir, perfectly exhausted.

On leaving the kingdom of Ghat for that of Hahir, the caravan was joined by three Haghars, or Tawariks of the west, whose presence gave rise to no small amount of apprehension. About this time abundance of herbage and trees, combined with a Sudan atmosphere and indications of rain, to show that they had entered a new climate, and with it the inhabited districts of Hahir. The borderers managed, however, to fleece the caravan of fifty pounds sterling and nine camels. A little further on they were again mulcted in the sum of thirty-five pounds. Progress among the fanatic predatory Arab Tawariks on the frontier was alike expensive and difficult. Altogether it cost 150*l.* to get to Marabut—the holy city, the city of marabuts, or saints—but themselves, also, as abominable robbers as the roving tribes. At this point the expedition was joined by a small escort sent by Sultan An Nur,\* “the Sultan of Light,” to convey them in safety to the capital, but they were robbed even by their own escort. Tin Tellust, the mighty capital of the Hahir, consisted of a mass of houses and huts, about a hundred and fifty in number, situated in the middle of the valley, with trees here and there interspersed. The potent Sultan An Nur lived in a long mud shed, his subjects were either beggars or robbers, and there were no provisions in the town. The expedition might have starved in the capital of Hahir, but for a few biscuits and a little maccaroni brought with them!

The expedition remained, however, nigh two long months at this miserable city of the desert. During that time, Dr. Barth made an interesting journey to Akadaz, the results of which have already been published in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society. It is very much to be regretted that the editor of the present work has not corrected Mr. Richardson's African etymologies after those of Drs. Barth and Overweg, or the latter as corrected by the geographical editor. Thus Mr. Richardson writes Tin Tellust, Tintalous; Tarajik, Tajetterat; Tawarik—which is the plural of Tarki, and the general name assumed by the Berbers in the Sahara Tuarick, &c.

Dr. Barth described the country between Tin Tellust and Akadaz as

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\* The Germans call him the Emir el Nur, Sheikh of the Kelowis.

mountainous, basaltic formations taking the place of granite; extremely rich in daum-trees (the forked palm), and abounding in lions, wild boars, gazelles, and ostriches. A kind of ape, about the size of a small boy, was also seen squatting in crowds on the lower hills. "The worthy doctor," says Mr. Richardson, "seems to have been too much occupied in collecting geographical data to preserve many picturesque facts by the way." As if geographical data could not be picturesque in themselves! The doctor arrived at Akadaz in time to be present at the investiture of the Sultan Abd-el-Kadir. Akadaz is the great central point for the commerce of all this part of the interior of Africa; but the population has dwindled down from some 50,000 to 7000 or 8000, only 700 houses being inhabited. The appearance of the town is now that of an almost ruined or deserted place.

Soon after the doctor's return (Nov. 2nd) an attempt was made to start for Damargu; but, as Dr. Barth says in his letter to Dr. Beke, "detained like prisoners," by Shaikh An Nur, they only got half an hour's journey from Tin Tellust, where they remained encamped till the 12th of December! The weather was luckily cool, at times overcast with rain, sometimes foggy, and only warm at mid-day. Once really started, their route lay in a southerly direction, through a district of crystalline rocks; the valleys well clad with trees and other vegetation. There was also an abundant animal life. The expedition travelled in company with one of An Nur's salt caravans. As they advanced, trees became so thick as to deserve the name of forests, to which the daum-palm imparted a tropical character. At Damargu the party divided, Dr. Barth going to Kanu, and Overweg to Maradi, while Mr. Richardson proceeded onwards with An Nur to Zindar.

On the 13th the latter reached, to his infinite delight, the frontiers of Burnu, and the next day rode into Zindar, a large negro town of some 10,000 inhabitants, under Sultan Ibrahim. Corn-stacks and field granaries stood in the open country; everywhere improvement was visible. The Sultan and his people were not only friendly, but was most kind and hospitable; and after the treatment received from the Tawarika, "the world," as our traveller twice records in his journal, "seemed turned upside down." The Sultan, or Shaikh of Zindar, is tributary to the Shaikh, or Sultan of Kuka, who is said to possess 100,000 cavalry. The town of Maradi, in the same kingdom, is reported to be twice the size of Zindar, and both cities are supported, not by legitimate commerce, but by ghazias, or razzias, carried into neighbouring countries in pursuit of slaves.

Mr. Richardson stopped here till the 9th of February, when he started, for the first time, on the Sahara on horseback; water and herbage abounding in Sudan. The country also produced abundance of cotton, tobacco, indigo, pepper, and many other valuable articles of trade. If Africa was a civilised country, the great Central Belt would be one of the wealthiest and most favoured countries in the world, notwithstanding its intertropical position. As it is, it is a mere nursery for slaves on a large scale. Mr. Richardson had a strange idiosyncrasy for getting quickly weary of every new region he entered upon. He had not travelled many days in Sudan, when he writes: "I am afraid I shall soon get tired

of this negro population, and these towns all built and all peopled in the same manner. On the 14th he reached Gurai, a town with a population of about 7000 souls, under a negro sultan, who exhibited much barbaric splendour. On the 19th he left this place for Kuka, on Lake Tsad, by a more desert country, with occasional forests of daum, and valleys with water and aquatic vegetation. Around the villages were cultivation of wheat, cotton, and pepper. Mr. Richardson had now remounted his camel, and felt less fatigue. The weather was cool at night, but the sun burnt fiercely at noon. These great changes appear to have led to his fatal illness. His journal ceases suddenly on the second day's journey from Gurai. It appears, from Dr. Barth's account of his death, that he got on as far as Ungurutua, only six days' journey from Kuka.

I now shall send you a short account of Mr. Richardson's death, as far as I was able to make out the circumstances from his servant. Mr. Richardson is said to have left Zinder in the best health, though it is probable that he felt already very weak while he was there: for, according to the man whom he hired in Zinder as his dragoman, he had, while there, a dream that a bird came down from the sky, and when sitting on the branch of a tree, the branch broke off and the bird fell down to the earth. Mr. Richardson being very much affected by this dream, went to a man who from a huge book explains to the people their dreams. On the man's telling him that his dream meant death, he seems really to have anticipated that he would not reach the principal object of his journey. But, nevertheless, he seemed to be quite well, mounting even the horse which the Governor of Zinder had made him a present of, as far as Minyo, when he begged the governor to give him a camel, which he mounted thenceforward. He felt notoriously ill in Kadalebria, eleven or twelve days' journey from here (Kuka); and he is said by his servant to have taken different kinds of medicines, one after the other: from which you may conclude that he did not know himself what was his illness. Mr. Richardson never could bear the sun, and the sun being very powerful at this time of the year, it must have affected him very much. I think this to be the chief reason of his death; at least he seems not to have had a regular fever. He was happy to reach the large town of Rangarvia after a journey of three short days, and had the intention of returning from here directly to Tripoli, without touching at Kuka and the low, hot plain of Bornou, which he was affrightened of very much. He offered 200 mabhoubas for a guide to conduct him directly to the road to Bilma; but there being no road from here, and no guide having been found, it was necessary first to go to Kuka.

Mr. Richardson, therefore, seems to have taken strong medicines; in consequence of which, in the evening of the third day of their halt at Rangarvia, after having taken a walk through the town, he felt well enough to fix his outset for the next morning. But this day being rather a long one, and the sun being very powerful, he became very tired and unwell; and the more so as, notwithstanding his illness, he had not left off drinking milk, even on his camel, mixing some brandy with it. Having recovered a little during the night, he moved on the next morning, but ordered a halt about noon, on account of his weakness. Having started again at sunset, they encamped at midnight. The next day, after a short journey, they reached the Wady Met-taka. Mr. Richardson seemed to feel much better, and drank milk and a little jura, besides rice. From this place, on the last day of Kebissel-awel, the caravan, after but a two-hours' march, reached the village called Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson soon felt so weak that he anticipated his death; and leaving the hut (where he was established) for his tent, told his dragoman, Mahommed Bu Saad, that he would die. Being consoled by him that his ill-

ness was of no consequence, he assured him several times that he had no strength at all; and indeed his pulse ceased almost to beat. He began, then, to rub his feet with vinegar, and applied the same several times to his head and shoulders. After which, in the absence of his servants, he poured water also over himself; so that, when they returned after a few moments, they found him quite wet. To counteract the bad effect of this proceeding, they began to rub him with a little oil. In the evening he took a little food, and tried to sleep; but notwithstanding that he seems to have taken something to bring on sleep, he threw himself restless from one side to the other, calling his wife several times by her name. After having walked out of his tent with the assistance of his servant, he ordered tea, and remained restless on his bed. When it was past midnight, his old dragoman, Yusuf Moknee, who watched in his tent, made some coffee, in order to keep himself awake; upon which Mr. Richardson demanded a cup of coffee for himself: but his hand being so weak that he could scarcely raise the cup, he said to Moknee: "*Tergamento Ufu!*"—"Your office as dragoman is finished;" and repeated several times, with a broken voice, "*Forza mafsike, forza mafsike le-koul!*"—"I have no strength, I have no strength, I tell you," at the same time laying Mahommed's hand on his shoulder. Feeling death approaching, he got up in a sitting posture, being supported by Mahommed, and soon expired, after three times deep breathing. He was entirely worn out, and died quietly, about two after midnight, Tuesday, 4th March (Jumad-el-awel), without the least struggle.

The account here given of Mr. Richardson having very probably in his extreme anxiety over-dosed himself, meets with some corroboration in the fact of his recording himself as having administered two ounces of Epsom salts to an unfortunate native who appealed to him for medical assistance. It is evident that the climate had a very depressing effect upon him, and that, combined with fatigue and anxiety, was enough to produce low nervous fever. To all who feel interested in travel and adventure, the journal he has left behind him will ever be referred to as a work of infinite interest. The countries to which he penetrated were comparatively new—in great part untrodden by foot of Europeans, and treated of to the present as sandy deserts and rocky wildernesses. The totally different aspects of things, the now wild picturesque regions peopled by equally wild predatory Tawariks; the more fertile wooded and watered regions, frequented by the lion, the giraffe, the wild ox, the ostrich, the guinea fowl, and a hundred other remarkable forms of animal life; and lastly, the fertile, rich, and populous territory of the negro Sultans of Sudan and Burru, are all successively brought before us with a lively, graphic pen, especially felicitous in conveying pleasing and distinct ideas of these different, strange, little known, and wondrous countries.

## A TURN IN THE LEAF OF LIFE.

THE SEQUEL TO "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

It was a very considerable time after Mr. Ailsa's departure, which, not having been announced previously, came upon the village of Ebury like an electric shock, ere the steeple-chase faded from its every-day thoughts. Indeed, it left behind it consequences to last as a memorial; rendering it, to the inhabitants, a sort of national event to date from, such as William of Normandy conquering England, the rebellion of Cromwell, or the murder of Percival.

To the astonishment of all, Tom Hardwick did not die. He lay for many, many months, we may almost say years, in agony, and partially recovered to remain a shattered, helpless cripple. In this suffering state he continued, looking for no improvement on this side the grave, to whatever period his life might be prolonged. On fine days he was placed in a hand-carriage, and drawn about the village—the once brilliant Tom—what a change! His old friends and associates would call in at his lodgings, or walk by his side as he was drawn about, relating all the scraps of news they could pick up, to cheer his spirits. Emily Bell would often join him, though without hope of flirting—all idea of which for him, poor fellow, was at an end for ever. Neither did Emily herself seem to pursue the amusement so strenuously as before. Whether it was the sudden departure of James Ailsa that affected her spirits, or the accident to Tom, or that the Ebury beaux were growing shy of her, could not be decided, but from about the time of the steeple-chase, the village saw very little of Emily's flirtations.

Now it is very probable that what has further to be related of James Ailsa, will appear too romantic to be true. The reader may say, it will do for fiction: not for real life. But let him not continue in his unbelief. This tale is one of real life; one that was enacted not very long ago; and there are many living who could testify to it: otherwise, it never would have been penned. Barren of event the general reader may deem it; devoid, perhaps, of interest. It would have been easy to embellish it with incidents that never occurred, rendering it far more interesting as a story, but the strict truth would not then have been adhered to. Every word in it is fact, even to that sinful wish of James Ailsa's, as his rival rode past him on the morning of the steeple-chase, and its startling fulfilment. The writer felt this explanation to be necessary, if only in apology for a tale that has so little of *event* to recommend it.

Closely following upon Ailsa's departure from Ebury, Mr. Winninton received a certain application from Sir John Gaunt. Sir John was the lord of the manor of Ebury, and the adjacent lands. He was the owner of a large estate in the neighbourhood, and had also become the proprietor, by purchase, of no inconsiderable portion of the village of Ebury, the house occupied by the Bells forming part of it. Sir John Gaunt was a widower, and had recently lost his only child, a young man in the first bloom of life. He had come of age but the year before, which had been celebrated by rejoicings far and near—they little thought how soon his course would be run. Sir John had long been in ill health, and

the grief caused by his son's death augmented his disorder. His physicians ordered him to seek change of scene in travel ; and the purport of his application to Mr. Winninton, who was an old friend of his, was to inquire if he knew any medical man who would accompany him as travelling companion, and medical attendant.

Mr. Winninton at once thought of James Ailsa : he greatly esteemed and respected him, and he knew that he could most conscientiously recommend him to Sir John Gaunt, as being in every way qualified for the post. The old surgeon felt indignant at the treatment Ailsa had received in Ebury : perhaps he saw no objection to the writing of love-letters : perhaps he thought the whole of the blame lay with Miss Bell, who had certainly begun the flirtation herself, and had drawn Ailsa on. If they must have been separated, argued the doctor one day to a whole conclave of village gossips, it might have been accomplished kindly and quietly, without all that publicity and holding-forth of Ailsa to general contempt. Had they spoken to him, he could have told them traits in Ailsa's character which might compensate for more substantial qualifications possessed by others who were held in high favour. Not that he would have had them marry off-hand, confident of living upon air or practice to come—no such thing. But they were both young, and *might have waited*. Ailsa was a clever man in his profession, and had years before him.

However, Mr. Winninton spoke in Ailsa's favour to Sir John Gaunt, who accepted the recommendation ; and, all preliminaries being arranged, they left England together.

The steeple-chase killed one person, eventually, if not at the moment. Poor old Squire Hardwick, broken-hearted at the accident to his favourite son, was in less than six months afterwards laid in his grave. There was little provision left for Tom : the estates were entailed upon the eldest son, and the portion settled on the younger children was but small. The squire scraped together what he could for his unfortunate son, which was not much, his reign having been too profuse and liberal to leave many resources at his command, and with his dying breath left him to the care of his heir. And that heir, so far as real assistance went, neglected the injunction.

Mr. Francis Hardwick, now the squire, took up his residence at the Hall. Mary remained there as its mistress, for her brother was unmarried. It was yet to be seen what sort of a life he would lead, whether a roistering, turning-night-into-day one, as his father and Tom had done, or one of a more rational description. Not a great deal was known in the village of Mr. Frank Hardwick's character and pursuits, for he had been seldom at Ebury since he grew to man's estate. It was rumoured that he was close-handed ; but if so, quoth the village gossips, he was not a true Hardwick.

Ebury returned to its usual quietness—doubly quiet now that Mr. Tom Hardwick's freaks could not enliven it—and for a long time nothing occurred worthy of note. It did at last, however. Mr. Bell got speculating with his money, and—as a natural sequence—turned it into ducks and drakes. Ebury awoke one fine morning to find that Mr. Bell was ruined : nothing remained, it was understood, but the income of Mrs. Bell—a mere pittance. This sort of misfortune usually brings a house-

hold to a climax, and it did so with them. They sold off their furniture, and departed for London.

For some years afterwards little was heard of them, but at that period Mr. Winninton, having a vacancy for an apprentice, wrote to Mrs. Bell, and offered, with a kindness of heart that did him honour, to take her youngest son without premium—an offer which was most thankfully accepted. So the lad arrived at Ebury—a tall young shaver of fourteen; with a capacious forehead, and lanky black hair.

And now for James Ailsa again—for you don't suppose his going abroad with Sir John Gaunt was the wonderful thing I had to tell you about him. He and Sir John remained on the Continent for many years, the latter growing wonderfully attached to him. The first prejudice he took in favour of Ailsa was a resemblance he saw, or fancied he saw, in his person and manners to his deceased son. But apart from this, when he became thoroughly acquainted with Ailsa, it was impossible for him to be otherwise than attached to him.

Sir John struggled on with his malady; sometimes he would be better, sometimes not; gradually, however, growing worse upon the whole; and at length he returned to England—to die. Ailsa remained with him to the last—to part with him now would have been to Sir John almost like parting with life. But that dread moment was not long in coming for him.

When Sir John Gaunt's will was opened, it was found he had left most substantial proof of his regard for Ailsa. All his property in the village of Ebury, consisting of houses and land, was bequeathed to him, with a considerable sum in money, and other property of value.

Now here was a strange thing. That young man, the humble assistant to the country surgeon, had been thrust from the village but seven years before, despised by its aristocrats, contemptuously rejected by the Bells, and trampled down, as one deserving the quintessence of scorn, by Mr. Tom Hardwick. Yet now he returned to them a rich man, a landed proprietor, an equal to all round about, be they whom they might. You will agree with me in saying that it was passing strange.

It was like a dream to Ebury, on one of those electric shocks talked of before, when the house formerly occupied by the Bells was put into ornamental repair, preparatory to James Ailsa's taking up his residence there. All the village flocked to see the furniture before its owner's arrival, from the squire's newly-married lady to good Miss Winninton's cook, who had grown old in her service. Ailsa had chosen it in London and sent it down: plain and unobtrusive it proved to be, to the intense disappointment of the gaping visitors, but with a quiet elegance pervading the whole. Many conjectures had been hazarded, when the news of Ailsa's fortune first reached Ebury, as to how he would dispose of himself and his wealth, and where he would make his future residence, the bets being fifty to one against Ebury. It was thought by many that he had had enough of the place. The question was finally set at rest by his arrival.

He was little altered, looking scarcely, if any, older; his pale complexion was somewhat browned by travel, and his manners were unassuming and gentlemanly as usual. Not a whit of assumption or self-consequence had his good fortune brought him.

## II.

In the sitting-room of a small, confined residence on the outskirts of London, sat Mrs. Bell with her three daughters. The once confirmed invalid, since she had been roused through poverty to exertion, had regained her health, and was looking better than when formerly known to the reader. She was in widow's weeds, indicating that her husband had left this world for another; but, from the coloured dresses of her children, it might be inferred the event had not been a recent one. Their attire bore the marks of gentility, though differing widely from the handsome, flowing robes they had once worn.

It was the dusk of evening; and Emily was seated on a low stool, holding a letter in her hand, which she looked over by fire-light, sometimes laying it on her lap as if in thought, and then again recurring to it.

"I do think I should like to go, mamma," she said at length. "Polly, be quiet."

"Read the letter to us again, Emily," said Mrs. Bell. "I only skimmed the heads of it when it came this morning, I was so busy with the pudding, and I have had no time to look at it since. Polly, my dear, you heard your sister tell you to be quiet. Don't dance about, but sit down and listen."

Emily stirred the fire into a blaze, and began to read:

"DEAR MAMMA,

"I really did not think it could have been five months since I wrote, till your letter came to remind me last week, and I am quite ashamed not to have answered your two last, and Miss Winninton is very angry about it too; but indeed, dear mamma, I have been very busy lately. Mr. Winninton says I get on very well. I bled a person the other day: it was that barber's man round the corner; he who had used to be always drinking, you know. He fell down in a fit close by our door, and they brought him in to the surgery. Mr. Winninton and Mr. Tuck were out, and I tried the lancet, and used it famously, and saved the man's life. It's reckoned, I can assure you, a great feather in my cap, down here. I'm going into tooth-drawing next; but that requires muscle and nerve, and Mr. Tuck says I am deficient in both at present. Mr. and Miss Winninton are so kind: what do you think they did, mamma? Because my best clothes were getting shabby, they have had a new suit made for me as a present—such beauties! But I think the trousers were made out of some of Mr. Winninton's old ones, for he used to wear a pair just like them—grey stripes. I have got a message for you from Miss Winninton—won't it make Emily dance! She sends her respects or love or something of that, and she says she wants to ask you a favour. It is that you will send Emily to Ebury to visit her for two or three months. She says the pleasant spring-time is coming on, and she would like her to come immediately. She begs you to excuse her writing herself, because her eyes are so much dimmer than they were, but you are to write back to her in a week at furthest, and say which day Emily will be with us. And Mr. Winninton says I am to tell you Emily shall be well taken care of, and that he will take no excuse. Do let her come, mamma.



"And now I have got some news to tell you. Do you remember Mr. Ailsa, who, when I was a little boy, was a partner or assistant of Mr. Winninton's, and went travelling afterwards with Sir John Gaunt? Well, Sir John Gaunt is dead, and he has left a fortune to Mr. Ailsa, money and houses, and all sorts of things. He left him a carriage and a pair of horses—they are bays, so tall!—and lots of plate and books. Mr. Tuck says if it were him he should sell the musty old books, and he should buy a second pair of bays to match the others, and drive four-in-hand. He thinks Mr. Ailsa would look first-rate with the ribbons in his hands, and four blood horses before him. And *our* old house is left to him, mamma, and Mr. Ailsa is come back here, and lives at it. It is done up beautifully, and he has made great improvements. I like Mr. Ailsa so much: he gave me half a sovereign on Easter Monday because it was a holiday. He does not forget, you see, that boys like to have some tin in their pockets on a holiday.

"I hope Emily will come: I am sure she will find me grown. And tell her if she should want to be bled while she's here, I can do it for her, and I know Mr. Tuck will take out her teeth for nothing. Good-by, dear mamma; give my love to all at home, particularly to Poll, and believe me to remain,

"Your affectionate son,

"EDWARD BELL.

"P.S.—I forgot to say that poor Tom Hardwick told me to remember him to you whenever I wrote. He is very well, considering, and is often going about in his chair.

"P.S. the 2nd.—I fear you will think me a very slovenly writer with my postscripts, but I *must* tell you I had a ride on Mr. Ailsa's saddle-horse yesterday. He knows I am a good rider, so trusted me on him. It's a splendid animal, high-spirited and quite thorough-bred, but very gentle, and coal-black. Mr. Tuck says, when he is established he shall buy just such another: but he has not done walking the hospitals yet."

"What a ridiculous letter Ned does write!" exclaimed Miss Margaret Bell, vexed that *she* was not its subject. "Polly, you'll set yourself on fire."

"I do not think it a ridiculous letter at all," answered Mrs. Bell; "few boys of fifteen could write a better. But we must deliberate upon its contents, so far as they regard this invitation to Emily. If we can only manage the expense, I should like her much to accept it."

"Would the expense be very much, mamma?" asked Emily.

"We will discuss the matter to-night, my dear," answered Mrs. Bell, as she withdrew with the troublesome Polly.

"I daresay that ancient simpleton, Miss Winninton, has some romantic notions about bringing you and your old lover, Jem Ailsa, together," exclaimed Margaret, who generally managed to pick up a fund of notions herself, romantic and shrewd also.

"Don't talk so ridiculously," retorted Emily.

"It is very odd though about Ailsa; but we must not take all for gospel that Ned writes."

"I wonder how he and poor Tom Hardwick hit it off together now," mused Emily, with a half smile.

"You may well say 'poor' Tom Hardwick," observed Margaret, who really was in a very ill humour; "he is poor in every sense of the word. How strangely he and Ailsa seem to have changed positions."

"That accident was a wretched misfortune for him. I wonder, Margaret, if he would have ever married."

"Married?—no!" returned Miss Margaret; "it is absurd to think of it. How could he, poor as he is—how could he have ever thought of a wife? After the squire died, his income scarcely allowed him to keep the man-servant who waited on him."

"He must have entered into some means of getting money," said Emily; "some profession."

"Not he," answered Margaret. "He would have entered into debt, and so into a prison, perhaps; that's all that Mr. Tom Hardwick would have entered into. Nonsense! It was a strange delusion with some of you flirting girls to suppose that Tom Hardwick would ever marry."

Emily sighed. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness. For this man she had given up James Ailsa.

### III.

It was late on a fine spring day, when the stage coach that conveyed the passengers from the railway station to Ebury, arrived at the village. Mr. Winninton and Edward Bell stepped up before it had well stopped—for Emily Bell sat there.

"Edward," cried Mr. Winninton, "you stay and see to the luggage—only two boxes you say, my dear. My sister is all impatience to receive you, Emily; take my old arm, child."

The bustling surgeon stepped forwards briskly, and in a few minutes he was thundering at his door, and his sister flying to open it.

But we will pass over the meeting, and all the gossip of the evening. Emily was never tired of inquiring after old friends, or of listening to the history of the many changes that time had brought to Ebury. They kept telling her about James Ailsa: although to that subject she answered little: but she did ask about the improvements he had been making in the house and grounds.

"You will have an opportunity of judging for yourself to-morrow evening, Emily," observed Miss Winninton, "for we are going to take tea there."

"But am I invited?" cried Emily, the colour rushing into her face at the recollection of how they had last parted.

"No, no," laughed Miss Winninton, "we did not tell him you were coming: we mean to give him a surprise."

But was it alone owing to the anticipated "surprise" that Emily felt a tremor stealing over her, when they entered Mr. Ailsa's grounds the following evening? He saw their approach from the window, and stepped out to meet them.

"A young friend of ours, whom we have taken the liberty of bringing," cried the surgeon.

It was nearly twilight, yet James Ailsa recognised her as instantly as

if they had been under the sun at noonday. There was no embarrassment visible on his face; the slightest possible flush rose for a moment, and then left his features pale and placid as before. He held out his hand to her, with his own sweet smile, and welcomed her to his home.

"I thought you were to bring Edward with you this evening," Ailsa remarked, as they sat down to tea, which Miss Winninton made.

"No," answered the surgeon, "Ned is at home. He remains to run up for me in case I should be wanted. Do you know, Ailsa, I am thinking of giving up my profession."

"Indeed!"

"The fact is, I am growing too old to do justice to my patients. Some who ought to receive a visit from me twice a day, get but one; for, what with old age and the rheumatism, there are times when my legs will not run over so much ground as formerly."

"Why not take an assistant?—or partner?"

"I would take a partner to-morrow, James, but the difficulty lies in finding one to my mind. Had fortune not placed you above it, I should have tried hard to get you. Had you but come back a poor man, Ailsa!"

"I will become your partner if you wish it," observed Ailsa, quietly.

"I was speaking seriously," returned the surgeon.

"So am I," smiled Ailsa. "I wish to resume my profession, and would rather do so in Ebury than anywhere else. But I never should have set up in opposition, you know."

"You are rich enough to lead an idle life," observed Mr. Winninton; "why worry yourself with your profession? It has its own labour and cares, remember, James; more than some others."

"Well, I am not so rich as people make me out; and a medical man is never the worse for some private income, especially in a neighbourhood where the poor abound."

"Ay, ay," interrupted the surgeon, "it is not only medical aid that is wanted there. And for years after I first began practice, I had not this other aid to give: I could scarcely make both ends meet at home, James, even for our own limited expenses."

"Again," resumed Ailsa, "with respect to my being able to lead an idle life, so far as means go, perhaps I am; but none of us were sent into the world that we might bask away our days in indolence—burying our talent in the earth: and they who do so must render up their account at the last. I *must* employ my time; I *will* employ it; and I do not see that I can do so in a more useful manner than in following the profession I was brought up to; so I have resolved to pursue it."

"Then, my lad," cried the old surgeon, rising, and shaking him by the hand, "you are my partner from this hour, and may God bless you! Your sentiments do you honour: never part with them, James. I wish some of those I know possessed the like."

"I am pleased to hear," observed Miss Winninton—"to go from one subject to another—that Mary Hardwick has relinquished that idea of hers about going out as a governess."

"Going out as a governess!" echoed Emily.

"Ay, Emily, you may stare," returned the surgeon, "but Mary Hardwick, the only daughter of the proud old House of Hardwick, had thoughts of becoming a governess."

"But wherefore?" asked Emily.

"I will tell you, Emily," pursued Mr. Winninton. "You know that since her father's death she has kept house for her brother at the Hall: and she has been in the habit, year by year, of handing over her own small income to eke out that of her brother Tom. Now the squire's new wife is a regular skinfint, Emily, and she makes him worse than he would be; and he told Mary at Christmas last, that now she was released from her trouble with his housekeeping matters, he should not continue to pay her personal bills, and that *she* must discontinue that extravagant practice of giving her own money to Tom. This set Miss Hardwick thinking—no very pleasant thoughts you may be sure. To withdraw her income from Tom, she was resolved not to do; and she consulted me—poor humble old apothecary Winninton—about seeking a situation as governess. The squire would have been up in arms, no doubt, if he had known it; and Mary cried bitterly—for she has a touch of the family pride you know."

"And is she going?" inquired Emily.

"No," replied Mr. Winninton: "and now comes a bit of romance, Emily. A certain sum has recently been paid into the funds in Mr. Tom Hardwick's name, the interest of which will nearly double his own income. It was done in a mysterious manner; nobody knows by whom or through whom; but it is a godsend to Tom, who, poor fellow, has had to pinch himself at times, and will render the rest of his days comfortable. So now, you see, Mary has no scruple in withdrawing from him her own money."

"I wonder Miss Hardwick has never married," mused Emily.

"Why, my dear," returned Miss Winninton, "I do not think Mary is single for want of offers, and she has plenty of time before her yet. It is well known that she refused Lord Chiselm for one; and Earl Dunnely's heart, it is said, was set upon the match."

"It would have been a splendid alliance for her," remarked Emily.

"In point of rank and fortune," added Ailsa. "But his mind is little suited to hers, although it may be to her brother Tom's. Miss Hardwick's intellect would purchase a dozen such as the viscount's."

"Who can have paid the money to assist Tom?" wondered Emily.

"That is a problem, perhaps never to be solved," answered the surgeon. "I can assure you, Emily, half the village would give their ears to know."

So they sat talking. When they were about to leave for the night, James accompanied them to the hall-door, and there gave his arm to Emily, meaning to walk with them as far as the gates. It was a warm night, calm and still. The moon, nearly at the full, was riding along the heavens, steeping the garden before them in light. They had gone but a few paces, when Miss Winninton turned back to the house, remembering that she had left her cap behind. The surgeon followed her.

They disappeared within the hall, and Ailsa and his companion turned and waited for them. They had accidentally halted on the very spot, underneath the self-same trees where they had *last* stood together—that stormy, tempestuous night, when Ailsa stole, almost like a thief, into the grounds, to obtain one word from her; to say farewell, it might have

been for ever. How widely different was that meeting from this, and how changed were their relative positions! He had asked her then to give him a hope; to let him believe that he might return and claim her when he should have acquired the means to justify it. And what had been her answer? Not an absolute refusal, it is true, but a fretful observation on the long period he required her to look forward to, and a slighting mention of his chimerical visions. Yet that time, so fondly pictured to himself, had indeed come.

"How rapidly the years have passed!" exclaimed Emily, more in accordance with her own thoughts, than in remark to him.

"Since we last met here," he replied quickly. "They have indeed." Ah, he *was* thinking of it then, even as she was.

"He told me then," was her next thought, "that he should strive to root me out of his heart. Did he so strive?—and did he succeed?"

"Seven years!" observed Ailsa, "seven long years! Had we known then that seven years would be the term of—of" (he seemed to hesitate for a word)—"our separation—I mean that would elapse before we met again, we should have thought it interminable; yet what is it in the retrospect?"

"What indeed!" she answered. "It seems but like a dream."

"And it has left little mark upon us. You, Emily, are scarcely, if at all, changed; and people tell me I am not."

Ailsa stooped and plucked some violets, several of which grew at the foot of the trees close by, and gave them to her. "You are fond of the perfume of violets, I remember: these are very sweet ones. I wonder," he observed, musingly, "if they are the old roots."

"You do not, then, quite forget all our old thoughts and feelings, our likes and dislikes," she said, with apparent calmness, but with a beating heart.

"Not quite," he quietly replied.

"How stupid of you both to stand stock still!" broke out the surgeon, advancing with Miss Winninton; "I told you to walk on. And you without your hat, James!"

"What a lovely night it is!" exclaimed Emily to Ailsa. "Everything seems so still, so full of peace."

"Yes," he replied, "it serves for a contrast to the one when we were last here together. The elements were jarring enough then."

"Ah, that was a wretched night. You took no cold, I hope, James? I thought at the time you inevitably would."

"Took—what did you say?" He seemed lost in thought.

"No cold."

"Cold? Oh no, I think not. If I did, I don't remember it now; and I am sure did not heed it then."

Ailsa wished them good night when they reached the gates, and turned to retrace his steps in-doors. "The night is beautiful indeed, as she said," he repeated to himself, "and is a contrast to *that* one. They seem a type of my fortunes: then, they were as the weather, black, stormy, and apparently without hope; now, they are bright as this lovely scene. Oh, the misery, the misery of that night! And yet, anguish as it was to me, all that dark period of my existence, I would afterwards have given all my opening prospects to live it over again—to exchange

for it the terrible apathy to all human things which alone it left me. Why, why should we be in such haste to love?—why hasten to wear away the fresh green of the tree of life only that we may sear it for ever?

"She is altered for the better," he resumed, after a while, "for she is more quiet and subdued. I do not think she would flirt so much now," he continued, with a melancholy smile, "even with Mr. Tom Hardwick, were he the gay gallant he used to be. Fallen circumstances and seven years have worked their traces upon her mind, though they may have spared her countenance. And for me?—the romance of life has passed: I must see what I can make of the reality."

"Are Mr. Ailsa and Tom Hardwick friends now?" inquired Emily, as they walked home, putting the question with all the indifference she could muster.

"Very good friends indeed," answered the surgeon. "Ailsa often calls at his lodgings, and chats with him, to pass away one of his many weary hours. Poor Tom! they hang heavily upon his hands."

Fifty times that night did Emily ask herself if Ailsa still loved her. He had met her cordially; he had voluntarily given her his arm to the outer gates, and had conversed with her, though slightly, upon former days; he had plucked violets for her, remembering that she was partial to them—in all this, was there, or was there not, a lurking sentiment of love? "Time alone must prove," sighed Emily.

But time seemed to prove nothing. Eight or ten weeks elapsed from the period of Emily's arrival, and things remained just as they were then. Scarcely a day passed but she saw Ailsa; at their own house, or his, or perhaps at some evening party in the neighbourhood. His manner to her was always friendly, but he had not again alluded to bygone days. Emily had been to the Hall, and was introduced to its new mistress. She did not like her; few did; but sweet Mary Hardwick, kind and lady-like as ever, served to compensate for the austere character of her sister-in-law.

They were invited to the Hall, to one of their formal, grand dinner-parties; when the sideboards groaned with plate, and the servants were so numerous that they trod on each other's heels. Emily could not help thinking how much better it would be, if some of the silver and domestics had been disposed of, and the proceeds applied to enlarge Tom's income: if he did not want it now, he *had* wanted it. But near in some matters as the squire was, it would have broken his heart to diminish the old baronial state, which custom, and their own ideas, had rendered indispensable to the head of the House of Hardwick. Neither would Tom himself have permitted it. She observed that Ailsa seemed to be a favoured and frequent visitor at the Hall.

#### IV.

THE weeks passed on. And now the village began to be alive with the talk of a rustic *fête* to be given by no less a person than James Ailsa: a sort of house-warming, he called it to Miss Winninton. And when the day arrived, and the visitors assembled, it was seen that he had exerted himself to the utmost in preparing schemes for their amusement.

In the heart of no young lady present were more busy thoughts at work than in that of Emily Bell. It had been rumoured that James

Ailsa was about to choose a wife. Would she be his choice? The solution to the surmise was of too weighty a moment to her to be idly guessed at. She loved Ailsa now. Formerly, when her attention had been distracted by others, she loved him in her own fashion, and perhaps almost as much as she was capable of loving any one. But the last three or four months, when she had been led into daily contact with him—listened to his voice, leaned upon his arm—had brought, indeed, a passion to her heart deeper than of old. Yet Ailsa had not *now* striven to plant it there: not a word or a look had escaped him that might not have been given to old Miss Winninton, or any other inaccessible lady.

Dancing on the lawn was one of the amusements of the day. Ailsa had stood up but twice, once with Miss Hardwick, the second time with Emily. Was it for the abstract pleasure of dancing with her that he had singled her out for the honour, when so many were present, who, from their rank and position, might be looked upon as having a better right to it; or was he anxious to show to the world that he did not slight one who, it was pretty generally believed, had once held the first place in his heart?

The evening was growing dusk, and the sound of the music and dancing was still heard, but Ailsa was not joining in it. He was walking in a distant part of the grounds—the reader may see him there, with a young lady by his side, and may listen to what he is saying.

"When, Mary, are my days of probation to end? They have endured these several weeks, and had I not guessed the reason of their being imposed, I should have borne them less patiently."

She looked up quickly; and as she met his eyes fixed upon hers, and saw the half saucy, half tender smile upon his countenance, some of the proud Hardwick blood rushed to her face.

"James," she faltered, "what do you mean?"

"Before you gave the irrevocable promise to be mine," he said, gliding his arm round her waist, "you were willing to ascertain if any remains of my love for Miss Bell still lingered, or if it would break out again. You need not have doubted me, Mary."

"Pray forgive me," she said, bursting into tears.

"My dear love, there is nothing to forgive," he answered. "Had you but given me a hint, I should have spoken then as I am about to speak now; as I always intended to speak before we married. Now listen to me, Mary," and he drew her closer to him as they walked. "You suspect that I once loved Emily Bell. I did indeed love her; God alone knows how passionately; and He alone can tell the bitter anguish that overwhelmed me when I awoke to reality. Life and its events; the world and its hopes and cares; the present, past, future—all was to me a blank; a long, dark, dreamy blank it seems to me now when I look back upon it. But I struggled hard to overcome this, I struggled hard to forget her, and I succeeded *in time*; and so effectually, that no trace of love or liking for her is left. I look at her now, and can scarcely believe she is the girl I was once so infatuated with: so our feelings change. I tell you this," he proceeded, "for you have a right now to know every hidden thought and feeling of mine: but believe me, Mary, you will not find that your husband will cherish you less, because you were not his first love."

"I do believe you," she whispered.

"I cannot promise to love you," he resumed, "with the same infatuated passion that I bore for her, neither would it be well for either of us, Mary; for, rely upon it, that dream of Heaven is only meant for the short romance of early life: it could not long survive marriage and its realities. And where such love does fall, *and end*, as end it must, it shatters almost unto death."

"You left Ebury, I believe, because some one interfered between you?" asked Miss Hardwick.

"Yes. I knew then that she did not return my love. I had suspected it at times, but I only knew it the very night before—the one preceding the steeple-chase. And if she had given me, that night, but one word of *hope*, one word of love, Mary, I should have returned now to claim her: and *we* should never have been to each other but as strangers. At that interview the conviction was forced upon me that for me she cared little; and in fact that she was a heartless girl."

"I always thought—but believe me, James, I say this in no spirit of rivalry—that she was not worthy of you."

"I think so now, Mary; or rather—for you will say that admission savours of egregious vanity—I think she was very unsuited to me."

"It was whispered at the time, that it was my brother Tom who interfered between you, and caused the separation."

"You shall know as much of the matter one day as I do—unless," he proceeded in a tone of inexpressible tenderness, "unless you will fear to consign your happiness—that of a whole life, Mary—to the keeping of one, who has been bold enough to make the hazardous confession, that he cannot love you as he once loved another?"

But Ailsa knew the question to be unnecessary, as he spoke.

"James," resumed Miss Hardwick, after a pause, "you say we are to have no secrets from each other—which I trust we never shall have—but I think you have still kept one from me. The unknown benefactor of my brother Tom; who has made the remainder of his days easy; that friend was—you."

Ailsa remained silent; but the tell-tale blood rushed to his face.

"Am I not right? You will surely trust me."

"You are right, Mary," he replied. "But let not a word, so long as we both shall breathe, ever pass your lips."

"It shall be as you wish," she said. "I wish I could, in his name, thank you for it as I ought."

"You can do that by never mentioning the subject."

"What could have been your motive?" she continued. "It is rare that one confers such benefit on an enemy, and in that light I believe you once regarded Tom, perhaps with cause."

"*I had a motive*," replied Ailsa, solemnly, "but I shall never explain it to you in all its details."

"Some time," was her remark. "There must come a day for full confidence between us."

"In all else, Mary, but not in this; even when you shall be my wife. But I will give you the outline at once, and then let it drop between us for ever. I thought ill of your brother; *I wished him ill*; and though



it is quite impossible my sinful wish could have brought the evil upon him, yet—but—that is all, Mary."

"But Tom did not know you wished him ill," persisted Miss Hardwick, surprised at Ailsa's abruptness.

"No human being heard it or knew it: it lay between myself and God."

"How seriously you speak, James!" she exclaimed, looking earnestly at him.

"My love, let us forget the subject: it is extremely painful to me." He turned as he spoke, and they proceeded in the direction of the lights and crowd.

They were beginning to let off the fireworks, when Ailsa ran into the house to see that none of his guests remained in-doors, but in the little room opening to the greenhouse he found Miss Winninton.

"Make haste and come with me," he said; "I will get you a place."

"I would not stir out for all the fireworks in the three kingdoms, James, and you into the bargain," rejoined the old lady. "No standing in the night air for me, since I had the rheumatic fever. I shall remain where I am. But one word, James, before you go. What is this report that is being whispered? People say you are about to marry."

"And for once people say right."

"Upon whom has your choice fallen? Upon Emily?"

"No. Miss Hardwick."

Miss Winninton fell back in her chair, and clasped her hands. "Oh, James!"

"Are you displeased at my choice—do you not approve it?"

"I have no right to be displeased at it, and few could disapprove of Mary Hardwick. But—I must speak out, James—I thought you were once so fervently attached to Emily Bell."

"So I was: passionately attached to her."

"And I deemed, if any one's love could have withstood the shocks of time, it was yours."

"Time did not change my love," he answered, with a shade of agitation in his voice; "*she* changed it."

"Alas! I have sometimes feared so. And my little dream of romance is over."

"It is. But my dear, long-trying friend, I have seen and thanked you for it. You thought to serve two hearts by bringing her hither; to unite those upon whom the ban of separation had been forced. Had that separation alone stood between them you would have been rewarded; but I am not the less grateful for the kindness."

"You have no love left for her then?"

"None: or worse than none. There is not a young lady here to-night, that I would not choose for my wife in preference to her. I do not know why this feeling should be: I only know that it exists, and I cannot avoid or mitigate it."

"Do you think she has so completely forgotten you?"

"How can you doubt it? The task for her could never have been a difficult one."

Ailsa left by one door, and Miss Winninton pushed open the other,

which was ajar. But in passing into the greenhouse, she almost stumbled over Emily.

"Why—Emily! How came you here? Did you hear my conversation with James Ailsa?"

She burst into tears, and threw herself into the old lady's arms as she spoke. "I heard it all—all; but not intentionally. I came into the greenhouse, and some one, when I would have gone out, had fastened the door upon me; Ned, perhaps, for mischief. I could not come out this way and betray to you both that I was here."

"My poor girl!" breathed Miss Winninton, for she saw how deeply Emily's feelings had been shaken.

"Oh, that wicked propensity for flirtation!" exclaimed the excited girl; "had I never given way to it, and neglected him, whom I really loved, for others, how different it would have been now!"

"Ah, my dear, to tell the truth, I always blamed you. Few persons have the opportunity given them of attaching a heart such as Ailsa's. But you were attracted, girl-like, by the gay plumage of Mr. Tom Hardwick, and other such worthless butterflies. Let it be a warning to you, my child."

"The warning has come too late," sighed Emily, wiping the drops of perspiration from her brow. "Would I had never returned here, for it has taken away all my hope in life."

"You must not take things too much to heart," cried Miss Winninton, using, unconsciously, almost the very words that had once been uttered by Emily to Ailsa.

"There's a bright firework!" exclaimed Emily, raising her hands to her temples. "I shall go and see them."

As she quitted the hall door, she encountered Ailsa. He expressed his surprise that she was not where every one else was, and turned to conduct her.

"I went into the house to see Miss Winninton," panted Emily: "her cold is bad, and she will not come out."

"How did you go in then? I have been standing here, and did not see you."

"I went through the greenhouse, but some one locked it after me, so I could not return that way."

"I fastened the greenhouse," he said. "Upon seeing the door open, I thought it safer, lest some sparks should get in and injure the plants. But that is not very recently. You must have been in some time, Emily."

Their eyes met, and, for a moment, neither withdrew the gaze. He saw that his conversation with Miss Winninton had been heard, and she felt that he saw it. She released his arm, and murmuring something about the fireworks, darted away, like a fawn, across the grass. Had she stood one minute longer, she would have fallen into hysterics, and sobbed upon his bosom, as she had done that stormy, never-to-be-forgotten night.

## V.

THE day came at last on which Emily was to depart from Ebury. Had she followed her own inclinations, she would have left when she first heard of James Ailsa's engagement; but Miss Winninton would not permit this. It was somewhat singular, though quite the result of accident, that her departure was fixed for the same day as the marriage.

"Farewell, farewell, dear Miss Winninton," she said, the tears running down her cheeks, "and thank you for all your kindness."

"Take care how you get in, Emily," exclaimed the surgeon, as they reached the coach; "another step. Oh, you need not laugh, Mr. Edward: young legs make light of such matters, but old ones like mine know that a bruise on the shin-bone is easier got than cured. You are sure you have everything, my dear? Don't forget that you have promised us another visit next summer: we shall not fail to claim it."

She shook hands with Mr. Winninton, and bent down to kiss her brother.

"Be a good boy, Edward," she whispered, "and do all you can to serve Mr. and Miss Winninton, in return for their great kindness to you."

"I will, Emily, I will indeed," answered the boy: "you may tell mamma so."

"All right," cried Mr. Winninton, as he closed the door with a bang. And the coach rolled onwards.

Emily remained lost in thought till they came near to the Hall, when, aware of the festivities which had that morning taken place, she leaned forward and looked from the window.

They were close upon the lodge gates, when the coach took a sudden swerve, to give place to a chariot-and-four which was bowling through them, on its way from the Hall. It contained James Ailsa and his bride.

Before Emily was prepared for this, or could bring back her advanced head, her glance had encountered theirs. She bowed to them, quite unconscious at the moment what she did, and they both returned it. A crimson blush overspread Mary's face, but *his* remained perfectly calm. It needed not this to convince Emily how completely he had forgotten her.

It was but a momentary meeting. Almost as Emily looked, the carriage had passed, leaving but its cloud of dust behind. The stage coachman, after an admiring eye given to the lost equipage, whipped up his horses to gain the station in time for the half-past two o'clock train, and Emily Bell, sinking into the darkest corner of the empty coach, sobbed bitterly.

## DOWN THE OHIO.

HIGH PRESSURE STEAM-BOATS—CINCINNATI.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, Esq.

THE weather has suddenly become so cold, though the sun shines brightly, that the snow drifted in the furrows of the fields sets it at defiance. I have as abruptly skipped from within thirty miles of Boston to the station of the Great Western Railway in Philadelphia; and while the mules are putting to the cars to run them out High-street westward over the Schuylkill (where the engines are waiting on the opposite bank), take my seat, after trying in vain to soften the rigidity of the baggage man, who had seized on my small carpet-bag, and insisted on its keeping my trunk company. This dodge I might have dodged by not letting it out of my hand at all while paying my fare (eleven dollars to Pittsburg), but I am for ever (all through a long life!) making mistakes, which I find out when it is too late.

Many younger citizens were up to this, and took their bags slyly inside, in spite of there being no room contemplated anywhere, above or below, for anything larger than a monstrous reticule, or lady's carpet-bag, which are, in the States, made very pretty—of velvet, silk, embossed leather, &c., and in very gay, bright patterns. The engines put to, away we go to the west—our track at starting, along the right bank of the Schuylkill, striking off at the upper ferry—opposite Pratt's and the waterworks. A little above, I got a glimpse of *Solitude*, the seat of General Cadwallador, where once, far back, "in life's young dream," I passed many a day of pure delight with a revered friend, who then owned and gave its appropriate name to this sweet spot. Gone is that friend, and my beloved "Solitude" has grown a large house—the scene below on the river quite changed—no harm in the useful world—but—one grows more and more solitary in the busy hum of men—new faces, new generations! The old covered wonderful wooden bridge, of from three to four hundred feet span from shore to shore, is gone too—replaced by the present iron suspension one; the former only recollected, it may be, by the old, and never heard of by the young!

And how do one's remaining years fly by at railroad pace! To put on the break a little I am now in these very cars—to throw a few novel incidents into the passing year's monotony!—not to stagnate near Hyde Park—no, not willingly in a Belgravia; not in a Pimlico Palace. Enough—I have got for my sins into the too close vicinity of a bunch of fast gents, who are chewing the weed, "*et cætera*," as Lady E. S. Wortley says, with a vigour which makes one shudder.

Twenty miles through a tolerably well-cultivated country, the woods and clearings more or less frequent, brings us to the "*Great Valley*," across which, at Downing's Town, runs the Brandywine Creek, famous in the old war for a fierce battle—at present, for turning the water-wheels of innumerable grist mills along its course and at Wilmington; where it joins the Delaware (passing Westchester on its way), running through beautiful woods and glens—often as a boy, barefooted, with my trousers tucked up, have I passed the day bobbing for eels, in spots where it

rushes over its rocky bed in the *freshets*. These torrents of rain, the brief accompaniment of the awful thunder-gusts of American summers, making its clear stream muddy, and sweeping the eels down from the more level banks : in body of water it equals the Isis at Oxford.

This finely-cultivated valley was settled by the Germans : they are the chief people to this day, and their farms the pattern farms to the whole state. The economy of these farms, in a double sense, would be well to follow in some things even in England—particularly in their ample barns, large enough to contain their whole crops under one roof, avoiding our more clumsy, inefficient stacks. Under all this vast mass of wheat, oats, barley, rye, on one side of the barn floor, and hay and straw on the other, all their numerous cattle are warmly housed in winter, and coolly in the hot summers, when wanted. Indian corn cribs run along and overhang the south side of every barn, bursting with its golden plenty, and loved of all four-legged and two-legged animals—including man. Oh, sweet, beneficent, pure, wholesome grain ! how does one bless God for sending it on earth—a standing miracle of thy care and goodness ! with the cocoa-nut palm for the hotter climes, conspicuous.

I wish we would take to it more in England ; it is so very good, so very plentiful and cheap, so very sweet and nutritious ; of this was the unleavened bread ! it is made in a minute. As mush (the polenta of Italy), it is eaten all over America ; and how superior to oatmeal porridge. It is made, too, into cakes, bread, pies, in infinite variety. Horses and cattle like nothing so well ; ground rough and mixed with cut straw, or thrown in their cribs in the cob. The grain is the favourite food of the feathered creation ; ground and mixed in cold water it fattens poultry, pigs, &c., quicker than any other grain.

The meal, if kiln dried, keeps very well, and we might have it in any quantity ; but, with ourselves, the difficulty is to create a taste for it ! I brought some home with me, and I insist on having a little *mush* now and then (cut in slices, when cold, and fried) for breakfast ; but alas ! one or two men I have tried it on, have but d—d it with faint praise ! Need one wonder at the Swiss or Prussians preferring their own coarse black bread. But I shall never get out of the "Great Valley."

We skirted its southern hilly borders of woods. I looked for Fanstock's Tavern (the General Paoli), a serious, steady, thrifty man, grown rich more by his fine farm than his brandy, wine, or cyder. I saw him—his thin placid face and kind greeting—in my mind's eye, for he, nay, his very children (daughters) are gone, and the funny old ostler, who used to give my pony jin a bite of hay, gone. I was rather glad that we flew by, and cut short reminiscent dreamy repinings. All this country is either High or Low Dutch—at least their descendants—and Dutch or German is their domestic vernacular. They used to speak English unwillingly and badly.

On a railway one can see very little of a country, but it struck me there was less neatness in the farms and farming than formerly, and certainly, in the whole length and breadth of this valley (ten or twelve miles by five or six), the homesteads are not more numerous, nor any of the surrounding woods more cleared : but these very woods have become more valuable. The surrounding hills, too, being of limestone, is one source of wealth, to build and to burn for lime, used everywhere as a manure.

I find a great difference in the comfort of the cars ; this set is very shabby and bad. The stove in the middle only heats the few passengers in its vicinity, while all the rest may freeze, as the doors and windows are constantly thrown open by the conductors or passengers, who amuse themselves travelling backwards and forwards through all the string of cars, gossiping.

Lancaster, sixty miles from Philadelphia, is a fine large thriving town—slow and sure, quite German, with a good many Quakers. The country round it pleasingly undulated, and very highly cultivated ; if anything, rather too much cleared of wood, though coal begins to be used as a cheaper fuel in all American towns already.

Hereabouts, and elsewhere, I have observed attempts at cotton factories, encouraged by the high tariffs, to shut England out, but they rarely succeed ; many are shut up. Even at Lowell it languishes. The reason is obvious enough—hands are not to be had except at great wages, and even then it is very difficult to keep up an essential subordination. Still on the whole they do increase, particularly their iron-works and foundries for stoves and steam-engines, for which there is a constant great demand.

An apology for a turnpike-road runs from Philadelphia to Lancaster, on which forty years ago were seen the Conostoga waggons, of eight horses each, two abreast, famous for their size and the careful economy of the teams and their appointments. These waggons supplied the interior of the state as far as Harrisburg, the capital, on the Susquehanna ; but, like ourselves, the railways have upset all the old slow conveyances. I looked in vain for a Conostoga waggon, though I dare say they still exist on those tracks of this vast state, remote from the railway stations, on their rough primitive roads, and through hundreds of miles of still virgin forests.

Some distance beyond Lancaster, the railway skirting or running through a wild woody country, we suddenly came upon the steep banks of a considerable river, and crossed a very bold and feeble wooden bridge, evidently not a bit stronger than could be helped, with no sort of rail or parapet—all nothing, when one gets used to it. We passed many such beyond the capital, approaching the spurs of the mountains.

The view across the river to the westward, coming in on the Susquehanna, is beautiful—a grand smiling valley, in which Harrisburg rejoices. One cannot imagine a finer site ; but even here I overheard conversations about unhealthiness ! One is puzzled to account for this mysterious miasma, which seems to take possession of all the finest, most habitable spots ; and yet here is a bold, rocky, very open country : hills and dales in profusion on every side—rocks of limestone and slate breaking out on the banks, the woods, and in the very meadows.

We remained but a few minutes in the suburbs of the town at the station to change carriages (for a better set), so that I saw little of it. It is a large place, but not increasing rapidly. The governor and assembly of any one state seem to have very little influence in any of the small quiet United States seats of government. Since this railway, however, they are going ahead ; and paper, iron, and tin factories increase—if I can at all judge by the various tall chimneys I saw smoking.

Northward, among these romantic hills, on the upper branches of this noble stream, lies Campbell's "Wyoming." One might look in vain for such a spot as he has drawn it; indeed, for the essential truth and vigour of such tales, the poet should himself have walked these woods and have witnessed the lives of the Indians and the primitive settlers.

Before I quit this part of the state, a word *à propos* of the excellent economy of their barns, their farm-yards, where their cattle luxuriate in the severe winters in the sun up to their knees in straw, with fodder scattered about for their mid-day's amusement—that is, the toppings and strippings of the corn-stalks, which growing from eight to twelve feet high, sends out its beautiful and vigorous leaves by the yard; these and the stalk, when dried, form excellent food—indeed, the stalk when in its full sap and vigour is as juicy and as sweet as the sugar-cane, which it a good deal resembles, and not a doubt would make sugar profitably, if the corn itself were not still better and more solidly profitable. This is called fodder when dried, and in the south is more relied on to feed their cattle, where grass and hay is more scarce.

Thus on the sunny side of these immense stone barns is the warm parlour, in common for the whole farm stock: cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, all in a state of delightful familiarity; the cooks and hens perched on the cows' backs occasionally, or feeding under their feet, all enjoying themselves. One might indeed call it a really "happy family," had not that pleasant designation become so odious from the specimens in a wire cage which still takes up its stand at our National Gallery!

But there is a broadcast plenty, a freeness from want or hunger both for man and beast, which makes up the chief charm of this country life, which joined to a wise prudence, albeit quite animal, and excessively dull, in-doors and out, makes great part of Pennsylvania a good compound Dutch and Quaker Arcadia. Not but that they have their gay "frolics" occasionally: their "quiltings," their "apple-butter stirrings," and "corn-husking" frolics, in autumn and winter, when all the valley or neighbourhoods meet for five miles round, and feast and laugh, and "bestow their tediousnesses," and "don't go home till morning." On these occasions occur those "bundlings" we have heard of.

But what is most to be admired in the true American farming, is the perfect knowledge of grandfather, father, and sons (for hired servants are very rare) of what they have to do; and it is done in the very best way, whether with the axe, the plough, the hoe, or the scythe. They have, too, a spice of the Swiss in their sharp thrift, and as good shots with the rifle; and go beyond them in riches of every kind, and a consequent bluntness of manner not particularly engaging to us strangers.

In the country parts of America churches are rare; all the world are Dissenters of some shade or other; they ride miles of a Sunday to their meeting-houses, where may be seen, perhaps, fifty horses, hitched to the trees or fences; and a dozen or two of their light carts or waggons, all taking care of themselves outside, while the congregation, if Quaker, are silently waiting (covered) for the spirit to move some one; if German or mixed, a Lutheran or Calvinist extempore service; but there is no sort of acrimony of sect; out of the four walls nobody talks of beliefs, no matter what it is. Often there is a great mixture of creeds under one roof, as a matter of convenience. Even the Quakers have grown less

rigid. The rims of their hats shrink perceptibly, and buttons abound. Here (and it really is refreshing) gentility is unknown, unheard of; the poorest creature, if hired, eats at the same table, and is quite on a familiar footing at once, from the wilds of Connemara, our own street-sweepers, or the organ-boy of Savoy—if any such should have the luck or the address to find his way over—and persevere out of the sea-board cities, into the interior: all I now say holds good more or less in all the northern partly-cleared states, when from the vastness of the space; and, though America has a grand total of near 25,000,000, still the country population is very thinly scattered, and hands and labour always welcome.

Then again, while the men are in the fields or woods, the women attend to the household concerns, milk the cows (no man ever does), attend to their perfect dairies, which are always over pure springs, and called "*spring-houses*." No matter how rich, there is seldom or ever a hired maid; and if there is, ten to one she instantly merges into one of themselves, or becomes shortly their sister-in-law. In all this perfect economy, perfect plenty, and progress to well-being and wealth, there is but one neglect—there is no garden, beyond a few poorly-raised vegetables, though each farm has a fine orchard of apples, peaches, and cherries; but the men have no idea of, or time for, horticulture. Potatoes are fine, and in great plenty; but few turnips, or beans, or peas, and never in their fields: there are very few sheep, fewer pastures; no downs or commons of any kind, on this side of those rolling prairies of the far west; thence, apart from the grandeur of their woods and rivers, American scenery is very formal, indeed ugly wherever settlers meddle with it, from the constant post and rail divisions of the fields, or by still uglier worm fences, and, in the newer farms, the stumps of trees; the absence of anything like a park, or a lawn, or a flower-garden, at or near their houses, which, in turn, are much inferior to their barns in size, often in good looks and construction; the richest farmers, perhaps, living in a small log or frame-house, while his barn is of stone, towering two stories above his very humble roof; a sensible proud humility; for all his riches are comprised in the grand barn and farm-yard, and there is wisely concentrated all his care, industry, and attention.

As to mind, the amenities, accomplishments, and elegancies of life, they would only enfeeble, and do mischief here; and who expects it? In our dear old England we are eaten up by gentility—enfeebled by it—bored by it: we are so excessively genteel, that we are forced to be rude to each other; and can by no accident ever be natural and sincere (in or out of the country), so much afraid are we of each other's hair-splitting pretensions to caste and fashion! I have, of course, the highest respect and consideration for our "ten thousand" small pretenders at the heels of the *ton*, expectant; but what is one to say of our really great people in high places, who guide us, and their very fashionable followers and creatures, who, to a man, are so very good-for-nothingly exquisite, that they disdain to do their official duties decently, or condescend to be sufficiently vulgar to know, or be at all alive to, anything that is going on about them in the world, beyond the trifling West-end exclusive circle? But how pains-taking and truly industrious in their trifling!—in the shape or speed of a horse—in the importance of a particular club, the Opera, or French play, or French dish—or the sublime impossibility of



a ball at the Palace! Oh, England! Oh, my country! what are your ships like—what, your sailors—your poor fishermen and your shores?—what of our one river, and of our one city, flooded with idle luxury, dirt, and ten thousand conflicting abuses and abominations?—but, hold!—I am offered some indifferent apples, at six cents a piece, at the station.

Seven or eight miles beyond Harrisburg we come to the spurs of the hills closing in, and cross the Susquehanna towards the Alleghany mountains along the track of the Juniata river; one of its romantic tributaries.

We now ascend along the valley on its right bank, and pass through a string of new towns, with many odd names, all going more or less ahead; these names are not of much moment; but there was Rockville, Cove, Duncannon, Aqueduct, Miller's Town, Tuscarora, Mexico, Mifflin, Lewistown, M'Vey, Newton Hamilton, Hans Valley, Mill Creek, and Huntingdon, the most considerable, and a large town.

As we proceed, our inclines grow more and more elevated—the hills on each side swelling into mountains—sometimes the railway crossing rapid deep creeks rushing to the river far below us in the glen, over viaduct bridges very boldly thrown across—the scenery all along beautiful—growing more wild and grand in forest and steep valleys and gorges every ten miles; our course often skirting the slope of the hills with abrupt precipices above and below us. It went often to my heart to see the noble pines on each side felled (many wantonly!), and laying felled in their pride, and rotting—in every stage of decomposition—some again but lately cut in all their green glories—would “make a mast for some tall admiral's ship!”

After all, man destroys more than he creates! Look at these giants of the forest! and look at his little miserable frame-houses made of some few of them he has sawed, and tacked up in their villages on the river banks!—but night shuts out this horrid awful destruction, and these glorious wilds together—and in due time we arrive at Holidaysburg, on a branch of the Spruce river and Beaver Dam Creek—itself a fine large stream of perhaps ten thousand-horse power. I forgot to say that we crossed and recrossed the Juniata more than once on our way; and finally, beyond Huntingdon, to the right bank, striking into the steeper narrow valley of the Spruce Creek.

One may imagine the peculiar beauties of this kind of wild forest and mountain scenery in summer, when these cool shades and retreats are so grateful—but we had nothing but snow and ice for it—the cold most bitter—we all sat latterly in a torpid state, except the few thawed individuals piled on each other round the stove.

At a junction station-house and hotel, a mile beyond Holidaysburg (a growing town), we were to sup and sleep; to be shifted next morning to the cars of the next following train.

Too happy to warm our fingers and toes, or for any sort of change, I was quite insensible to having gained nothing by being a day in advance, except a very scrambling Backwood sort of supper (it was past midnight), and a three hours' attempt to sleep in a very frigid bed, which defied my puny efforts, laughed at my miseries (*à la* Dickens), and handed me over without concern to the tender mercies of the man and lantern at four o'clock—in midnight darkness—to dress and get up a provisional appetite for very tough beefsteaks, mountain and torrent stale bread,

and some pure Mocha—into which the torrent had surely broken, before it boiled and filled our cups at five o'clock—when the passengers just arrived helped us to “do justice to the meal.” Now, to sup at one and breakfast at five is not at all a bad contrivance—for the tavern-keepers!—so, having paid my dollar and a half for this pleasing arrangement, and comfortable lodging—I once more ascended the cars; and after a pleasant search (all the seats occupied within 33 deg. of Fahrenheit, or any heat), I made a lodgement, in the comfortable draught of the door; truly, it was Hobson’s choice; and never shall I forget the ascent and descent of the Alleghanies! the weather each twelve hours growing more intensely cold. It was the middle of December, and perfectly natural; but still people would insist on the extreme mildness of the winters for these last twelve years all over America! and that there would be no frost and snow to signify before Christmas certainly; pendant icicles everywhere commented on the impertinence.

Our way lay up the pass of the Spruce Creek by the steep mountain side—precipices to the right—but thick woods and noble trees would catch the cars if they went off the rail; so we couldn’t fall far, and our pace upwards was not too swift, perhaps twelve or fifteen miles an hour. At one spot we came to a stand-still; overhung by a crag of most superb slates in such exuberance breaking themselves out, a few tons had just shot down across our way, and local navvies were clearing them off for us—a thousand tons, loosened, threatened us over head—this was an escape we were not a bit thankful for, but grumbled at the stoppage; for my part, I tried to calculate what such a hill of noble slate slabs would be worth at one of our artificial stone-yards on the New-road, Marylebone! but it was impossible. Near me sat a most pretty, precocious, independent young lady, who kept up a loud incessant gabble (going home from some large boarding-school, highly finished, with her brother) with a Pittsburg practitioner, just introduced. Good Heavens! what stuff did these two talk; but the only singular part of it was the scandal, of who and who were courting—who pretty and ugly—mixed with the grave disquisition of trite mundane things! Politics, and finally pills; where the brother ventured to cut in. The Pittsburg man, who was absurdly gallant (though a married man), being a great philosopher, declaring aloud, that it was essential to humbug his patients very often, and give them bread pills.

All this was really only remarkable from its crudeness, its excessive affectation, and in the girl, unbecoming forwardness and boldness.

We are always talking of American domestic manners; differing, after all, little from our own, except in this loud, bold, unbecoming affectation in all the *genteel* world of their cities. So, too, it already besets their country towns, and one is stunned by it, and made sick up the inclined planes of this grand ridge of “blue mountains!” Not the cold, the snow, these noble pines, these virgin solitudes, can stop it! We had arrived at the first engine-house; the locomotives taken off, and endless ropes winding up sharp inclines through these beautiful woods. Some of us got out, and walked along or ran up ahead, to get unnumbed. The doctor and the young lady, still talking for a wager—and for the amusement of a considerable circle round the stove.

I should observe, that long prior to this recent railway, a canal on our

track traversed this state to the west, and climbs these mountains not far from us on the opposite side of this pass, to Pittsburg.

These inclines (I think in all six engine-stations, three on each side) are very tedious. In the summer the ramble across on foot, no matter how slow (about a walking pace), would have been delightful; but now the cold was too great—we were forced back into the cars out of the cutting winds. At length we got down on the western side, and were once more taken on by the locomotive.

As in all mountain passes, fine dashing streams rise and rush down on both sides. So here we left the Spruce river on the east side, and the Loyalhanna on the west rushes under our crossing viaduct—a tributary to the Monongahela.

In a wild spot (Lockport?) on the western side, we at length came, towards sunset, to the provisional board-shed terminus, still forty miles short of Pittsburg; and here we all scrambled out, and scrambled into half a dozen four-horsed stages, drawn up waiting for us. It snowed at intervals, the cold intense, and I really pitied some of the women and children—bewildered at the “depot” among the baggage, and under the horses’ feet. All in confusion worse confused—everybody *sauve qui peut*, rushing to the stages, in or out of turn; the fear being, among the more knowing, that the lag-lasts would have to ride outside.

We all know what an American stage is! Inside or out, they are the most stupid, detestable contrivances ever imagined. Inside I thought I should have been frozen, though packed close on each other; they hold nine, but eleven got in, and the leathern curtains only mock you with the idea of warmth or shelter from the cutting blast. My teeth chattered, my limbs trembled; millions of deaths occur with ten times less suffering than that of this wretched purgatory of twenty-eight miles. As to our luggage, it might come on, or be pitched into the Loyalhanna, which was meandering somewhere about, getting frozen like ourselves. But what must have been the feelings (or no feelings) of the drivers, and a few stray unfortunates who had to sit outside during that abominable drive! The jolting, though enough to dislocate one’s limbs, was a kind of pleasure—and yet, oh! outside I could hear them laughing! pulling up at various wayside taverns for a dram—ay, it couldn’t be too strong! And the horses, always good and fast, tore us along with glee, thinking, poor things, of their stable and their corn. I’m not sure, but think the same set took us a full trot the whole distance.

I instinctively ran for it, and got into the last twelve mile rail-cars along the right bank of the Monongahela down to Pittsburg, where we arrived near midnight in a torpid state. But what I suffered from cold further down the Ohio this winter makes all this mild initiation a mere matter of moonshine. An hour in a fierce snow-storm, hunting out our bags and baggage, and a mile ride in an open omnibus, for twenty-five cents, to the Monongahela Hotel, was yet not the “deeper still” reserved for my crude inexperience—I was now a mummy, but I had yet to be unrolled.

Well, this large soot-begrimed (worse than London), black, brick town, was now clothed in a pure white frozen mantle; indeed, natives and passengers were equally astonished at this extreme and sudden severity. Stoves were red hot (coals are here just as at Newcastle, and the town is

a coarser Birmingham)—but, how ever resolve to mount the long cold corridors, and seek one's icy bedroom!—Well, all sufferings, great and small, have their pleasures—by the contrast of intermission. I was alive and lively next morning, and rambled about the town in the snow.

Pittsburg is in a most beautiful situation at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, on a flat peninsula, under the fine picturesque hills of the Monongahela on the east side; to the west, in Ohio, all is comparatively flat near the town, though distant hills appear; and, altogether, it is a charming country. Both these rivers are large, and navigable a long way upwards, and form at the point at the south end of the streets of the suburbs—the great Ohio. Large handsome bridges, on the iron suspension plan, cross both rivers to the centre of the town; while on the east side, on the Monongahela, some forty or fifty Ohio steamers lay at the wide sloping strand, with their noses on shore; no need of anchors, or particular wharves. Nor is the west side of the town without its boats on the Alleghany river.

The whole town is an iron one; up and down every street the largest warehouses are filled with thousands of iron-cast stoves of every possible form (and in execrable bad taste as to ornament), the pavements are encumbered by them, and pots, pans, boilers, ploughshares, and all the useful family of hardware is in coarse profusion—for as yet they have not come to the more delicate branches of knives, scissors, razors, and highly-polished things; but steel tools are excellent, and of handy forms and variety, exceeding our ingenuity—axes, chisels, hammers, saws, planes, vices, files, rabbets, &c., and I could have loaded myself with *varieties* and *improvements*, which our more stupid mechanics and tradesmen never have hit on yet! Those ingenious contrivances extend to farming implements, and useful novelties of other descriptions. Our hardware people should travel! so should our stupid tailors and shoemakers, whom I have watched not advancing one single step in forty years! Even in harness they beat us—in wood, in leather, in iron. In the purely ornamental they may sin against simplicity and good taste more than our tradesmen—but not much—while it is made up for by their practical, useful, handy, ingenious contrivances, which in England, from father to son, is never dreamt of!

Who but must be aware of this, crossing from the Boulvarts, or Rue de Rivoli, to Regent-street, or from Boston to Piccadilly? It is not what one may see shine in a few families among us—a few shops, a few things, very exquisite in their way—but what is diffused throughout the land, and in everybody's hands, making the million intelligent!

I was very proud of our superb show at our half of our World's Fair; but china, plate, glass, jewellery, pianos, silks, and ten thousand superfluous elegancies in which the French rival us (often beat us), should not set aside the more valuable and *useful*! in things of daily use, that we want every minute; we, too, who pride ourselves on the practical and useful!

Pittsburg is already a large and populous city, of an immense trade in iron, doing business on a great scale, full of foundries (many on the opposite shore, under the steep hills), casting and manufacturing steam-boat boilers, funnels, and machinery, for all the thousands of steam-boats on all these great western waters (the other chief manufactories being at

Wheeling, Louisville, and Cincinnati), the demand increasing every year. Perhaps this one branch (and mill cog-wheels) may be considered as of the most consequence; and it is brought to great perfection in high-pressure engines, with which all the boats are fitted—open on the main deck, the great cabin fore and aft variously divided in saloons, state cabins, &c., being supported before the paddle-boxes on stanchions—all open on deck—the centre up to the axle of the wheels occupied by the furnaces, boilers, cylinders, and pistons, which work horizontally (nearly), with double-hinged arms, direct to the axle behind the boilers, which, ranged in pairs, of cylinder-shape, too, of perhaps seven feet diameter, and twenty-five feet length, are placed horizontally on a brickwork platform on the deck.

All the boats have two great funnels over the fire-grates. Coal (which is in the cheapest abundance, cropping out in many spots along the Ohio, and requiring hardly more labour to get at than a common stone quarry at the water-side) is burned all down the river, and would be continued, as much the better fuel and more economical, up and down the Mississippi, but that they cannot afford to take up so much of their freight with it, having other deck cargo; and even on the Ohio, rather put in at various coal depôts as they come up and down, than encumber their decks with it too much at a time.

These immense boats draw astonishingly little water—loaded to the “guards,” that is almost level with the deck itself, only from four to five feet—with perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand tons, and towering on the water twenty feet high, perhaps sixty broad, and two hundred feet long. All carry passengers as well as cargo. Their tables, saloons, servants, state cabins, &c., are much in the same way as on the eastern sea-board.

One of these fine boats, ready to start, I watched from the parlour-window of the hotel, sorely perplexed whether to go on board at once, or run the risk of the river closing entirely by remaining a day longer; for already I saw, when on the north side of the town, the Alleghany river filled with floating ice, though the Monongahela (the larger, and coming from the south) was as yet free; indeed, the thing was so very rare that nobody would believe the river below could be closed; however, the intense cold ought to have made them suspect it; besides, at hotels they are never anxious to get you away, so I suffered this boat, the mail, to depart, not without doubts as to the morrow, which certain recollected sage maxims reinforced very uncomfortably.

In ordinary weather many boats come and go every day, and there is no sort of difficulty about a passage; in such weather, still snowing, and freezing great guns, walking about was not pleasant, and to observe minutely, difficult. The entrance of a canal in the north-east suburb, and its locks, gates, &c., in ruins, might be traced to railroads casting their shadows before (for us English-Pennsylvania stockholders!), and beyond them, on the more elevated banks, I could see where all the town came from, in the still busy and extensive brick-yards, kilns, &c.

There is not an essential thing that nature has not provided them with here in a rich abundance on the spot. Thus do the Americans everywhere start with unheard-of advantages, and all the painfully, expensively, and slowly acquired knowledge of England and of Europe. If I

wonder at all, I begin to wonder rather at the many faults, evils, and ignorances they have perpetuated among themselves, with no possible good reason or excuse. But I must be off; it is too cold to moralise; and, the boat is about to start (next day), the ice floes and flakes increased, so that the report comes that great difficulty is found in ascending the river from below at all; and when we got below the town, fairly in the Ohio, we found it full of ice grating harshly at our sides, and, though not yet packed much, looking rather ominous; far as the eye could catch down the reaches, a devious serpentine course starting for the first sixty miles in a north-west direction, wandering away from the point we aim at—the south and Cincinnati—which is, by the river, distant five hundred miles, but, as the crow flies, only about three hundred. The current running three or four miles an hour, and our speed, in spite of having to cut through the thickening detached ice, about ten miles.

The boat's stem is iron-shod, with plates of iron to guard the bows, and yet there is some danger of the ice cutting through! The captain, a good-natured, jolly fellow, with a very red face, has a hard time of it; up night and day, though he has a pilot; for the river has many shoals in the middle, near the shores, and often shifting, so that it requires all their intimacy with every reach, every landmark, and turn (when one bank has to be crossed over to or left), to avoid grounding.

The excessive severity of the cold, felt more and more away from any shelter, makes keeping the deck a duty only possible to strong men inured to a very rough life.

The roughest Kentuckians and severe 'Kansas colts on board couldn't stand it, even for a walk on the roof-deck, or round the guards, but kept snug in the fore smoking-cabin round the red-hot stove; the windows in front crowded by those who preferred looking down the river.

This fore cabin is directly over the boilers, and I confess I never felt quite easy there, though I got pretty well hardened to it before I got down to New Orleans. When there is a blow up, it is this fore part and its contents that suffers; the saloon more behind, particularly the ladies' end at the stern, almost always escaping; but, in spite of the terrific accounts which often reach us in England of these blowings up, it is remarkable how little notice or fear it creates among those who are used to it. They never seem to give it a thought; to enjoy their cigars, two-thirds of the men were constantly crammed over this crater of their floating Vesuvius, some never stirring night or day, except to eat and visit the *barber's shop*, for ten and twenty-five cent drams at the bar, or have their beards trimmed. In this "shop" all the men wash of a morning, gratis; two or three basins and a jack-towel or two serves excellently well for seventy or a hundred—but there all luxury ends unpaid for, extra. Fast gents get their boots polished at the rate of ten cents the pair, which, too, is the expected fee for lifting your portmanteau into your particular state room when put on board, and again when put out on deck; in short, all down to the south, and along the slave margin, a copper cent is never touched or heard of; nothing less, for the least thing, than silver—the fivepenny-bit or piccayune, and the dime or ten cent piece; even in the markets the cheapest vegetables, &c., are put into *piccayune* or *dime* tiny heaps or bunches. If a beggar should accost you (and such things are, though rare), you cannot offer less than silver,

and you may make it the Irish "timpenny, good luck to you," without being thought at all too generous. In all my long journey I found no use whatever for a few loose cents I happened to have about me when I left Philadelphia, so I threw them into my trunk to await my return to the northern states; indeed, I felt ashamed of them, though a handsome coin, and had some horrid thoughts of committing them to the deep in the Mississippi, slyly at night; for the bare possession of them (unless I could have pretended as a curiosity, and passed myself off as a curious virtuoso and numismatic philosopher) implied danger of losing caste; most especially with all the Uncle Toms.

Our meals were included in our very moderate fare (six dollars to Cincinnati); but after dinner, and after our iced muddy water (no wine or beer by any chance whatever, or any kind of spirit out of the barber's shop and bar), the darky waiters brought us indifferent apples, for private amusement, at a picayune a piece.

By day, and round the saloon stoves, even with the thermometer at zero, we did pretty well; but the nights were one long waking spell of freezing misery, the icy blast whistling through in a thorough draught—it rivalled the intense suffering in the stage. Meantime, as we literally ploughed our way down, the ice grew more and more solid, in some places closing across the river, and then came a tremendous grinding as we bored through it, the wheels sending great blocks and masses of the ice on the guard at the opening behind the paddle-boxes, mixed with logs, limbs, and roots of trees, which had to be cleared off every now and then. I more than once wondered such logs, and such thick, ponderous pieces of ice, did not break the wheels to pieces.

We stopped at several towns going along, to land or take off passengers. It is wonderful how handy these boats are, and how well handled. Taking the requisite sweep of the river, they round to, and gently put their bows to the clay bank, when a thick plank is put out, people go and come, and we are off. In this way we got coal on board, the second night, at an active, increasing place, and great coaling dépot in Ohio, Pomeroy. Here we met the *Pittsburg*, fellow-steamer, coaling, too, on her way up, giving us no great hopes of reaching Cincinnati—and her chances of reaching Pittsburg were still more slender; in fact, she didn't—frozen in fast, fifty miles below it.

Ours was a capital boat, the *Keystone State*, Captain Stone, a clever fellow, and, as I have said, wide awake, freezing on the roof at the wheel-house night and day, or we should have been caught, the thermometer seven degrees below zero, out of the wind. But I anticipate, Pomeroy being about half-way, and opposite Kentucky. Both banks are studded all the way down with thriving towns and villages, all interesting enough in their abrupt history.

But what I most regretted was, not seeing this noble river, its beautiful banks and woods in all their charms, at any season but this. All is now one monotonous white; not a leaf; the few houses and farms hardly discernible; not a thing moving; the cattle all under cover, and man at his fireside. But what can stop a Yankee pedlar, and his two-horse light waggon?—and lo! we saw one creeping along a track through a wood, on his way to the various out-of-sight farms and villages.

Charming conical wooded hills skirt the Ohio its whole length—the

state of Ohio on the right, and Virginia on the left; succeeding Pennsylvania on the bend where the river, in its tortuous vagaries, turns once more to the south.

We pass under a curiously bold iron suspension-bridge at Wheeling, where the Virginia bank is much higher than on the Ohio side; so, to avoid trouble and expense, the bridge is made slanting—"diagonal," descending into Ohio state, and meant to allow of the tallest steamer funnels to pass under close to the Virginian side. It was a very close shave with us, and is still too low for some of the larger boats. There is some grumbling about this mistake. "The long and the short of it is," says the skipper, "they must cut their funnels shorter." Of course, the bridge looks very ugly, but is, I suppose, as good as if on a level; but the 'cute architect surely forgot about the rising and falling of the river many feet! and only calculated the frequency of the boats being forced to get new funnels—they are so soon burnt out! Apropos, the expense of these boats in this cheap country is enormous; a medium-sized one from Pittsburg to New Orleans (and I am not sure if back again) costs her owner in wages, wear and tear, coals and wood, wharf dues, &c., five thousand dollars! One may judge how profitable the freights must be to make anything out of it, reckoning passengers and all, numerous as they always are.

Kentucky (looking, I often think, more inviting than the Ohio side) succeeds Virginia on our left, all the rest of the way to Cincinnati, which city we reached, happily, on the third day at noon; and well we might be glad of it, for the last twenty-four hours our boat has been often cutting through the solid ice, hard enough to have borne a horse, often obliging us to ease the engine, to back, to manoeuvre, and go at it again, at the risk of cutting through the bows entirely, for they were found very near it! half the wheel floats broken, and the boat much damaged along the water-line: in a word, we had not long taken our place among the other steamers at the strand in front of the city, before the whole were frozen in immovable; but not before one or two of the outsiders were crushed.

After all we have heard of this famous western city, I am utterly disappointed in itself, and in its looks, from the river. But it is too excessively cold to look at anything; a few hack carriages trotted down, and I jumped into one, as the shortest way to find a hotel and shelter of some kind. I really thought my fingers and toes would be frozen before we got to the Broadway Hotel close by, in the Broadway-street. Never was anything more dismal: the sun shining brilliantly, not a cloud, and not a soul in the streets—indeed, for a day or two, nobody went out of doors not forced to, and then at a full run. All the hotels and boarding-houses full of travellers, unable to get either up or down, particularly, it was said, great numbers of gamblers and scamping loafers, who make a good thing of going up and down these rivers in the steam-boats. Thus pent up here, and rendered desperate by their honest expenses, they were spoken of as very unwelcome customers; and not a few of them, if one might judge by their queer exteriors, had taken up their quarters at this same hotel; but as I never play cards, and don't mean to walk out at night, nor day either, with the thermometer below zero ten or twelve degrees, I need care nothing about them. Still there was the universal



printed caution on my door about keeping one's bedroom door locked, and nobody accountable for robberies.

The usual discomforts of American hotels are nothing in summer, but here I have them in full force. I should much prefer a stable, even without straw (and with a stove), to the sitting-room in this hotel; one of the best here, and only second to Burnet's, which is an immense pile, but in an out-of-the-way street, while this is in the centre of all the stir and fashion of the town, and pretty close to the river—but, indeed, the stove is surrounded by a rough lot, with all their amenities and damp accompaniments. To read, or write, or converse, all equally impossible, so I walk from one room to another, look in at the barber's and bar-room, and out at the windows; a desperate Kentuckian rides daringly down the street, and some boys have established a slide on the pavement.

Cincinnati is considered the queen of the Ohio, the wonder of the American medium western world, and it is a large brick-built city, of a hundred and sixty thousand souls, not badly placed below some nice hills on an elevated flat, where the river (here, and all along, about half a mile wide) makes a bold bend opposite the Licking river, in Kentucky, which has its large town of Covington on one side, and Newton on the other, skirted by very picturesque wooded hills behind them; I think it much the prettiest side of the two, for the city people here won't let their nearest hills alone, but are cutting into them, roads, levels, brick-yards, &c., so that already they are ugly in bare clay and earth faces, and their fine woods already cut down.

The streets are wide, but except this Broadway, not wide enough, and crossed, as usual, at right angles; a canal, which runs up the valley of Mill Creek, skirts the northern suburb, the locks opening on the river.

There are a good many handsome churches, meeting-houses, halls, hotels, assembly-rooms, asylums, and other public buildings, including a theatre; some of the private houses are very handsome, and all are on a large scale, and at high rents, with the usual proportion of frame-houses at the extremities of the older streets, which are planted with trees (the plane-tree, horse-chesnut, locust, and maple). In the suburbs are a good many manufactories, and the smoke as dense nearly as in London; some, however, shut up, others in ruins; showing a constant change even in comparatively recent speculations. In Third-street, and near the Broadway, I saw what was Mrs. Trollope's bazaar (always a failure); it has been long since occupied as an occasional lecture-room, and divided off into an apothecary's shop, and other stores. The façade is still comparatively handsome, in the modern Gothic, in spite of the immense brick buildings, as hotels and stores, which have since sprung up each side of it. She left it, I dare say, the largest building in the street; but even Mrs. Trollope is forgotten—few recollect who built it, or for what purpose; and no attempt at a bazaar succeeded it.

This is the season of balls. The Firemen and Germans are advertising *à l'envi*. Other amusements seem scarce, even when the weather relaxes a little. The town is badly lit; and even the men are afraid to go out at night, except in parties and armed. Several citizens are mentioned in the papers as missing most mysteriously!

Our evening lounge for idlers (and the whole town is now forced to be idle) is the evening auction marts, where every conceivable thing is sold—if it comes up to the price expected! Books, pictures for farmers and log-houses, clothing, &c. I do not go, nor to the theatre. Shut up in this way one finds some other amusement. The place is full of French bag's-men, or adventurers, up from New Orleans, or down fresh from Paris. Here is one who has been here some time with a venture of pictures for this market; but they won't sell, and he is forced to try it on by the hammer. Every night when he returns from the sale he is loud in bad English, interlarded with French, against "Dis stupide peoples, good for nutting but make de pig and de dollare! dis sacré Porkopolis! Vell, sare, nevare was some peoples like dis stupide! what is, but canaille!"

Some one sily said :

"Do you go armed, mounseer? there's a lot of queer chaps about; they might upset you, and borrow your porte monnoie!"

At this the Frenchman looked fierce.

"Vat is upset? Sall borrou. I nevare am fraid of chap yet, brigand! I sall knock him wid dis poignard!"

"Ay, but what if five or six trip up your heels?"

"My heel! Ah! let come five, six—I knock him all, au diable; sacré canaille!"

On the third day, now near Christmas, the streets begin to show some signs of life, as the wind is less fierce. I walked down to the strand or water-side, where all the river steamers lay touching the shore. There are no stone or planked wharves, or slips of any kind, at any of the Ohio or Mississippi towns—they are unnecessary.

I counted about thirty-five of these great steamers, all frozen in as fast as if set in so much granite; one was broken in two, and several more or less damaged by the surging of the drifting blocks of ice before they finally closed completely across; under this rugged mass (not unlike the Alpine glaciers) the river rushes on its way, eager to dash the superincumbent stratum into fragments once more, on the first symptoms of a thaw. Thousands of people are already on the ice, waggons, carts, trucks, and men on horseback, crossing to Covington and Kentucky, all the more eagerly on business, as everything has been suspended between the two shores, and there is generally an active intercourse between the towns.

I, too, walked over to Kentucky among the crowd, the sun shining brightly; and meant to have looked at Covington (a town of three or four thousand inhabitants, called a city), and I might have crossed the ice at the mouth of the Licking river, where three or four steamers were frozen in, and had a closer look at Newton, a smaller town, with a good many steam-forges, foundries, and manufactories, but I found the cold too much for me; and everything six inches deep in snow was not at all inviting for an excursion, so I turned about, and retraced my steps over the rugged river, forced up into all sorts of irregular fantastic hummocks and ridges, marking the process of the whirling flocs uniting, after being previously forced upon each other.

Two or three huts and liquor-shops were quickly set up on the river as houses of call, where they had stoves to warm the fingers of their cus-

tomers; for a few moments I watched various horsemen coaxing their horses down the banks, and across the ugly ice-barriers, or slippery open intervals; other parties with loads of provisions on sledges; others with carts and waggons, loaded in various ways, drawn by mules, and forced over blocks of ice and holes, enough to break their sledge-runners or the legs of their animals; but they stopped at nothing, as if their very lives depended on getting their load across.

This excited and desperate exertion on emergencies, I think it is, which is so remarkable—far beyond our own sleepy hired capability; certainly brought more constantly into play all over America. They *will* have no difficulties, or instantly some new energetic mode of getting over them. In this way one Kentuckian had a long contention with his horse, which over and over refused to enter the ice. I should have alighted, and led him on, but he persisted, and finally rode him on over a very ugly place, where some of the ice had been broken at the edge; certainly at the risk, had the horse slipped, of breaking his own neck.

The whole scene, though comfortless and desolate enough, looking up the river on both sides, the hills, trees, steamers, the city itself, and all the country round, clothed in one dazzling white, had a novelty and grandeur in it sufficiently interesting, had I not been so very cold; so I regained the streets, along the sunny side of the shops and warehouses, which face the strand.

This same wide strand is paved, and on ordinary occasions is full of barrels, boxes, cases, carts, and long-bodied drays expressly for carrying flour barrels, hackney coaches, and crowds of people; with a constant loading and unloading of the numerous steamers, arrivals and departures. Even now it is lively enough, for half the town are out to see or go on the river.

All the stores on this river face have a second-hand, slop appearance, or of a low peddling order, set out in glass cases; a great mixture of the gaudy and superfluous in the watch and trinket way (French wares); or, if useful, in clothing, tools, fire-arms (very much after the fashion of Peter Pindar's razors), said to be cheap, and sure to be good for nothing; with bold touters at each shop-door ready to pounce on their victims; should he venture to look at anything. This excessive attention is perhaps sharpened by the cold, and consequent slackness of trade. But in all the hotels and stores one hears nothing but this lament over the slackness of trade. Here the great staples are in hog's flesh (thence "Porkopolis"), flour, and whisky. In the upper part of the town, near the canal, are several immense pork-killing and curing establishments; half a million unfortunate pigs are killed here in the year! salted, packed in barrels, and exported; and Covington, opposite, shares in this thriving trade. Here the streets are full of fat pigs, and fat rats. Apropos—I more than once amused myself watching these sagacious creatures in a back yard, under my window, where an Irish girl regularly fed some fowls on potatoes, &c. The chief rat village here was under a pile of wood; as soon as the cocks and hens were busy eating, first one would run out and reconnoitre, run back, then out would come a dozen, and watch their chance under the legs of the poultry, while their backs were turned run off with the largest bit; every now and then the fowls would chase them back under cover, but they still returned while a morsel

remained. No noises seemed in the least to frighten them, or even the presence of the Irish girl, as she was quite expected and very constantly looked for by both parties. The fowls seemed only to resent their meal being thus stolen, but no sort of surprise or panic at the intruders. One old cock seemed to watch the most bold of the rats as they advanced, as if from the corner of his eye, then make a bolt after the most daring, but he never could get a peck at them; on which he would return from the chase with a dignified air, as much as to say, "You come that again, that's all!"

During the few days I remained, I saw an immense number of waggons loaded with dead hogs, stiff, piled and loaded like wood, ready to be cut up, taking to the salting warehouses. They say now, that the two railways here already interfere with this monopoly of pork, by running off the pigs alive to other markets. I cannot understand it; but when were men ever content!

The quantity of whisky and fine wheat flour collected here, too, is enormous; transhipped up and down the river, and to the sea-board cities. The houses in Broadway, in Walnut, Main, and Sycamore-streets (and fashionable Forth-street), are many of them very handsome; all are well built, but the streets are very dirty and badly paved; the shops not so good or so well arranged as one might expect to see in so large a place, but there is a general air of careless neglect in everything which meets the eye, as to public arrangements; and I am told the police is a mere mockery. Like so many other American cities, the mayor and municipality, chosen from the favourites of the citizen mob, are afraid to make stringent or wholesome regulations; or, if made, to enforce them! Their own daily papers are full of complaints of the authorities. People are afraid to be out much, or late, alone or unarmed. The other day a man was killed (it is concluded) near the water, dragged off stunned and bleeding; his son, a boy who was with him when attacked, ran off and called the watch—about as efficient as our old Charleys—but the assassins got clear off, and the body is not found—a hole in the ice reveals nothing. Other cases have since occurred of citizens missed most unaccountably, supposed by foul play, but there is no stir or inquiry about the matter. Gangs of desperadoes set themselves above the law, and the indifferent, independent constables don't trouble themselves about their duty, or dare not do it. Added to this, the inhabitants complain of the turbulent spirit of the associated firemen, who hang together, behave rudely, and set people at defiance; for all these evils there seems no remedy, till it becomes worse, more intolerable, when the volunteers, or militia, must be called out.

There are a great many Germans and Irish here, chiefly inhabiting the north and east suburbs beyond the canal; lots of French adventurers; some few shopkeepers in jewellery, pendules, and daubs of pictures; with the usual auctions going on at the auction stores, of books, prints, clothes—indeed, all sorts of things useful or ornamental from Europe, thrown on a forced sale, by hundreds of speculators and bankrupts. These sales are the only amusement to help the theatre, which is just now well filled by a piece full of strong points and horrors—"The Seven Passions." But, on the whole, it would be unfair to judge of this city, or the country at this moment, when everything appears to a disadvantage. One day be-

fore the river broke up, on a partial thaw, I walked to the south-west suburb across Mill Creek (which meanders through a nice valley); all the suburbs are quite in the rough, in frame-houses, deep roads, and empty lots; a large foundry on the river bank here is in ruins. The Northern Railway station is in this quarter, and is large and handsome. This rail crosses a branch of the canal and the creek, and runs up the valley to Columbus, the capital of the state. The other railway, to the little Miami valley, is on the north shore suburb, called Fulton, where there are several steam-engine factories and coal depôts, and where a fine new steamer, the *James Robb*, was fitting. All the ladies' cabins have a Cupid over the door, "quite significant," say the papers. Apropos of their immense boats drawing so little water, another paper says: "The new steamer, *Major A. Harris*, with her engines on board, draws but ten inches water. Low water will never give her much trouble."\*

Some of these notices are startling. Thus: "Great complaints are made in various parts of the city in regard to clothes hung out on lines (to dry) being stolen. What next."

Again, apropos of the river: "It is calculated that twenty thousand people crossed the river forth and back during Sunday. Guides charged two dollars and a half to show horses the way across the river, and four dollars for a horse and gig. This beats the boots off the 'Skinners' at Niagara."

Again: "John Hunt, the prince of apple-buttermen, is boiling over two thousand pounds of mincemeat for the holidays."

Of balls: "Some fifteen or twenty Christmas balls are advertised in the German papers. Whew! what a time there will be! an empire of grindstones in a crazy whirl will be nothing to it."

One would not expect to hear of destitute people here, but I extract from the papers again: "There are a hundred and fifty boys and girls at present in the house of refuge." Again: "The trustees' office continues to be the attractive place of distress; the little room was crowded throughout yesterday with the poor and destitute, asking relief of the city." To be sure, there is no such thing as a beggar by trade, nor have I been accosted by any one of the poor half-starved looking creatures one meets occasionally in rags; but whole suburbs seem in poverty, and yet the smallest service, or any job, must be paid for exorbitantly. Often they will not be at the trouble of calling for it, if promised; it must be taken to them, and then very badly done. But I must break off abruptly for want of room to say more now. I will glance at one or two things characteristic of the place when the river opens, and as I leave this queen city of the West; where sixty years ago there was not a single hut or wigwam even of the Indians; then a dense forest and a silent shore.

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\* This means light, and not a very large boat; but the great *breadth*, and the *flatness of floor*, gives this excellent quality; it pervades all American-built vessels; giving swiftness, buoyancy, and stability.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## A FEW SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS RECENTLY REVEALED TO MR. JOLLY GREEN, M.P.

It will, I am sure, be in the recollection of the House—I mean, of the Public—that when I last addressed them it was in the flush of victory on the well-fought field of Muffborough, when I beat my antagonist by the triumphant majority of ONE!

You, Sir—I should say, the Public (it is so difficult to avoid, even in writing, the forensic style to which I have latterly been accustomed)—will also remember that, in the heat of that struggle, accusations were preferred by the opposite faction to the effect that intimidation and even bribery had been resorted to, to secure my election.

It is, I trust, unnecessary for me to state that I availed myself of every opportunity—as the columns of the *Muffborough Gazette* will testify—to hurl back the foul calumny with indignant scorn, while at the same time I challenged the strictest scrutiny into my own conduct, and that of the party with whom I had the honour of acting. Nevertheless, such is the mania—I may say, the epidemic—which prevails with respect to the elections of 1852, that a petition has actually been got up against my return, the prime mover in the dark conspiracy being, of course, the malignant editor of the *Muffborough Scorpion*, who has never ceased to assail me—and I thank him for it—with the bitterest hostility.

I was naturally desirous that the charge against me should be investigated at the earliest possible moment, being quite of opinion with Don Caesar de Bazan, whose wife was suspected of high treason, that a lie is serviceable to a cause if it be allowed to circulate for only five minutes; but as there were two hundred and fifty similar petitions before the House of Commons, which, with five on each committee, would require a force of twelve hundred and fifty members, and the gross amount of parliamentary wisdom—including the Speaker and myself—being only six hundred and fifty-eight, it followed that at least one-half of these charges must be disposed of before any fresh ones could be entered into. It might have been expected that my wishes would at once have been acceded to by Ministers; but as the order of investigation was left to the chances of the ballot, it happens that no committee has yet been struck in the case of Muffborough, though I have every reason to expect—when one-half of the House has done trying the other, and the first half has, as King Lear says, “Gone down the middle and up again, poussette, and changed sides,” and—been tried in its turn—that it will shortly come on.

Boldly as I can stand the brunt of a direct assault, I am free to confess, and you, Sir, will correct me if I am out of order, that a state of suspense is the only thing before which my constancy quails and my faculties succumb. Bind me to the breech of a red-hot cannon and blow me into countless shivers, and I will stand the shock; but torture me not by the delay of flashing in the pan. “The blackbeetle’s death,” as

Shakespeare says, "is most in apprehension," and "if I am to be killed," as the gallant Acres observed, when he was defending the Syrian city which bears his name, at the time when it was besieged by Sir Philip Sidney, "let it be when my back is turned, and I know nothing about it!"

I acknowledge then, that ever since this election petition has been in abeyance, my mind has been ill at ease; and, though my noble friend on the cross benches, and the right hon. gentleman opposite—that is to say, two very influential and experienced members—assure me that I had nothing to fear from the inquiry, I have not been able to settle down to my usual occupations, being constantly goaded by the desire to learn the issue beforehand. It was in vain that I turned to the eloquent pages of Hansard and busied myself in the profundities of "blue books;" the wild huntsman, as Homer says, still rode behind me, "darkening my prospects, shadowing my brow."

While I was thus a prey to uncertainty, though I felt confident that I should come off with drums beating, colours flying, and all the horrors of war, I happened one morning, quite accidentally—for, of course, I never read anything now but the debates—to glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, where I stumbled upon something that immediately arrested my attention. It ran as follows:

"**SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.**—Professor Madison P. Honey-Fogle of Truthville, La., U. S., has the honour to announce that the celebrated Medium, Mrs. General Bunkum, is now located at No. 101 A, Doo-street, Manchester-square, where she continues to auspicate to private and confidential inquiry, the future being revealed upon infallible authority. At home from ten till four. Evening parties attended."

I was somewhat puzzled by the word "auspicate," but the latter part of the advertisement seemed plain enough. "The future" would be "revealed upon infallible authority!" Why, that was exactly what I wanted. The "inquiry," too, was announced as being "private and confidential," the very terms I employ myself on the outside of my official letters to my constituents. If I had devised the means of relief out of the workings of my own brain, they could scarcely have been more complete. There were, however, some points on which I wished for enlightenment. What was the nature, I asked, of these "spiritual manifestations?" In what shape did they present themselves,—how were they declared? All the ancient forms of incantation came at once before my mind. I fancied myself a second Aristotle, in steeple-crowned hat and robes of black velvet, in the midst of a circle of death's-heads and marrow-bones, with gibbering demons dancing wildly around me; in short, I painted some fearful pictures, and there is no knowing what my ardent fancy might not have imagined, when the door of my study opened, and in walked—not Dr. Faustus and the D—r—I, as I had anticipated—but my own private secretary, Lord William Mortimer.

"Green, my fine fellow," said he, in the free-and-easy manner which I permit on account of his rank, and my friendship for his father, the Duke of Smithfield—"Green, my boy, what's the matter with you to-day? You look as if you had been dividing with yourself and were in a minority."

This intellectual young patrician, whom I had selected from the aristocracy on account of his acuteness, had at once divined that I was

in a dilemma! I resolved to reward his intelligence with my whole confidence.

"William," I replied, paternally, for, being one of the Conscript Fathers of the State, I endeavour<sup>d</sup> to behave as like one as possible—"I am in a little difficulty at this moment. Perhaps you can explain to me the precise meaning of this advertisement?"—and I handed him the newspaper.

"Which is it?" said he; "'Beans—and—door-mat?' 'Fly-by-night wants the Anchor?' 'Achilles has got the lever?' our old friend, 'Slmpy?' our new one, 'Aleekephaleskepasteer?'—or what? I'll tell you, if I can."

"It's none of those, William—they, as you know, are private communications between Lord Palmerston and the Austrian government—the hon. member for Bloomsbury said so in his place in the House last night;—no, you must look lower down, there—in the fifth column—near the bottom: it begins, 'Spiritual'——"

"Ah! I see—oh, that! Don't you know what *that* is?"

"I should be glad to learn, my lord," I answered, rather distantly.

"Well, old fellow, don't get grumpy. You've heard of 'the rappings,' I suppose? No! Why, where *have* you been?"

"Been!" I exclaimed with energy. "At my legislative post. In the lobby, upon the benches, at the gangway, under the gallery, behind the Speaker's chair——"

"Well, you'd hear noise enough there, though not of this sort. The 'rappings' are the 'spiritual manifestations.' You want to know how your grandmother is, who has been dead these fifty years and more: you go to one of these Mediums, or Media, or whatever they call themselves, and somebody knocks under the table, and so you find out. That's what it means. Are you cognisant?"

"Why—yes—to a certain extent," I replied. "If I rightly apprehend the meaning of the noble lord," I continued, "the grandmothers—that is to say, the spirits—do *not* appear in person?"

"So I'm told," returned Lord William. "I've never been near these fellows myself."

"Should you mind going with me to Doo-street this afternoon?"

"Not in the least: rather good fun."

"Fun, William!" I exclaimed. "No, not fun; this is a serious matter."

"Well, fun or earnest, I'm your man. In the mean time, have you anything for me to do, because I want to go down to Tats?"

"You know," said I, "there's a committee sitting on the 'Horse Guards Crossing-Sweeper's Appointment Inquiry.' The Commander-in-Chief has written to offer his evidence, and I should like to be examined myself. Just write and say so; and—William—deliver the letter yourself to the chairman. You can take Tats afterwards, and be with me again about two. I have to read up a little for that question about the Adulteration of Toffy, which comes on to-night: it is a subject of the greatest importance to the rising generation."

Lord William, who is quite worth the 500*l.* a year which I give for his services, immediately carried out my instructions from a rough draught which I prepared, and then left me to my meditations.



It rarely happens, when I resolve to concentrate my energies on any particular subject, that other thoughts have power to distract my attention from the matter in hand; but, on this occasion, such was actually the case. After endeavouring, for some time, to arrange in a compact, tabular form (for the information of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who meditates an alteration in the Toffy duties), a *précis* of the various metropolitan establishments for the sale of that popular luxury—distinguishing the permanent from the ambulatory, and broadly marking the line of demarcation between hardbake and bull's-eyes—I finally threw down my pen and abandoned the interesting task.

I could think of nothing but the Spiritual Manifestations which I was so shortly to witness, and, however lightly Lord William Mortimer might have adverted to them, I felt that the question was an extremely serious one, and demanded the exercise of my subtlest mental faculties. The allusion which Lord William had made to my grandmother somewhat disturbed me. He was wrong in supposing that she had been dead upwards of fifty years. I have a very vivid, though not a very pleasant, recollection of her when I was about five years old; and the impression she has left upon my mind is that of a sharp, spare old lady, who was always asking me disagreeable questions, such as—How I got on with my book? What I did with my pocket-money?—in short, putting me into a fix whenever she could get hold of me. My grandmother, indeed, was the only person I was ever afraid of—I trust the avowal will be thought no disparagement to the manliness of my character—and if I were to grapple with her again, it was evident to me that the intellectual struggle would be a severe one. However, having resolved, like Macheath in Gay's tragedy, "to know, by the worst means, the worst," I braced myself up for the interview with a few glasses of particular Madeira, which produced quite a renovating effect, and by the time Lord William returned I was in a condition to face—I will not say the Demon himself, but—my aged relative, who, after all, did the handsome thing by me when she departed this life.

In order to be within call, in case of a sudden demand for my advice, I have found it necessary to take up my head-quarters considerably nearer "The House" than the villa I occupied before I entered Parliament. I have, therefore, handsomely furnished a suite of chambers in Pall Mall, and, the electric telegraph being laid on in my study, I can at any moment communicate my ideas to the different government offices and other public establishments: this arrangement would also enable me to attend at B—ck—ngh—m P—l—ce within ten minutes of being "sent for," in the event of a M—n—st—r—l crisis; an advantage which I need not point out to any one who recollects the time that was lost in finding a Pr—m—r when the late M—n—st—y resigned. I think it desirable to mention the change in my locality, that all the world may see how ready I am to meet any emergency that may arise.

"We will take this thing quietly, William," said I, as soon as my noble private secretary made his appearance, "and go *incog*."

"In a cab?" he inquired.

"We can take one off the first stand we come to," I replied; "it will excite less suspicion."

We accordingly let ourselves out as privately as possible, and were round the corner into St. James's-square before any of the lynx-eyed

lounge at the Carlton or the Reform could get a glimpse of our movements. In Jermyn-street I hailed a Hansom, and in less than ten minutes we were deposited at the north-west angle of Manchester-square. The trail being now—owing to my diplomacy—completely cut off, we proceeded leisurely to look out for Doo-street, which my topographical knowledge enabled me very soon to discover. No. 101 A was a corner house, of not very imposing aspect exteriorly, but there was no reason for complaint on that score when we got inside. A slipshod girl, whose face and hands denoted a recent visit to the coal-cellar, answered the door, and, in reply to my inquiry for “Mrs. General Bunkum,” professed that she didn’t know, but perhaps I’d give my name.

“That,” I said, “wasn’t necessary, as the lady didn’t know me; what I wished to be informed of was, did Mrs. General Bunkum receive company?”

“She doesn’t have no seeings now,” returned the girl, “since the papers won’t put in the perticklers in the advertisements.”

I turned to Lord William with a smile.

“This girl,” said I, in an under tone, “has not had a Parisian education,—you hear what she calls a ‘séance?’”

“But,” I resumed, addressing the young woman, “your mistress holds consultations?”

“Taint my missis,” said the girl, shortly. “My missis’s name is——”

“What are you chattering about there, Jane?” said some one from behind; and an elderly female, in curls and a variegated gown, came out of the back parlour.

“A gentleman wants to know,” said Jane, giving a swing to her left hand, which held a dustpan, partially shrouded by a corner of her apron—“wants to know, mum, if Mrs. General’s at home.”

“Then why don’t you go and see,” retorted the mistress, “instead of standing talking there. Put down that dustpan—aint I always a telling of you not to take the utensils to the front door?”

The girl jerked the implement along the passage and bounced up-stairs, while the landlady begged of us to step in.

“It’s about the time, I know,” she began, “that the lady generally is vizzerble, and——”

“Please to walk up,” called out the girl, putting her head over the balusters, and then running down the stairs; where we met her, “on the first floor front,” she continued, breathlessly, adding in a whisper, as I slid a half-crown into her grimy hand, “missis is sich an old wixen!”

To judge by the landlady’s countenance, this seemed likely enough; however, as neither myself nor Lord William had come out to study the physiology of lodging-house keepers, we left Jane and her mistress to settle the question after their own fashion, and ascended in search of my destiny.

I tapped at the door which the maid had indicated, and a voice, in nasal tones, desired us to “Come in.” We did so, and beheld the speaker, a tall, spare, wiry-looking man, with a sallow skin, and long, straggling black hair, who was standing near a window, engaged with his penknife in shaping a toothpick.

“Your business, strangers,” said this gentleman, looking up for a

moment from his occupation, and then resuming it with an energy that threatened speedily to demolish the whole quill.

"I think," returned I, "if my intellect has not deceived me, that I am speaking to Mr. Fogle?"

"Madison P. Honey-Fogle, if *you* please, of Truthville, Looeasyany, citizenised for a time in British London. Your commands."

"We came," I pursued, still taking the lead in the conversation—"we came to have an interview with—a—with Mrs. General Bunkum, on a—a—spiritual subject."

"You wish for a manifestation, I reckon," said Mr. Fogle, drawing nearer; "well, 'taint impossible that *may* eventuate; mind, I'm not a Medium myself. If you think that, you're barking up the wrong tree. I'm a medical *Pro-fessor now*; *have* been a judge in the *Soo-preme* Court of Bushville, Ohio; *was* skipper of a clipper 'tween Nantucket and Pint Racoon; voted *on* the Pearce ticket last election; and having realised a smartish retriracy, my mind has centralised itself *on* spiritual *phee-nomena*."

I told him I was glad to hear it.

"You may be, stranger," replied Mr. Fogle. "Pray set."

Here he pointed to chairs, for we had hitherto been standing; and then, leaning against a table, he went on whittling his quill and talking.

"Yes," he continued, "I've studied this question pretty considerable. Nothing's above my bend that I know of when I once allot upon getting the better of it. I warn't disposed to fix it nohow when first the cry was raised in the Union about spiritual manifestations. 'Twarn't no use to tell me; I unbelieved it, I did. But, stranger, there *is* conviction, and home it come to my buzzom when Mrs. General Bunkum lit up my darkness. She *is* a Medium, clear grit: if she don't cap the climax, I'm a coon."

I had never been in the society of an American orator before, and the language of Congress was consequently new to me, but I inferred, with my usual sagacity, that the Professor was giving a high character both of himself and the fair Medium, and my expectations were proportionably raised.

"Is the lady disengaged?" I asked.

"Well, she perhaps is," replied the Professor. "Do you elect for single sights, or *air* you prepared to unify?"

I did not quite understand the question, and turned to my private secretary for assistance.

"He means, I believe," said Lord William, "do we want to see her alone or together."

"That's an Almighty fact," observed the Professor, whose ears seemed to be uncommonly quick.

As I hesitated for an instant before I replied, the Professor struck in:

"'Twon't make no difference as to pay; one's the same as two—five dollars a head, that's to say a guinea each, under five persons, when terms according to number."

I waved my hand, as much as to say that the amount was no consideration, and signified that my noble friend and myself would not part company, at the same time putting down the sum required. The Professor shut up his penknife, stretched out his long, bony hand, and swept

the coin off the table into the pocket of his trousers with a rapidity which showed he was accustomed to feats of legerdemain—a very necessary accomplishment for one who handles the scalpel. He then gave us a nod, and disappeared into the back room, closing the door behind him. “That’s a splendid fellow,” said Lord William, gravely, as soon as he was gone.

“Do you think so?” returned I. “Well, I’m glad to have your opinion, for, do you know, I was a little in doubt about him.”

“The deuce you were!” he replied. “Why, the very first word he uttered satisfied me that—— Stay, here he is again;” and Lord William, instead of completing the sentence, hummed an air from Ariosto, while I turned towards the re-opened door, where stood the Professor, inviting us to enter. We rose, therefore, and followed him into the inner room, without further remark.

The apartment was not so large as that which we had quitted, and there being only one window, the blind and curtain of which were partially drawn, a fine effect of *chiar’oscuro* was produced, which prevented me at first from defining the interior; but as my eyes became accustomed to the change, I began to single out the objects. In the middle of the room was a large, round, rosewood table, without any cover, and upon it there were placed a caraffe of water and two tumblers, a blotting-book which appeared quite unsoiled, an inkstand holding pens, &c., several sheets of paper, a black-lead pencil, and the letters of the alphabet, printed on one long strip, as well as a row of numbers. At the table, with her back to the light, such as there was, was seated a lady of rather large dimensions, with a glowing complexion, and dark hair sweeping in broad *bandeaux* over her ivory forehead. She was handsome, though no longer in the bloom of *la première jeunesse*, and had an air of self-collected *embonpoint* which denoted a highly-gifted mind. Without rising from her chair, the lady—who, it is scarcely necessary to say, was Mrs. General Bunkum—bowed in a dignified manner as we entered, and motioned us to take our places at opposite sides of the table. The Professor declined following our example, saying that he “preferred his legs, except at meals and when he went to bed.”

There was silence for a few moments while Lord William and I looked alternately at each other and round the apartment, which had more looking-glasses in it than one commonly finds in a London lodging-house. I made an acute mental memorandum, as I noticed this fact, that, in spite of being a spiritual medium, Mrs. General Bunkum was apparently not altogether free from the vanity of her sex. At length, when the silence was becoming somewhat oppressive, the lady spoke.

“‘Man,’” said Mrs. General Bunkum, in a measured tone of voice, as if she were rather communing with the unseen world than directing her observations to those around her—“‘man has warnings of all, but he pays no attention to them; in fact, all is in our atmosphere, the secret is to know how to read in it’ This,” continued the lady, “is the profound remark of the great philosopher, Saint-Martin, and the wider our spiritual experience expands, the more do we recognise its truth.”

I had never met with the name of this Saint in my copy of Voltaire’s “Philosophical Dictionary,” where I should naturally have expected to find it; but I concluded, from his being cited as a great authority, that

he must be the celebrated personage, so well known throughout the City, and particularly at the General Post Office, as St. Martin-le-Grand ; a relation, no doubt, of his namesake, the hermit, who on that account was always called St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

"I do not profess," Mrs. General Bunkum went on—"I do not, myself, profess to interpret the communications of the invisible otherwise than as a Medium ; chosen, it may be, for some intelligence undiscoverable to me, and wholly on the outer side of my sensate condition."

"For which reason," interposed the Professor, who was standing near the fireplace, behind Lord William, "don't you hope to see the elephant every time you ask for him, for he mayn't come : sperrits isn't like niggers—they can't be driv'."

"The Professor wishes you to understand," said Mrs. General Bunkum, in explanation, "that it is not desirable to raise your expectations too high, for fear of disappointment. Spiritual agency is yet in its infant state : perfect *media* are still a *desideratum* : it does not always happen that the spirit-will is content to manifest itself through the proposed earthly orgasm. In the midst of a series of successful communications a failure may arise. We cannot account for this, except by the supposition that the passage of the subtle essence is impeded by the grossness of our own natures, and diverges to other spheres, penetrating finer intellectualities than ours."

I was charmed with the eloquence of Mrs. General Bunkum, and I dare say the delight I experienced in listening to her well-chosen periods declared itself on my countenance ; for I noticed that during their delivery she particularly addressed herself to me. It was really no wonder why she showed this preference, for my noble private secretary sat with his arms folded, looking straight at the wall before him, while mine were continually *en rapport* with those of the Medium. She had divined, without doubt, that my intellectuality—to use her own phrase—was the dominant one, and pursued her theme.

"Before the soul is disengaged from matter, it can already converse with pure spirits. This has been permitted, but in an imperfect manner. It can plunge its glance even into the deep abode of those who have for ever lost the material form ; it gives up its secrets, however, with very great reserve."

Although I was endeavouring to pay particular attention to these lucid observations, I could not help being struck by a singular sound which seemed to proceed from beneath the floor, near the spot where the Medium was seated. She noticed this, and desisting from her lecture, remarked :

"Those sounds attract you. They are the unorganised vibrations of spirits, ready to be employed when a definite object is placed within their grasp. We may as well proceed to business. Attention. Listen."

We listened, and presently five distinct raps were heard under the table, forcibly reminding me of that passage in Milton where he describes "the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." They were certainly more ornithological than I had expected ; but this probably arose from the well-known fact that spirits and birds have many properties in common—certainly wings, and, it is not unlikely, beaks and claws. One thing we are assured of, that the spirits of deceased persons very frequently assume the form of birds. Horace Walpole tells us of the appa-

rition of George IV. to the Duchess of Kendal in the likeness of a raven, and, not to multiply instances, every one who has been to Arundel Castle must have seen Lord Thurlow in the shape of an owl.

"Those five raps," said the Medium, "signify that the alphabet is required. But, that there may be nothing to cast the shadow of a doubt on a mind so clear as yours, sir" (addressing me), "I perceive, must be, I should prefer—and so would the Professor—that you should first of all communicate with your friend, in writing, the heads or general nature of the questions which you wish to put. You can afterwards pass the pencil over the alphabet, as I shall instruct you, and mentally or verbally express them."

Nothing could be fairer than this arrangement, which entirely relieved my mind from any suspicion which might have arisen if what is technically termed "pumping" had been practised, and I gave my ready assent to the proposition. The blotting-book and materials for writing were then handed to me by the Professor, and, after a little reflection, I noted down a few of the most prominent ideas that floated in my brain. I drew them up in the form of a diplomatic note to my noble secretary as follows :

"MY LORD,—The undersigned intends to call for my father's mother, Mrs. Rachel Green, who died aged eighty, about twenty-five years ago, and left me 20,000*l*. I mean to ask her whether she really knew that I stole the raspberry jam for which she flogged me ; whether I shall ever get paid the money I lent in Paris to one Sir Henry Jones, whose last letter, asking for another loan, is at this moment in my pocket ; whether I shall keep my seat for Muffborough ; and, last of all, whether I shall ever be Prime Minister. Yours,  
JOLLY GREEN."

I must make one observation with respect to the manner in which I wrote this note, in order that this honourable House,—that is to say, my kind friends, the Public, may perceive how astutely I managed it. I noticed that the ink was thick and the pens very soft, consequently the writing was bolder than my usual manner, though on warlike occasions it can be quite bold enough. Now, as the letters might have been read at some distance by any one with quick eyes, I took the precaution to use the blotting-paper at every line, just quietly turning the book down on the writing, as if entirely lost in thought. By this manoeuvre I completely effaced all the blackness of the ink from the foolscap sheet on which I wrote, and by the frequent turning of the book prevented the Medium, had she been looking towards me—which she was not—from giving even a guess at the contents of my note to Lord William. When it was finished, I gave the last pressure, folded up the paper, and passed it *with my own hands* into those of my noble private secretary, who immediately *withdrew to the window* and began to peruse it. While he was doing so, the Medium politely removed the blotting-book and writing-materials and placed in my hands the black-lead pencil and alphabet, on which I directly began to study out the questions I proposed to ask. During this occupation, however, I once raised my head and perceived that Mrs. General Bunkum was completely absorbed in what I may term a brown study ; for her head rested between her hands, and her eyes were cast down, with nothing between her glance and the space into which it dived but the unconscious blotting-book that lay open before her. At

the movement I made she accidentally closed it, and looking rather wildly at me, as if she had already been in contact with the nether regions, demanded if I were ready? Lord William had by this time returned to his place at the opposite side of the table, and putting my note in his waistcoat-pocket awaited the issue of my investigation.

Before I began, I thought it advisable to mention that I proposed to evoke the shade of a departed relative, when I was interrupted by the Medium, who said :

"In the spiritual world there are no longer any relations: the ties of family are broken, all the sentiments are laid bare, and the nature of the sensibility of each, once determined, no longer has occasion to change. That spirit, however, consanguineously related on earth, will probably present itself at the wish of the querist."

This intelligence was rather consolatory to me than otherwise, for it quite broke the link between me and my grandmother, of whom I now no longer stood in awe, but felt quite able to cross-examine her just as if I was an Old Bailey lawyer and she a criminal witness at Nisi Prius. I, therefore, took up my pencil in quite a lively mood, and prepared my punctuation by asking if there were a spirit present who would converse with me? Immediately I heard a peck or rap—that is the orthodox word—under the table; the rap being always used in the affirmative.

"Do I know you?"

Rap.

"Were you my grandmother?"

Rap.

"Will you spell your name?"

Silence. This meant "No." She was always obstinate, and though she used to hear me my lessons I don't think she was famous for spelling.

"Will you give the initials?"

Rap.

The alphabet was called over, and I indicated the expected answer with my pencil. To my intense astonishment, and equally to that of Lord William Mortimer, who made a round O with his lips as if he were going to whistle, the letters R G were communicated.

"How old when you died?" I asked.

The Medium gave me the row of numbers from zero to ten. The answer was eighty.

There was something preternatural in this, and my skin began to grow all goose-flesh.

"How long since?" I falteringly inquired.

Five-and-twenty years ago was spelt out without hesitation.

"Did you remember me in your will?"

"Didn't I; that's all."

"How much?"

Silence. I repeated the question rather tauntingly. Rap.

"Tell me then?"

"T—hirty thousand," was the reply.

"There you're out," said I. "Was it twenty?"

Rap.

"Now then," said I, "remember you're upon your oath—no, that's

not exactly what I mean—recollect, I expect a distinct and categorical answer to this question : did I, or did I not, on a certain occasion, possess myself of something forbidden ?”

Rap.

“What was it ?”

The Spirit, with astounding precision, arrested my pencil at the three following letters :

“J”—“A”—“M.”

This revelation seemed to me more startling than any of the preceding, for of all the other facts I knew my grandmother *must* be cognisant ; but how she found me out on the occasion referred to is more than I can conceive : she must have been hidden somewhere in the room when I opened the cupboard ; it is to be accounted for in no other way. However, the accuracy of her knowledge was a guarantee for the fidelity of what was to come, and I continued :

“Is a certain monetary transaction, which took place some few years since in the capital of a neighbouring kingdom, known to you ?”

Rap.

“Shall I recover principal and compound interest as I am promised ?”

My grandmother was silent. I thought that perhaps she was suffering, as frequently happened during her lifetime, from an access of deafness, and suggested to the Medium that it might be desirable for me to repeat my question. Lord William, however, observed that he thought the Spirit had given me a very good answer.

“Pray, what was it ?” I asked, sarcastically, “for my attention was concentrated, and I heard nothing ?”

“*Not a rap,*” said Lord William, laughing.

I was vexed at his levity—the more so, as his mirth was shared by the Professor, who observed in his peculiar tones :

“The Sperrit aint dabersome no ways. I reckon, if you’ve been a loaning cash, you’re cornered in that ar quarter. It’s gone goose, that’s evidential.”

I could hardly think this possible, because, in the letter to which I have alluded, Sir Henry Jones observed in the most honourable manner, that, “notwithstanding the Statute of Limitations, which barred all legal claim on my part, he meant to set aside a portion of the sum he now asked for, towards liquidating the interest of the former loan.” Now, he certainly would not have said this, if he had not rigidly intended to repay me, and it was in consequence of his thus acting on principle, that I had already more than half made up my mind to accommodate him. I had a better opinion of Sir Henry’s honour than my grandmother, who never had any dealings with him, and, moreover, I considered her answer an extremely doubtful one, and not at all to be explained away by a vile *Luxembourg* (as the French call a pun) perpetrated by Lord William Mortimer. I disguised my sentiments, however, and proceeded further to test the Spirit’s knowledge.

“I have a letter in my pocket,” said I. “What is the writer’s name ?”

“H—e—n—r—y J—o—n—e—s,” rapped out the Spirit.

I could not help exclaiming that this was really marvellous ; and so it was, for at the moment I put the question, *I was actually sitting on the*



letter, so I must positively have been *seen through*—a thing that never happened to me before, in all my life.

I now came to something momentous—something that did not affect myself alone, but had its bearings on the whole frame of political Society; and I resolved to approach it circuitously.

"Do you happen to know," I asked, "what position I occupy in a public point of view?"

Rap.

"Am I a Peer?"

Silence.

"A Bishop?"

No reply.

"A Judge?"

All was still.

"Am I a Member of Parliament?"

A loud rap.

"Do I represent the Metropolis?"

No answer.

"The West Riding?"

Still silent.

"An ancient and enlightened borough?"

Rap.

"What is the first letter of the place?"

"M."

I was going still further to beat about the bush, after the fashion of Serjeant Grilkins, Mr. Barkson, Mr. Grabintime, Mr. Grinns, and other eminent counsel; but my impatience burst all bounds, and I projected myself headlong into the focus of my inquiry.

"Shall I keep my seat?" I demanded.

Rap, was the reply, clear, loud, and convincing. I felt myself as safe as I was *at that instant in my chair*.

Being assured of this fact, I felt it was perfectly ridiculous to trouble the Spirit about my being Prime Minister. That was only a question of time and opportunity, so I signified that I was perfectly satisfied.

But it suddenly struck me that, after all, these answers might have been fortuitous,—applicable—though it was barely possible—to some one else; so, before I dismissed my grandmother to the "sulphurous and tormenting flames" from which I had reclaimed her, I submitted her spiritual acumen to the final test.

"Now tell me my name," said I.

"In what manner," interposed Professor Honey-Fogle, "would you like to fix it? *By* the Sperrit's direct manifestation, or *by* the cracking of the table through its influentiality? We cave in to nothing here; you've only to choose."

This proposition introduced a new element into the very remarkable character of the proceedings, and of course I gladly seized upon the Professor's offer to afford me evidence of a new phenomenon.

"The table by all means," was my eager observation.

Immediately a rumbling noise was heard, as if Mount Etna—at the Surrey Gardens—were about to belch forth torrents of fresh green laver, as it did when Hercules and Pompey were consumed to ashes; a noise

which—to change the comparison—bore also a strong resemblance—absurd under the circumstances—to the rapid action of the heel against the floor, and then there was a pause,—during which the Professor took a seat at the table opposite the Medium.

“In order that there may be no hallucination on your part or delusion on mine,” said Mrs. General Bunkum, “I will go through the letters of the alphabet, and will answer when I come to the letters which compose your name.”

She then began. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J——, the table gave a crack. She resumed and went on till she came to O—— another crack. At L—— a third. This last was repeated; and then she went through the alphabet till she arrived at the penultimate letter, when the table gave a louder crack than before. There were the five letters J—O—L—L—Y,—forming my Christian name! I was lost in stupefaction, which increased as my patronymic was being spelt out in successive cracks, G—R—E—E—N, when I became literally wild with excitement.

“You approbate, I calkilate,” said Professor Honey-Fogle, rising from his seat.

“I understand you,” I returned, faintly,—for my emotion was excessive; “I do.”

“Well, I swan,” continued the Professor, “I’ve seen a many remarkable manifestations. But nothing ever come nigh this,—not by a jug-full. If I war you I should be as happy as a clam at high water!”

“I am so,” I murmured.

“Ah!” observed Mrs. General Bunkum, with a sigh, “it is not always that such *very* satisfactory results ensue.”

“I should think not,” abruptly remarked Lord William Mortimer.

“And why not, my Lo—— I mean William?”

“Never mind, old fellow,” he replied, “so long as you’re satisfied.”

“And are you not equally so?”

“Not exactly,” was his concise reply.

“What do you want more?” I inquired. “I should think the most incredulous must surrender their opinions before the evidence which we possess. Be kind enough to read out the note I gave you at the commencement of the *séance*. I think you will find that the whole of my secret correspondence has been revealed exactly as I wrote it.”

“I believe you, my boy,” said Lord William; “but there’s no necessity. That’s all right—gospel—every word of it—just as it’s set down. But,” he continued, turning to Mrs. General Bunkum, “I should like to know if I could have a few words myself with any private Spirit?”

“Oh, certainly!” returned the lady. “I must repeat, though, that it is not in *my* power, nor in that of *any* Medium to control the issue. The Spirits themselves are unequal to that task.”

“Very good,” said the noble lord. “I shan’t damage them much by what I’m going to say. Have you caught one?”

Mrs. General Bunkum frowned severely, and bent her head down, looking closely at the table; the Professor seemed to wince, as if his fine nature were—as it were—“ryled” by this last inquiry; and, for my own part, I felt hurt by Lord William’s conduct.

The usual question having been put as to the presence of a Spirit, and

an affirmative rap replying, my private secretary was about to begin his questions, when the Professor asked him if he wouldn't like to do as I had done, adding, with a perspicuity that did honour to his heart, that he couldn't follow a better example; but, to my inexpressible surprise—indeed, I may add—to my infinite disgust, Lord William returned a decided negative. He then said, addressing the Spirit:

"Do you know what I am?"

Rap.

"Tell me."

"A nobleman."

"Well!" I exclaimed, "I hope you'll be convinced now, Lord William!"

"Is the gentleman indeed a Lord?" timidously asked the Medium. "If so, it is really remarkable, for it is very often *so ordered* that consecutive querists meet with very opposite results."

"So far, so good," said my private Sec. "Lord what, besides 'William?' You've heard that much."

He took up the alphabet and pointed the pencil, making a pause now and then, as if he were spelling his own name. The Spirit gave nine raps in succession.

"You're an American spirit, and no mistake. You know all about the British Aristocracy. You've hit it now!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, eagerly; "show me."

Lord William tossed me the slip of paper on which he had jotted down the letters which the Spirit had rapped at. Instead of the gentle name of "Mortimer," I was horror-stricken to see the plebeian appellation of "Tomkinson."

"There's something very mysterious in this," I remarked; "there must be some unfortunate resemblance between you and a person so called."

Lord William smiled. "I've a book to make. Who's to win the Derby?" he asked.

The spelling was resumed. The word "Gorror" came up."

"I don't remember that horse in the betting," I observed; "but after what has happened to me, I'll back him against the field."

"Do, Green," said my noble friend; "you shall have the odds in as many ponies as you like."

It struck me that Lord William was pushing scepticism almost as far as it could well go, and I felt a strong desire to punish him.

"How much do I owe my tailor—in pounds?" pursued Lord William, taking up the list of numerals.

"Five," was the answer.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed his lordship. "So I do."

Two things staggered me in this reply. First, the extreme lowness of the figure; and next, Lord William's admission of its correctness.

"I believe," he said, addressing the Medium, "that I am at liberty to ask questions mentally?"

"It is not the usual course," replied Mrs. General Bunkum, coldly, "but it is allowed."

Lord William moved his lips to show that he was framing questions, nodding his head between each. The rapping went on at intervals, and

he put down the results. His good humour appeared to increase with each answer; but after about ten minutes he said he had had enough, and asked me if I should like to hear them. I gave a ready assent, and he read as follows:

"Q. 'My age?' A. 'Two hundred and seventy-four.' Q. 'Who is the present commander-in-chief?' A. 'Mr. Cobden.' Q. 'Where's the best milk-punch to be had?' A. 'At Exeter Hall.' Q. 'Who's to have the Opera next season?' A. 'Lord Shaftesbury.' Q. 'Who did you say was to win the Derby?' A. 'Jones.'"

"It must be admitted," I observed, "that these answers are rather wide of the mark; but the fact is, Lord William—the fact is—I mean not the slightest offence to you in saying so—the fact is, we don't know—we have not the evidence of our ears to convince us that the questions you have written there were actually put; or, indeed, that these replies were returned."

"If anybody else had insinuated a doubt of my veracity," exclaimed Lord William, turning very red in the face, "he would have heard of another sort of rapping, in the shape of a punch on the head; but you, Green, are such a d—d f——"

I knew what he was going to say, but I prevented the words "fine fellow" from issuing from his lips, by exclaiming:

"Enough, William—not a word of compliment: we appreciate each other rightly. I am far from insinuating anything of the sort, though I must say, and I think you will allow, that all the features of this remarkable *séance* have been of a most extraordinary character."

"They have, indeed," was his satisfactory reply.

"I think, then," I observed, "as I have obtained all the information I came in search of—and as the Toffy question comes on early this evening—we will take our leave of this lady and gentleman. If you will just step down stairs I will follow you in a moment."

Lord William made a bow to Mrs. General Bunkum, but took no notice of Professor Honey-Fogle, and left the apartment.

I had a twofold object in remaining behind. The first was to apologise for my friend's apparent rudeness, and the next to mark the sense of the gratification I had experienced as delicately as possible.

To the apology the Professor replied: "I'll tell you what, mister, that air young aristocrat warn't no goney when he made tracks; my bristles was beginning to rise; I should have made a splurge if he'd lingered much longer." I inferred from these remarks that Lord William's further continuance in the room would have roused the Professor's ire to a degree that might have been dangerous, and I inwardly applauded the presence of mind that suggested his departure before me. I now came to the second part of my mission.

"I trust, madam," I said to Mrs. General Bunkum, "that you will permit me to repeat how perfectly satisfied I am with everything that has taken place having relation to myself and my sainted relative, and that you will suffer me to present you with a slight token of my regard and esteem."

My *porte-monnaie* was in my hand while I was speaking, and before either Mrs. General Bunkum or the Professor had time to make an objection, I took out a twenty-pound note, which I slid into the blotting-

book, and then hastily quitted the room; not so quickly, however, but that in going down stairs I could plainly hear a loud, hilarious expression of joy at my satisfactory recognition of the worth of the consulting parties.

Lord William was waiting for me on the door-step; I thrust my arm into his, and we walked away together.

For some time, neither of us spoke—I confess I was too much agitated to do so; at length Lord William broke silence:

"Well," said he, "you're the best hand at a mystification that ever I met with."

"Mystification?" I replied; "what do you mean?"

"Why, you made those people fancy that you were taken in with their gammon."

"'Taken in,'—'gammon,'—I don't understand you, my lord."

"You don't mean to say that you *didn't* see through the trick about your note to me?"

"What possible 'trick' could there be, when the note was in your pocket all the time the rapping was going on?"

"And you *didn't* see the Medium look at the blotting-book while I went to the window?"

"I saw it open before her, but what of that?"

"'What,' indeed! why, *every line that you wrote was transferred to the blotting-paper as legibly as it was left behind*. It was only turning over a single page and there was the whole thing. I could have read it myself, upside-down."

For the credit of human nature I will *not* believe in this attempt to solve the mystery of the Spirit Manifestations in Doo-street, though Lord William obstinately persists in his theory.

I leave it to the public to decide between us.

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.\*

Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad  
His spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail†

as fugitive periodical and magazine? has too often, too long, been our question in respect to the writings of the English Opium-eater. At length he appears in a more fitting form—not, indeed, until twelve volumes of his scattered essays have been published in America—but in the first volume of what we trust may be a series most prolonged (in issue, as it *has* been in expectation) and most successful. The appearance of this volume being almost synchronous with this of our own June number, we have neither time nor room—albeit mighty inclination—to dilate on its thrice welcome advent. The general title, "Selections,

\* Selections, Grave and Gay. From Writings published and unpublished, by Thomas de Quincey. (Vol. I. *Autobiographic Sketches*.) London: Groombridge and Sons. 1853.

† Prelude.

Grave and Gay," is appropriate and significant—for in pathos and humour both the author excels: to adopt Wordsworth's language,

*Caverns* there are within his mind which sun  
Can never penetrate, yet wants there not  
Rich store of leafy *arbores* where the light  
May enter in at will.

In part these miscellanies are to be viewed as entirely new; "large sections having been intercalated in the present edition, and other changes made, which, even to the old parts, by giving very great expansion, give sometimes a character of absolute novelty." Mr. de Quincey proposes to group the collected articles under three general heads—first, a class "which proposes primarily to amuse the reader, but which, in doing so, may or may not happen occasionally to reach a higher station, at which the amusement passes into an impassioned interest;" secondly, those papers which address themselves purely to the understanding as an insulated faculty, or do so primarily" (including, *ex. gr.*, the essays on the Essenes, the Cæsars, Cicero, &c.); and thirdly, a far higher class of compositions in virtue of their aim, "modes of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents" in any literature, viz., the "Confessions," and the *Suspiria de Profundis*.

The present volume is autobiographical, dating from the "Affliction of Childhood" in its earliest germ, onwards to the experiences of fervid youth. Nothing can surpass the touching power, the profound grandeur, the psychological interest of this extraordinary narrative—unless it be its sallies of superlative fun, its mirthful originalities of mood and manner. There are "bits" of magnificent prose that stand alone for splendour of diction and passion of sentiment in the English language. We have no space for quotation at this late period—no opportunity to show how the future Opium-eater was initiated, yet an infant, in premature spiritual conflict, and in the stern *habit* of thoughts that lie too deep for tears—or how an elder brother ruled the nursery with a sway of which the present chronicle gives the most ludicrous record imaginable—or how the autobiographer was introduced to the warfare of a public school, how he bivouacked in the "nation of London," and pilgrimised amid the beauties and strifes of Ireland. But we could not forbear the utterance of a most cordial welcome to this volume,

A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,  
Solid and light,

which we trust the "leafy month of June" will cause to be known and read of all men. On a future occasion we hope to indite a paper on the Pathos and Passion, as already we have on the Humour, of Thomas de Quincey,\*—and for such an essay the present tome will present ample scope and verge enough, and to spare.

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\* *New Monthly Magazine*, October, 1852.

## TWO PHASES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

ON the outskirts of a handsome village situated many miles' distance from the metropolis, stands a somewhat small but most elegant villa. Nothing about it, inside or out, would seem to be wanting that could contribute to the comfort of its inmates; for if the pleasure-grounds were limited, they were luxuriant; if the conservatories were small, all that was choice and lovely in the florist's calendar had a place there; and if the villa's apartments were neither stately nor numerous, there was at least enough of space, and also of elegance about them, to satisfy all reasonable desires.

The bleak winter had passed; the early spring had come and gone; and now that May was entering, the lately bare trees were budding forth into beauty, the garden flowers rose their lovely heads, the lawn was clothed in its brightest and freshest tint of green; and on that glowing spring morning there came dancing on to the lawn, from one of the low French windows of the breakfast-room, an exquisite child of seven years old, bright and radiant as that sunny day of spring.

Few could look for the first time at that young face without being riveted with its charming beauty. Yet it was not so much in the features, faultless as they were, that the attraction lay; or in the complexion, though it rivalled the loveliest rose; or in the sunny ringlets sporting on the neck, as in the deep, earnest, *spiritual* expression of the face. A singular face it was, singular in its depth of pathos and beauty; and rarely, indeed, have the gifts of nature, both in mind and person, been lavished upon a child of earth as they were lavished upon Georgina Vereker.

She was gaily dressed in white, with a blue sash tied round her waist, its long ends fluttering with her restless movements; and her straw hat hung dangling from her arm by its blue ribbons, for she had raced out of doors in joyous impatience, too eager to wait for its being put on. Flying hither and thither; now stopping to listen to the birds as they carolled in the trees, now stooping to pluck a rare flower, or inhale the perfume from a newly-blown rose, now practising some dancing-step, and now glancing down at the dew gathered on her sandaled shoes.

"My dear," cried a staid, but young and pleasing-looking lady, who had followed her out, "the grass is not yet dry. You must come upon the gravel."

"The grass will not hurt me," returned the child, skipping about it more than ever. "And I can't see mamma's windows from the gravel. I want to have the first look at her when she comes to open them."

One of the windows the child was looking up to did open as she spoke, for a lady, attracted probably by the voices, drew aside the curtains and threw up the sash.

"My May-bird! my May-bird!" she exclaimed, fondly looking down at the little girl.

"Dear mamma! dear mamma! see what a lovely day it is. And I have got a white frock on—you said I might put one on for the first time, if it were warm and sunny. Shall I come to you now, that you may wish me many happy returns of my birthday?"

"Yes, yes, my darling. Come."

Away flew the child, brushing past her governess, on her way to her mother's bedroom. The lady had not begun to dress; she was merely in her dressing-gown and slippers. She extended her arms as the child entered, clasping her fondly in them: she passionately kissed her smooth, glowing cheeks; her open brow; her rosy lips; and as she laid her hand upon the little head, and looked up to heaven, the tears gathered in her eyes with the earnestness of her aspiration:

"Almighty Father! bless, oh bless my child! Protect and bless her through this approaching year that she is entering upon, even as Thou hast blessed and protected her through the last!"

Is it well to be an only child?—the only child of doting parents? I scarcely think so. Mr. and Mrs. Vereker had married late in life: he was turned fifty, and she fast approaching it. It may be, they had not expected children; that they thought the time was gone by for the blessing to be accorded them; and when a child was, indeed, born, they looked upon it as the most precious of all precious gifts; had it been a very angel from heaven, its little presence could not have diffused more joy and gladness, or have given rise to greater thanksgiving. It grew and thrived—in spite of the overwhelming care that was bestowed upon it. Every breath was watched—every sigh was listened to with nervous anxiety; and when it screamed, for the very best of babies will scream, the whole house rose in commotion, and the nearest medical man was run for. How Mrs. Vereker survived the "painful period of dentition," as the soothing syrup advertisements express it, was a mystery. Mr. Vereker was in a state of nervousness from its commencement to its close; his wife never quitted the nursery or the infant for weeks and months, and all the rules and daily ordinary regulations of the household were thrown aside. Mrs. Vereker took her breakfast standing, tea-cup in hand, and looking at the baby; Mr. Vereker how and where he could get it: dinner was forgotten to be ordered; and bed-time only remembered by the child's sinking into a quiet sleep. Still the child grew and prospered; and by the time she was two years old, her will was law in the house. No child was ever so indulged and cared for; and, perhaps, for these doting parents there was some excuse, for she was a very angel in beauty and temper. A looker-on could not but recal some of the lines in Parnell's "Hermit." I have not the poem to refer to, and have never seen it since I was a child, but the reader will recollect what I mean. Where a child is born to the good, religious man, who had been walking straight for heaven before, but now

——the child half weaned his heart from God.

Child of his age! for him he lived in pain,  
And measured back his steps to earth again.

Was Mr. Vereker acquainted with that poem? And did a following line ever recur to him?



And God, to save the father, took the son.

Did he fear the same all-seeing wisdom, the same termination, might rule over this earthly and inordinate love of his?

But no. Mr. Vereker was not, himself, spared long, either to love or to mourn his child. Ere she was three years old, he died; and his last prayers on earth were for her happiness, his last thoughts for her welfare. The whole of his fortune—and it was considerable—was left to Georgina. Half of it to be paid over to her, *unconditionally*, on her wedding-day, or when she should be twenty-one; the other half on the death of his wife: but during the child's infancy and youth, Mrs. Vereker was to enjoy the interest of the whole. Was there wisdom in this will—as regarded the child's temporal happiness? Mr. Vereker no doubt thought so.

An only child of a widowed mother! and she long past her meridian of life! never hoping for another—knowing that another could never be born to her. The reader may have witnessed a parallel case in some of the daily scenes around him; but I question if he ever saw or heard of a passion so idolatrous in one human being for another, as Mrs. Vereker felt and encouraged for her little daughter. Every indulgence, every expense, every care was lavished upon her. She had never heard the voice of contradiction. Almost any other, in her place, would have become a household tyrant, unbearable to the servants, and a source of perpetual torment to herself and her mother; but, happily for them both, the child was gifted with the sweetest temper, with expansive intellect, and with the most sensitive imagination, far, far beyond her years.

"Those children never live," cried an incautious, gossiping friend one day, looking at Georgina as she knelt, weaving daisies on the lawn. "They are too good and too beautiful for earth, and God takes them to their fitting home."

The visitor thought she spoke to the governess alone, but Mrs. Vereker had joined them unperceived. The life-blood left her heart as she listened to the words, rushing back to it with tumultuous agony; a cold, shivering moisture broke over her skin, and her sight momentarily left her. Perhaps the thought had never before fully occurred to her that her child *might* be taken from her: that it was really subject to the common doom of its fellow-mortals—death. But she looked at the lovely picture kneeling on the grass, on her glowing colour, and round, healthy form.

"Death is not likely to come to *her* before its time," she mentally exclaimed, drawing a relieved sigh. "Mrs. Grame is always revelling in old wives' tales."

And so the child, worshipped by her mother, loved by her governess, doted on by the servants, reached her seventh birthday, the 1st of May, and was now in her mother's room, listening to the fervent prayer for blessings to descend upon her head. Her birthdays were always kept, and with much splendour. To-day, a large party, chiefly children like herself, were to assemble to a mid-day dinner, and all sorts of merry games were to take place on the lawn afterwards, with dancing in-doors in the evening.

"But what shall I do till then?" asked Georgina, when breakfast was

over, and she had fully examined all her birthday presents. Of course she learnt no lessons that day.

"What would you like to do, dearest?" questioned her mother. "Shall I order the carriage and take you out?"

"The carriage," hesitated the child, apparently deliberating within herself the *pros* and *cons* of the proposition. "No, mamma," she said, at length, "I don't think we will have the carriage to-day. I am so delighted with everything! with my birthday, and my presents, and all my visitors coming, that I should not like to sit still in the carriage. I must dance about for joy. What are you going to do, Miss Harding?"

"I have one or two commissions to execute in the village," replied the governess.

"Then I will go with you," added the child. "Mamma, I shall put on my new birthday bonnet."

No objection was made. When was an objection ever made to the will of Georgina? So the birthday bonnet—it was all white satin and feathers—was put on, and Miss Vereker started on her walk with her governess.

She was really like a bird, happy and light and joyous as one. Now singing a scrap of a song; now flying after a butterfly—one of the first of the year; now plucking a hedge flower; now skipping over the pasture grass; and now talking, strange, deep thoughts, as she always did, to Miss Harding. Never was there so sweet and sunny a child—never one so imaginative.

As they neared the lodge at the gates, where dwelt the gardener and his wife, she sprang, as usual, up to the door, in quest of her old friend Willy, a pretty boy about her own age.

"Where's Willy?" she asked of the wife, who was busy in the room over her domestic duties.

"Ah, my dear young lady, is it you? Many happy returns of the day, my sweetest. And oh, what a love of a bonnet!"

"Yes, I know. Thank you; everybody has been wishing it to me. But where's Willy?"

"Willy's in bed," cried the woman, coming forward, and speaking in a whisper. "I don't know what's the matter with him, whether it is a bad cold, or his tooth, or what; but he is in bed, and very ill."

Quick as thought Miss Vereker had stepped over the upright board at the door, placed there to stop the egress, at will, of a younger child than Willy, and had flown into the back room. On one of the beds there—for it contained two—lay the boy, his face nearly the colour of scarlet, and his eyes and lips looking hot, swollen, and inflamed.

"Dearest little Willy!" she exclaimed, the tears rising to her own eyes, "what is it has made you ill? You will not be able to come up at dusk and see the fireworks."

Dearest *little* Willy! It was her frequent salutation to him, though the boy was nearly as old as she in years; but in deep thought and intellect she was as one twice his age.

Willy did not speak, did not even put out his hand, but lay there looking as ill and feverish as he could well look. And when Miss Harding and the mother entered the room, whither they had followed somewhat

slowly, they found Georgina stretched across the bed, her white birthday bonnet thrown to the back of her head, and her face close to Willy's, kissing his hot lips, and of course inhaling his breath.

The governess clasped the little girl's waist, and removed her from the bed. "Do you know that you should never go so close to one who is ill, until you know what their disorder may be," she said. "And were it not that you have had the measles, you had probably done a dangerous thing now; for I do think the child has got them."

"Oh no, ma'am," interrupted the mother, "Willy has had the measles once. He has been crying all night with the toothache, and I think his face looks inflamed from that. Those decayed back teeth, even in children, often make the face hot and swollen. I don't think it is anything else, though he seems to have got a bad cold with it. He will be better to-morrow, I dare say."

Miss Harding thought the woman was most likely right. She had had little or no experience in the maladies of children. "I would keep him in bed all day," she observed; "he looks extremely feverish."

"And he is very thirsty," returned the mother. "I was making him some toast-and-water when little miss came in. Should he seem no better to-night, I shall ask Mr. Rice to step up and see him."

"I'll bring you a great piece of birthday cake to-morrow," whispered Georgina, leaning on the bed, her face close to the boy's. "And I will tell them to send down some lemons when I go home now; for lemonade is much nicer to drink than toast-and-water. Shall I, Willy?"

He panted out a feeble "Yes," and once more kissing his feverish lips, little Miss Vereker followed her governess from the room.

## II.

It was a brilliant affair, that birthday night. Old and young were mixed together, for the parents of many a child had come, and were now looking on with eager delight. It may be that each mother thought her own offspring the loveliest and brightest—we all remember the old saying about the crow. But had an unprejudiced observer been present, he would unhesitatingly have pointed out Georgina Vereker as the scene's chief ornament; the one rose amidst a heap of dandelions. Her fairy figure was floating everywhere; her shining curls might be caught a glimpse of, it seemed, in twenty places at once; her elegant gossamer robes were brushing past everybody. Some of the mothers talked askance about vanity and extravagance, and said she was dressed too much. Perhaps she was; for the sleeves of her white lace robe were looped up with pearls, a valuable pearl necklace was round her neck, and its bracelets were on her arms. Oh, she was a lovely child! with her exquisite features, their strangely deep expression, and, this night, her brilliant colour. And many of the lads present seemed to know it; for boys, and girls too, will have a notion of flirtation at a wonderfully early age—innate of course.

"What is the matter, my boy?" cried Mrs. Chenevix to her son, a heavy young gentleman of some ten or eleven years; "why do you look so out of humour?"

"Georgina's gone and danced with Charley Wilde," pouted the boy ;  
"and she knows I wanted her."

"I was going to ask Miss Vereker," grumbled another juvenile, "only Charley ran up while I was thinking what to say."

"And that great big Lady Lorton's boy has told her he shall have her next," retorted Master Chenevix ; "he always has his own way, wherever he goes. It's too bad of Georgina."

Poor Lady Lorton sat close by ; a little mite of a shrivelled-up woman ; and Master Chenevix had put the "great big" in the wrong place, for he had meant to apply it to her son and heir.

"Georgina," said Mrs. Chenevix, as the child came near her in the dance, "here's Arthur so anxious to be your partner : will you not dance with him?"

"I will dance with him directly that they will let me," returned the fairy ; "but they keep asking me so, I have no time. Indeed I will, Arthur," she said earnestly, placing her little hand in his—"I want to dance with you : I hope I shall have time to dance with everybody."

"But you have danced with that big Lorton once, and you are going to dance with him again," retorted Master Chenevix, becoming green with jealousy—"and only look how his hair's curled!"

"Why won't yours curl?" exclaimed Georgina.

"I should like to see them putting mine to curl," returned the young gentleman, with as much contempt as he could throw into his tone. "They had better try it!"

Had Georgina been a little older, she might have thought of the fox and the grapes ; but she only spoke, brimful of sympathy.

"I don't think it would curl," she said innocently, looking at the straight black tails that were brushed so smooth and sleek upon his head.

"But if his hair does curl," answered the desperate boy, whose exasperation had been sevenfold augmented by Georgina's last speech, "that's no reason why you should go and dance with him twice."

"How can I help it if he asks me," replied the little girl. "I don't dance with him because his hair's curled—what has that to do with dancing?"

"Well, I shall vote that we change to blind-buff, or something of that sort, if this is to continue," said Master Chenevix : and he turned away all spleen and spite, while Georgina ran back again to finish the dance she had quitted.

But if other eyes and hearts testified their admiration of Georgina, what can be said of the feelings of Mrs. Vereker? No words could express them. Times upon times that night were the tears in her eyes ; times upon times did her bosom heave and swell with its intensity of emotion ; for the evident and expressed admiration evinced by others for her darling child, wrought her own love and adoration of her to an excess of passion extremely difficult to keep under the bounds of control and concealment. In that child was concentrated *all* ; her hopes, her happiness, almost her dreams of a hereafter. She performed the duties of hospitality mechanically, her thoughts never wandering from Georgina ; she professed interest, according to the dictates of politeness, in her guests' affairs, in her guests' children ; but they were in reality uncared for as

is the sand by the sea-shore. Georgina, her darling child! Georgina, her only stay on earth! What wonder that others' hopes and sorrows, the cares and the joys that overwhelmed the rest of God's creatures, were lost in the waves of this wild idolatry?

But a few evenings after this one, so few that the elapsed time might be reckoned by hours, a widely different scene was being enacted at Mrs. Vereker's.

Georgina was ill. On the previous day—they recollected it now—she had seemed more quiet and subdued than customary; on this, she had complained of headache, and now she was stretched upon a sofa, her eyelids heavy, her face flushed, a burning thirst upon her, and turning with absolute loathing from the thin slice of toast they were handing her with her tea. Mrs. Vereker had gone to the county town early in the morning; she had business at her solicitor's, and now, in the twilight of that evening, she had re-entered her home, and was leaning over the sofa.

"My dearest! my dearest! what is it? Miss Harding, you have suffered her to play too boisterously, and she has fatigued herself. Look at her flushed face and swollen eyes."

Mrs. Vereker, as she spoke, turned to the governess with a frown upon her brow; but the latter answered quietly:

"She has not played at all: she appeared too languid this morning even to learn her lessons, and I excused them. But within the last hour she has seemed greatly worse, and has looked as you see her now."

"Mamma," said the little girl, "I think I am going to be ill with the same illness that Willy has. When I saw myself in the glass just before I lay down here, my face looked red and hot like his did on the morning of my birthday. And my throat is so sore."

The very lips of Mrs. Vereker turned ghastly. *Scarlet fever!*—for that had proved to be the complaint of the gardener's boy. Scarlet fever for *her* child—her inestimable treasure—the only living object she possessed or cared for on earth! Scarlet fever! Ah, Mrs. Vereker, mortals as passionately idolised as is that child of yours, have been removed from amongst us, in spite of our prayers and tears, by that dangerous malady.

Mrs. Vereker's hand shook as she rang the bell, and she spoke in a hurried, nervous manner to the servant who answered it.

"Go to Mr. Rice's instantly—lose not a moment—and bring him up—bring him up with you, do you hear? Miss Vereker is ill."

Another servant, soon afterwards, entered with candles, but she motioned him away with his lights. What! have the windows shut up, and the curtains drawn, when she was watching in that restless state of excitement for the surgeon! He might close the windows of the rest of the house, but not these.

The messenger made good speed, and the surgeon returned with him; nevertheless, to Mrs. Vereker, the time seemed an age: as it does to all who are in a state of painful suspense. Lights were called for now. The doctor was a short, thin man, plain in features, his eyes dark and keen. He was somewhat abrupt in manner, and plain-spoken, but with a kind, sincere heart. He took one of the wax-lights in his hand, and held it so that he might see the face of Georgina. She immediately shaded her eyes with her hand, and turned her face from the light.

"A moment, my dear," said the surgeon; "the light is painful to you possibly, but I will remove it when I have looked at your face. How can I tell what is the matter with you, unless I see your face—eh, Miss Georgy?"

"My head aches so, and my eyes," said the child; but, in all obedience, she turned her face towards Mr. Rice. He looked at her in silence for a few minutes, passed his hand across her brow, set the candle upon the table, and sat down.

"Is it—is it the SCARLET FEVER?" inquired Mrs. Vereker, her emotion causing her literally to scream out the words.

"It is the scarlet fever," replied the surgeon, quietly—he was cautious to betray no emotion. "And, madam, it will be a good thing over. Most people have it once in their lives. Better have it at the age of this child, than at yours or mine."

Mrs. Vereker tried to speak; she tried to keep down the terrible emotion that was oppressing her; she tried to suppress all visible tokens of the shock the surgeon's confirmation of her fears had brought; and she could not.

Mr. Rice looked round the room. On a side-table stood a crystal jug filled with water, and a tumbler. He rose, poured some out, and handed it to Mrs. Vereker.

"Oh, doctor!" she whispered, "will she get well? Is there danger?"

"I have had at least twenty cases of scarlet fever this spring," observed the doctor, sitting down and speaking aloud with the calmest, most unconcerned air in the world. "It has been very prevalent, as you know."

"And how many have——" died, Mrs. Vereker was going to say, but glanced at the child, and changed the question—"how many have got well?"

"Every one, ma'am: they are all alive and hearty now. And if God helps us, we will bring Miss Georgy through it too. By this day fortnight we shall have her as sprightly as she was on her birthday night."

"How is Willy?" inquired the little girl, forgetting for the moment her own sufferings as she thought of her old playfellow.

"Oh, Willy's well again," replied the surgeon. "He had it very lightly, and his mother is an excellent nurse. But this little patient here had better be got to bed, Miss Harding."

"I will have a large fire made in her room, and the bed warmed," ejaculated Mrs. Vereker. "Miss Harding, will you be kind enough to give the orders, and hurry——"

"You will have no fire in her room," interrupted the doctor, "and there is no necessity for warming the bed. The room must be kept cool, and well ventilated. If the chimney should be stuffed up, madam—that most pernicious custom, which some people are so fond of—order the stuffing down, and don't ever put it up again: and keep the door open."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Vereker, not really knowing what she was saying.

"She had better go to bed at once," resumed Mr. Rice; "give her plenty of cooling drinks, and I will send up some medicine as soon as I return."

"But she wants to drink every five minutes," interposed Miss Harding.

"And let her," added the surgeon.

"Doctor," cried Mrs. Vereker, following him into the hall, "I shall send an express to W—— to-night for one of the physicians: whom would you recommend?"

"None of them," answered the surgeon. "As far as I am concerned, I would prefer to act alone."

"But if there should be danger," urged Mrs. Vereker.

"There is no danger yet," he replied, "and I trust there will be none. But I can assure you, Mrs. Vereker, were I to see the slightest indication of it, I should be the first to call in additional advice. Were your child in danger, I should shrink from the responsibility of acting alone."

"You are sure you understand the case?" resumed Mrs. Vereker, anxiously.

The doctor laughed cheerily. "I am hard upon sixty years old, madam," he said, "and have had some hundreds such in my long practice."

"But you have lost some?"

"What medical practitioner can say he has not?" returned Mr. Rice. "Look at Lady Lorton's child two years ago. They *would not* follow my directions. The lad was cased in flannel, and kept in a room, with little or no ventilation, close as an oven, and with a fire large enough to roast an ox, in spite of all I could say or do. Neither did they give him his medicine. When I remonstrated, Lady Lorton's answer was that it was winter, everybody was shivering with cold, so he ought to be kept warm; and that he 'wouldn't' take his physic. The boy died, and where was the wonder?"

"But there are surely cases where the fever takes so desperate a hold, that no treatment, however judicious, can arrest a fatal termination?" persisted Mrs. Vereker, shivering as she listened for the answer.

"Madam, there are such cases," replied the surgeon, "cases in which all the faculty combined could avail nothing. Comparatively speaking, however, they are rare. And pray do not indulge in evil forebodings," he continued, taking her hand kindly; "I know you are more painfully anxious than even most mothers, but there are no fears, so far as can be seen at present, that your daughter will not do well. Above all, appear easy and calm when with her: she is a most sensitive child, and her mind must be kept quiet."

Mrs. Vereker watched the surgeon's egress from the hall door, and then she turned into a little apartment close at hand; the study they called it, for it was where Georgina did her lessons with her governess. There was no sofa in it, but Mrs. Vereker knelt down before a chair—as one might do in intense agony. She pressed her forehead against its bars; she pressed her trembling hands upon her temples; she could have willingly prostrated herself upon the floor in her excess of anguish. One short, impassioned, earnest prayer rose from her lips to the Throne of Heaven, and as she left the room again, her steps staggered like one in a weakness. She remembered, however, the surgeon's caution, and she smoothed with her hands the quiet bands of her grey hair, and composed her features to calmness, ere she ventured into the presence of her sick and sensitive child.

## III.

It is the dawn of day. And since the evening last spoken of, so full of painful event to the inmates of one home, that dawn has, some five or six times, risen upon the world.

A large, cheerful chamber. Everything about it rendering it fitted to be the abode of illness; plenty of air, but capable of being warmed, and kept warm, if necessary. The curtains are thrown away from the bed, save on the side where the light is dawning, and the lamp with its shade is placed far away, so that its rays shall not affect the patient. An attendant sits near to that lamp, her head leaning on the high back of the chair, as if from fatigue, and a shawl is drawn closely round her; she evidently feels the chill of that early morning: it is the nurse who has attended the child from her infancy. Seated nearer the bed, with her eyes fixed on the face of her who lies there, is the governess, Miss Harding; her features looking contracted with anxiety, and her pale lips slightly parted. She is watching anxiously; watching she knows not for what; for but little more change can be expected to appear in that cherished patient, and the one great change they scarcely look for yet.

Lying across a corner of the bed's foot, lying prostrate, her head buried in the counterpane, is a grey-haired woman, the very impersonation of keen, hopeless misery. If she could but shed tears it would be better for her, but her anguish is too intense for any such relief. She has shed them abundantly within the last few days, but now it seems as if they were dried up for ever. Oh pity, pity her, for her only child is dying.

How many children in that very village had got safely over this same scarlet fever—brought through its dangers by good Mr. Rice! And yet she, the one it would almost seem marked out by God to be loved here, gifted with an angel's beauty, endowed with pre-eminent intellect, possessing a disposition the noblest and sweetest, she, Georgina Vereker, the very life of her mother's life, was doomed to sink under its malignant toils and die!

The day after it was ascertained what her illness was, the physician from the county town, desired by Mrs. Vereker, was sent for. Not that Mr. Rice saw any necessity for it, but Mrs. Vereker was so painfully anxious, and perhaps the symptoms were not quite so light and favourable as they sometimes are. So the physician came: one well known by name all over the county, and in adjoining counties also; for Mrs. Vereker would not have fixed upon him had he been second in fame to any. We, not to be personal, will call him Dr. Winham. He came. He could do no more than Mr. Rice had already done; but at his second visit he saw cause for apprehension: and, indeed, Mr. Rice began to see it then. And this same cause for apprehension—the symptoms, rather—had gone on from doubtful to serious, from serious to bad, from bad to worse; and there lay Mrs. Vereker in what may be looked upon as the very extremity of earthly misery, battling in her breast the dreadful question, “Would this be her child's last day of life?”



"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Other children—at least many of them—were not prayed for, were not tended, were not watched as this one was. Every care was lavished upon Georgina Vereker; every art that the most subtle physician (and two had been called in now) could invent, was skilfully tried; every moment of her precious life was weighed and tended. *They*, those others, less favoured though they were in attendant circumstances, had struggled through it; some with the aid of a simple practitioner, such as Mr. Rice, some without medical aid at all; some well tended, many badly; they had lived through all, had recovered, and were strong again, whilst *her* life was hanging like a hair in the balance. It is unnecessary to describe the appearances and changes of the disease; the reading of them would but be painful to many: for towards the end, as was the case here, they sometimes grow peculiarly distressing.

Before the beams of the sun had well risen on the earth, Mr. Rice entered the house. He had not left it till long after midnight; but, indeed, for the last few days he had almost lived there. He saw no change for the better, he observed to Mrs. Vereker—he *did* see a change for the worse, but he did not tell her that.

Soon after ten the physicians arrived. What could they say? what do? They saw that the little girl's sands of life had nearly run out: but it would have been cruelty, so they agreed in their physicianly ideas, to intimate as much to Mrs. Vereker.

Who shall describe the awful suspense of that day? the excitement out of doors, for the whole neighbourhood was astir, everybody loving Georgina Vereker, the terrible excitement in. The little child herself was not conscious: she had been at times on the previous day, but that had passed.

"Am I going to die, mamma?" she had feebly asked, during one of these lucid intervals, raising her poor heavy eyes towards her mother, and laying within hers her little feeble hand.

Mrs. Vereker sought to answer cheerfully; she would have given half she was worth to be enabled to do so; but it required an effort and a control far beyond any she had it in her power to call forth. A torrent of sobs, in spite of her struggles, overwhelmed her; and she laid her face upon the suffering child's, and passionately whispered her hopes that she might die with her.

Evening came, and with it again came the two physicians: the journey from the city by rail occupying a very inconsiderable portion of time. The child seemed better than she was in the morning, more quiet, and in less pain: *seemed* better; but *they* were not deceived.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mrs. Vereker, following them from the sick room, following them with her shaking frame and tottering steps, "have you no hope to give me?"

One of the physicians, he bore a title, was a man of few words, and of a nervous manner; he seldom spoke without hesitation, almost a stammer, and he seemed to hesitate now; but Dr. Winham hastened to address the lady.

"We see little difference, madam, little difference in the symptoms, if any. There may be a change by to-morrow."

"She is surely better," cried Mrs. Vereker; "she seems out of pain. Think how restless she was in the morning."

"Madam, we would be willing to give you every consolation in our power," returned Dr. Winham, studying to frame his speech that it should convey as little meaning as possible to an unmedical ear. "These quiet interludes are not *always* a favourable phase of the malady—they may be for good, or they may not."

"Gentlemen," cried the unhappy lady, caring little what she said or did in her painfully wild excitement, and laying her fevered hands upon those of Dr. Winham, "save my child. If there be any human means, if there be any earthly aid still untried, oh hasten to employ it. I will reward you both as never medical man has been rewarded hitherto, if you will but save my child."

"Dear madam," replied Dr. Winham, speaking soothingly and feelingly, "we are already doing all in our power, and were there any other known remedies, we should not require the offer of a reward ere we hastened to test them."

"Will you have further help?" she reiterated. "Another of your brother physicians—two of them—as many as you will. Do not cast a thought to the expense. Oh, save my child! I look to you, under God, to save my child."

What could they answer? Only reiterate hopes and consoling words, vague as they were vain. And the knight observed that if she had all the medical men of W—— around the bed, they could not do more than was being done.

"You will not go?" she exclaimed. "At least you will remain the night?"

"Madam," said Dr. Winham, "it is out of our power: we have both of us a consultation to attend in W——; and," he added, looking at his watch, "we must hasten thither to be in time. Yet, be assured if there were the slightest possible benefit that could accrue to the child by our remaining, one at least would have made arrangements to do so. There is no earthly thing that can be tried more than is being already tried, and Mr. Rice will remain with her."

The physicians hastened their departure. "How long do you give her?" inquired one of the other, as they walked towards the railway station.

"Go off in the night, I fancy," was the answer. "It will be a shocking blow to the mother."

"Ah, poor thing! she is to be pitied. I wonder whether the discussion of this new measure will come on to-night in the Lords."

From death to worldly affairs: so it ever will be. And these physicians were no more callous than their brethren *not* of the profession.

The sun had set. The grey twilight was falling upon the sick room, throwing the bed into its shade—a darker shadow scarcely needed to be cast upon the little face that lay there dying. An angel's face, they had called it on earth: soon now to be changed into that of a pure angel in heaven.

The deepest silence reigned in the room. Mr. Rice sat by the bed;

the governess stood away, her forehead pressed against one of the cold window-panes; and the fond, faithful nurse was indulging in silent tears.

But Mrs. Vereker! She knelt there at the head of the bed, her face resting on the pillow, and her warm cheek almost placed in contact with Georgina's. Mr. Rice had tried in vain to arouse her: words and silence seemed alike useless.

For the twentieth time the surgeon stooped over the little passive face, straining his eyes to look at it by what light remained, and listening to the painful breathing. And this time, with a somewhat hasty movement, he passed his hand across her brow, and, from that, laid it, still hurriedly, upon her little hand, and then called in an under tone to the nurse, who came forward with silent footsteps.

"A light instantly," he whispered.

Oh the change that had passed over that unconscious face! Surely, surely, it was that of death! No, not yet, not quite that of death, but one of the changes which are apt immediately to precede it.

What frightful emotion was it that was attacking Mrs. Vereker? for she had looked with the rest. It was not hysterics; it was not convulsions; it was not insanity: something perhaps of all three. The heavy eyelids in that changing face partly unclosed themselves at the wild sounds. Mr. Rice acted with promptness: he made a sign to the nurse, called to another servant, and, together, the three bore Mrs. Vereker by force to her chamber, and laid her on her bed.

When the violence of her emotion had somewhat spent itself and she looked up, Mr. Rice had retired, but another gentleman was standing there in his place. It was the Reverend Mr. Chenevix, the hard-working, indefatigable rector of the parish: the first to administer consolation to a bed of sorrow, the last to leave it. He had come up in the twilight hour, thinking some in that house might need those whispered words, which none, save a minister of God, can so effectively utter.

"Let me go to her," burst forth Mrs. Vereker, passionately: "if I am not to die with her as I have prayed, let me at least see the last of her."

Mr. Chenevix gently restrained her.

"There is little more to see," he answered; "the last is all but over: and indeed it is not fitting that you should be there. But oh, Mrs. Vereker! recollect that she is being removed from a world of sin and sorrow to a place where sin and sorrow cannot enter."

Mr. Chenevix could not continue, for a torrent of words, of passion, of unrestrained grief, in its wildest indulgence, broke from the lips of the unhappy lady, and overwhelmed his voice.

"Sin and sorrow for *her*!" were some of the intelligible words he caught—"who shall dare to say it? Who was guarded from it as she was?—whose fate in life was so bright as hers?—who would watch over another as I would have watched over her, and sheltered her from all harm? Give such consolation to those whom it may fit—it cannot apply to me! Oh, Georgina! Georgina! why did God give her to me to remove her again—why let me taste the bliss of heaven upon earth to snatch it away? Why should *I* be signalled out for misery?—other mothers can keep their children, others whose love and care are not a

tithe of mine !—what have I done that this heavy blow should be visited upon me ?”

“The ways of God are past finding out,” broke in the quiet voice of the minister. “When these afflictions are sent upon us, we are apt to look upon them but *as* afflictions, not seeing the mine of love and mercy that is hidden in their working.”

“Who was so beautiful as Georgina ?” wailed the prostrated woman, “who so loving and beloved ? Who was so bright an ornament here, who so fitting for earth ?”

“Say, rather, who was so fitting for heaven,” interrupted the clergyman, meekly. “That is a brighter land than this, Mrs. Vereker : and God himself is there waiting to wipe away the tears from all eyes. Be assured that He has been compassionate to you in His wisdom, though you may see it not.”

“I cannot live without her—I cannot LIVE ! Is there NO hope ? Oh, if God would but spare her life, and take mine !”

“God’s judgment is not as ours,” remonstrated the clergyman ; “He may be snatching your child from the evil to come. The paths of the least afflicted here are but as paths of thorns ; some of them more thorny than we can well bear.”

With a sudden spring Mrs. Vereker left the side of the bed, where she had been reclining, and knelt down before it, a reckless prayer pouring from her lips.

“Almighty God, Thou who art sending this affliction upon me, oh in Thy great love and mercy avert it. Spare my child to me ! Let her path here be as the paths of others if Thou wilt, thorny, sorrowful, but oh spare her life : leave me not here alone to support this dire anguish.”

Mr. Chenevix would have raised her, speaking remonstrating but soothing words ; he saw how useless it was to say much then.

“As one of God’s creatures, as one who hopes some time to be taken to that home of bliss whither your daughter is hastening, I entreat you, Mrs. Vereker, let your supplications to the Most High be of a different nature, couched in different words. He knows what is best for you ; pray only that His will may be done—may He give you grace to implore it with your whole heart.”

But she cared not, heard him not ; and pushing him from her with reckless impetuosity, the same wild, startling cry was carried up to heaven imploringly

“Not Thy will, Lord, but MINE be done !”

## REMINISCENCES OF PARIS.\*

In the year of the Great Exhibition, a work made its appearance on the horizon of the literary world, which, although not heralded by any flourish of trumpets, was speedily recognised as a star of no ordinary magnitude. It was called "Erinnerungen aus Paris," and contained a very interesting sketch of persons and things as they appeared in that metropolis during the years included between 1817 and 1848. After a rest of two years, the talented authoress has favoured us with a second volume, the probable result of the universal attention the first excited. We will not positively assert that the last is better than the first; for, in truth, it bears more than one mark of bookmaking, through the interpolation, for instance, of a long conversation between Lacratelle and Madame de Staël, which appears a translation of some pre-existing paper, and by a very copious review, or rather examination, of Aimé Martin's "Maternal Education." Still, there is much that is novel and interesting to be found in the book, and we will proceed to select those episodes which will amuse the general reader.

The first literary portrait to which we are introduced is that of Chateaubriand, whom our authoress had an opportunity of seeing at the Tuileries; and we cannot refrain from making an extract, to show the mournful hilarity in which the elder Bourbons were wont to indulge:

Through the melancholy condition into which Louis XVIII. had fallen, it was not the custom for any of the royal family to visit the public theatres, with the exception of the Duchesse de Berri, and her husband, while still living. If the king wished to be present at a representation—or rather, if it was thought right to mention court *fêtes* in the papers—the different companies were ordered to perform in turn, at the theatre in the Château. Only those belonging to the court, or strangers who had been presented by their ambassadors, were permitted to appear in the open side balcony. All the places were here alike, and the guests were expected to wear full court dress; the gentlemen appeared in a richly-embroidered coat, called *habit Français*, with broad lace frills and ruffles, which frequently alone cost from 500 to 1000 francs. The royal family occupied exclusively a small low division in the centre of this balcony. Any one not belonging to the court obtained—and that as a special mark of distinction—a seat in the second rank of a *loge grillée*, so that it might be impossible for the unbefathered head to peer out. Although you were not seen here, and were not supposed to belong to the company, yet it was possible to see and hear in a much more interesting manner, as you were master of your movements. The behaviour of the court was indescribably formal. No one dared to utter the slightest expression of applause or disapproval, and a company of mechanically moved Marionettes would probably have imitated life better, than the living here sought to suppress all signs of it through propriety. I carefully noticed that no one even whispered the slightest remark to his neighbour. All looked fixedly at the stage, and the king slept the whole evening.

In the midst of this *quasi*-petrified assembly, Chateaubriand's features

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\* Personen und Zustände aus der Restauration und dem Julikönigthum, von der Verfasserin der "Erinnerungen aus Paris, 1817-1848." Williams and Morgate.

attracted the attention of our authoress; for, at the first glance, the poet might be recognised in him. He was then in the full flush of his successful career as a politician; for, according to his own opinion at least, he had just shown the world how correct his judgment was as to what could alone benefit France; and the momentary success of his plans had covered him with glory. Chateaubriand thirsted for the reputation of being considered a great statesman, a great poet, a very noble, liberal, and perfectly catholic Christian. He was all this, in fact, but none of them had reached its highest development, probably because the natural repugnance of these varying elements can be hardly reconciled. Active, practical statesmen found him too devoted to idealism; poets, those world ameliorators according to imaginary rules, considered him far too politic; the old nobility called him a partisan of the modern liberal school; with the liberals he was too much a courtier of the old stamp; and finally, rationalists thought him too much, Jesuits too little, imbued with religious principles. The torch of his celebrity would, probably, have been longer enkindled had the scene of his activity been removed from Paris.

In fact, in this city, where nothing remains long in fashion, and after Napoleon's purposes had been served by the *génie du Christianisme*, and religion became once more so prominent in France, the consecrated water of the Jordan was, in its turn, ridiculed by public opinion. Bourbons and Jesuit sway appeared to the nation inseparable, and, as the latter was always detested, the first were always distrusted. From the same reason Paris was not at all affected by the success of the lately terminated Spanish war, although it might have been reasonably expected after the announcement of a victory. The government had a large majority in the Chamber, but it was far otherwise with public opinion. The court only saw through its never particularly bright spectacles, and this representation at the theatre of the Tuileries was a portion of the court amusements, as they were termed, held in honour of the easily gained victory of 1823.

It will probably be remembered that events in Spain, towards the end of 1822, assumed a very threatening aspect for the neighbouring thrones. It would be difficult to decide whether the ultra-liberal party in France thought that their confederates in Spain acted from the influence of noble sentiments—namely, liberation from monastic superstition and feudal oppression, or whether they were pleased with the outbreak in Spain as a direct attack on the throne. In any case, the government seemed better informed than its opponents; but still it appears certain that the expectation of slight opposition was the first cause of its firm determination to send an army to Spain, under the command of the Duc d'Angoulême. The congress of Verona, at which Chateaubriand voted for intervention, in unison with the European powers, was compelled to await patiently the meeting of the French Chambers; but as soon as they had commenced their proceedings, Chateaubriand defended the measure with all the strength at his command—that is, with poesy and eloquence—in favour of Legitimacy and Catholicism, all of which supported the views of the government.

The reasons he alleged, however, contained too much of the terrible past, and, on the other hand, too much of the seductive future, to satisfy

the Left. Chateaubriand's speech aroused the well-known "Manuel storm."

Manuel, an advocate, and native of the Barcelonnette, belonged to the extreme Left. Although this party was, at that day, very weak in number, its adherents possessed great influence; in fact, the moral effect of the opposition at that day was more dangerous, through the persons from whom it emanated, than it was later: I might almost say it was not so *exploité*.

Chateaubriand's opinion as to intervention led Manuel to offer the most strenuous opposition.

"If you desire to save Ferdinand," he said, "do not your utmost to recal those circumstances which led those in whom you take such interest to the scaffold. When the misfortunes of the royal family in 1792 set foreign powers in motion, and their interference in our affairs was only too much apprehended, France felt the necessity of defending herself with fresh strength and energy."

These words had scarce passed Manuel's lips, when a terrible tumult arose, and the cry of "Order" sounded from the whole Right, who rose, and refused to vote with the defender of the royal murder. Manuel looked round calmly and defiantly.

"He must be expelled," the whole Right repeated. His expulsion was immediately proposed and carried. By the advice of his friends, Manuel went to the Chamber the next day, and, after refusing to retire voluntarily, he was removed by the gendarme. The whole Left party followed him.

On this occasion Chateaubriand's views and the interest of the government coalesced; and the poet went so far into the snare, that he dreamed himself absolutely necessary for the welfare of France from this time forth, and only recognised his error when too late. From that day a devouring grief never quitted him.

His ever-memorable speech on the 7th of August, 1830, deserves respect and the highest admiration, when he had the courage and magnanimity to defend the unhappy throne of the expelled dynasty with all the power of his genius. He was, however, but slightly listened to, and he termed himself "a useless Cassandra," the justice of whose prophecies we should now admire, after an interval of twenty years.

The reign of Louis XVIII. drew rapidly to a close, and the king heard with patience and philosophy accidental remarks, which reminded him of his melancholy condition. Once, as he held the young Duke of Bordeaux on his lap, and sportively asked him, "And would you like to be a king?" "Oh, no!" the child replied, considering lameness to be a requisite for reigning, "I would sooner be able to walk."

The chief cause, however, which led to the succession of Charles X. being looked upon with tolerable indifference, lay in the fact, that the existence of the Carbonari and other affiliated societies was not then generally known, though there is no doubt that the propagation of these societies in France led to the intervention in Spain. Had the public been as well acquainted then, as it is now, with the extension of these sects and propaganda, the reign of Charles X. would have been regarded with great anxiety, for from this monarch might be expected more obstinacy and severity, and less ability to conquer enemies without cruelty, by firmness at one moment and concessions at another.

Of these societies we have mentioned, the St. Simonians were the only one at that day universally known in France and publicly mentioned; of the politically much more influential party, whose motto was "Aide toi

*et Dieu t'aidera,*" little was known. It was not till the revolution of 1830, which, as it was afterwards stated, was greatly supported by this fraternity, that the world became better acquainted with them. The following is the description our authoress gives of the St. Simonians :

The strange system of Saint Simon—a partial development of Fourier's still stranger one (although real St. Simonians deny it)—was, after the death of the great apostle in 1825, attacked and defended with increased passion, and St. Simon, as well as his doctrines, revered or ridiculed. His disciples took every opportunity of praising his heroic conduct in the North American war of Liberation, under Bouillé and Washington, and sought there the first impulse for his ideas of amelioration ; others fancied that his incarceration on two occasions had aroused increased reflection in him as to the errors of society. This may have been the case in his French prison, for St. Simon had never mixed himself up in political affairs, and was imprisoned for eleven months in consequence of a mistake. The 9th Thermidor liberated him again. Till the year 1807 he was exclusively engaged in industrial speculations, which were, however, unsuccessful, and he afterwards devoted ten years to the preparation of his later doctrines. Various travels, and a few pamphlets, served to inform the public of his views, which, however, were not received with that enthusiasm he had anticipated. Disgust at his ill-success drove him into a state of monomania, during which he sought to put an end to his life. He, however, was unsuccessful in his attempt, and the loss of an eye was the only result of the desperate design. His actual disciples only adhered to his doctrines after his death, while, on the other hand, older and calmer observers, who had an insight into his former life, felt so much the less sympathy with him. Exaltation, nearly equivalent with madness, had disturbed his senses, long before his death ; and the compassionate remark, "*Ce pauvre fou,*" which I heard from his intimate friends and relations, confirmed me in the idea I had formed of his character, as a good-tempered but weak one. He felt himself strong enough to make every sacrifice for his fancied amelioration of society ; but he was much too weak to see through intriguers and adventurers, who took advantage of his good-nature and generosity. The highest degree of exaltation led him to the most extravagant actions. The best proof of this will be found in the following anecdote, which I mention with the permission of still living persons, who were very closely connected with him :

Madame de Staël was sitting one day in her garden at Coppet, when a gentleman, perfectly unknown to her, rushed, in an indescribably excited condition, towards her, threw himself at her feet, and incessantly repeated :

"Madame, you are the greatest woman on earth, I am the greatest man, you must become mine—two minds in such affinity as ours must be united," &c.

It may be easily imagined that such an address from a perfect stranger appeared to Madame de Staël a plain proof of his madness, and she escaped from him as soon as she could. I do not know what passed in St. Simon's mind, when he found that the greatest woman on earth preferred to finish her career without the greatest man ; but it was certainly one of his fixed ideas to develop great moral powers in the same way as Frederick William of Prussia strove to propagate great physical strength in his army. In consequence of this fancy, he had travelled with extra post, night and day from Paris to Coppet.

Among the St. Simonians there were, however, many simpletons, whom the device of the fraternity, "each according to his ability," led to join it, as boot cleaning and potato peeling were more comfortable avocations than a study of the classics, or the acquirement of scientific knowledge. There were, though, many very talented young men among them ; for instance, Michel Chevalier and Felicien David, whose names require no further commentary.



As the chief residence of the fraternity lay in Menilmontant, a quarter thronged with workmen and labourers, and they purposely opened their doors and windows on summer evenings, so that their behaviour might be easily noticed from the street, and the large garden in which they met to sing was open to the public, they soon excited sympathy and attention, and made proselytes. But they at length sunk utterly in public opinion, by rendering themselves the objects of public ridicule. Many of these really talented men, who sought greater union and equality in human society, felt a strong desire for external signs. They chose a style of dress utterly at variance with that in vogue, and which necessarily drew great attention. The short, light-blue tunic, the broad girdle, the black velvet cap, the long beard, to which Paris was not so accustomed as it is now, caused the mob to cut the most comical capers whenever one of them was seen in the street; and on that day, when they walked, two and two, and slowly, along the road from Menilmontant to the Sessions House, where they were summoned to answer the charge of contravening the law relative to public assemblies, public ridicule did more to cause the dissolution of the fraternity than even the judge's sentence effected.

Our authoress had an opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the great astronomer, François Arago, through the kindness of Alexander von Humboldt, and she speaks in terms of delight of the very agreeable evening she passed at the observatory in the company of these two extraordinary men. She does not, however, favour us with any novelty relative to the brothers Arago, but proceeds at once to tell us something about the Dupins, also three in number, and whose acquaintance she formed at about the same time. The following anecdote relative to André Dupin, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, we may be permitted to quote :

Dupin was ever regarded as the leader of the opposition in the hour of necessity, and his advice was sought by several journalists at the time of the promulgation of the "Ordonnances" of the 25th July, 1830. His reply was, that the laws alone must remain in effect, and the ordinances should not be obeyed. It is certain that this advice did much to overthrow the throne. When he saw it fall, after the three days' struggle, he, like most of his friends, felt more terror than joy. He was an earnest defender of legal measures, and could, by no possibility, suffer the ever-increasing obscurantism of the clergy, and the tyranny of the king: but he was not the less disinclined towards democracy. He plainly expressed his opinion in his pamphlet, "The Revolution of July, 1830," in which he stated that France would not, and must not, have a republic, and that the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe) must mount the throne, both from his situation and his antecedents; not because he was the nearest relation to the overthrown royal family—*pas parceque Bourbon, mais quique Bourbon*. I do not know whether M. Dupin will like to be reminded of this pamphlet at the present day, but I am relating facts.

Although the three Dupins, like the three Aragos, were known as very liberal men and haters of the Jesuits, still the manner in which the idea of liberty revealed itself in the two families was very different. The brothers from the Pyrenees, with their burning, southern fire, openly declared that the tree must be plucked up by the roots, and then cast away. The Nivernois also desired reformation, but in moderation. The former became afterwards republicans, body and soul—that is to say, what

are termed so in the present day—of course without black soup and many other self-denials, while the Dupins were almost regarded as aristocrats, according to the present acceptance of the term.

Dupin *l'aîné* must have had some hope of success, when, on February 24, 1848, he led the Duchesse d'Orléans, that princess so esteemed and revered by the French nation, with her little son to the Chamber of Deputies, and sought to direct the movement in favour of the Regency. The date of this attempt is still too fresh for us to discuss it impartially; but what person, who did not desire absolutely to overthrow the throne, could regard it as opposed to actual liberty?

The temper of the Chamber appeared favourable to this proposal, when a band of miscreants rushed in (under the command of the notorious Lagrange, as is now well known) and dissolved the Assembly. The young Comte de Paris was in considerable danger, and it has not yet been satisfactorily proved whether his handkerchief was unfastened accidentally or by some one grasping at his throat. The little Duc de Chartres concealed himself so well under a table in a neighbouring room, that the duchess did not perceive his absence when she was driven out, and the child was eventually taken to his desolate mother in female attire at a late hour in the evening.

Dupin, consequently, was unsuccessful; but history will hardly condemn him for his design.

About the end of 1831 our authoress met these notabilities at the house of a very agreeable Portuguese family, where Arago was presented to Don Pedro of Brazil. It will be remembered that the latter was forced to quit South America, in consequence of the revolution which took place in Rio de Janeiro on April 6, 1831. Our authoress consequently saw him a short while before he undertook his expedition from Terceira, and when only three-and-thirty years of age:

This prince was, on the whole, possessed of a very attractive manner, and I must here contradict the public opinion that was formed about him. As he only enjoyed a short life of thirty-six years, a complete metamorphosis must have taken place, physically and morally, in him, in order to render those assertions true. When I saw him several times at this house, his figure was, if not tall and imposing, very agreeable. He possessed a noble demeanour, his eyes sparkled with animation, and his talents, as well as his desire to leave no opportunity unemployed to extend his knowledge, were the best methods to arouse a favourable feeling towards him. The Royal Infanta, the Marquise de Loulé, was also present with her husband on these evenings. The beauty of this young couple can scarce be described by words, and can never be forgotten by any one who saw them in the full bloom of youth. Both were the ideal of beauty, and could furnish the text for those children's fairy tales which always commence: "There were once a prince and princess, who were so beautiful," &c. The Infanta was graceful and delicate as a nymph; her features resembled the purest antique model; add to this, a fine flashing eye, and her black hair, which had a *bleuâtre* tinge, and the simple white wreath of roses she almost constantly wore, and it may be credited that I never shall forget this beautiful creature.

If the marquis showed too strongly his consciousness of possessing corporeal advantages, still this weakness may be, as an exception, pardoned him, for the possession of such a beautiful Infanta was well calculated to excite feelings of vanity in a young man.

Although the French perfectly recognised the faults which had after-

wards stained the revolution of '89, still they were equally conscious of the first good ideas, and the various mighty events that emanated from it. Their memory still retained the glory of the ensuing epoch of brilliant deeds, when every coming day saluted a new hero; and though they dare not expect any forgiveness from the whole world, still the hope lived in them that the royal family had forgiven them, for they had forgiven the royal family. The two laws brought forward in 1825, one to indemnify the emigrés, the other against sacrilege, naturally aroused great indignation. It may not be uninteresting to state here, that Lafitte, who at that time was one of the most important members of the opposition, was not entirely opposed to the indemnity, but had even defended it against his own party in 1817, while he turned with horror from the law which demanded the punishment of death for sacrilege. We need not go through Lafitte's history from the commencement, for all the world is acquainted with it; but the following may not be generally known:

Although Fortune is represented with veiled eyes standing on a rolling wheel, and the justice of this allegory can never be appreciated more fully than when allied to sudden popular favour, still while everybody was well versed in the story of Lafitte's rise, many erroneous stories were in circulation, and especially in other countries, as to the causes why his star sank below the horizon. The multitude on one hand, and his political friends on the other, believed, and wished to propagate the belief, that his immense fortune had been sacrificed in the cause of liberty. This opinion, however, took no root in the higher financial circles, and many immense speculations, difficult to manage and incautiously entered into, are said to have broken various spokes in his Fortune's wheel, even before 1830.

Lafitte himself really enthralled every one who approached him, by his pleasant and amiable manners. His elegant features, his southern animation and highly peculiar accentuation, an extraordinary memory for all he had read or seen, and, finally, his continually increasing political influence, attracted everybody to his *soirées*. Among his intimate friends, who had rendered themselves conspicuous after the peace by making their appearance in public, and revealing their sentiments by the most poignant wit, may be counted Béranger and Thiers. This now so well known statesman, who in the ten years between 1830 and 1840 effected so much good and evil, may be regarded as the pen of the political Lafitte; and the latter, on the other hand, as the lever and reflector of the *National*, a radical paper commenced by Thiers in 1829.

Thiers' pamphlet, written in 1823, "The Pyrenees and Southern France," first attracted popular attention to him, and Lafitte soon recognised his remarkable talents. He clearly perceived the advantage he could draw from a young, ambitious publicist, whose career had still to be formed, and he became his patron.

Up to this time no history of the revolution had been written, entering into the details of the various events, causes, and views; and, in fact, no one had dared, during the several governments which followed one another after '89, to represent the revolution as having anything good about it. The reminiscence of sanguinary and horrible deeds had been *rechauffé* by eye-witnesses, but there was no written panegyric of the improvements which had resulted from the overthrow of the then existing relations. To undertake this, and embellish it with the most flattering

colours, was a difficult task at that day. The task was entrusted, simultaneously, to the talented pens of Thiers and Mignet. In the year 1824, these young men, still poor bachelors and friends, inhabited a modest fourth floor together, and worked with indefatigable zeal on their histories of the revolution. They cautiously passed over every terrible deed without any reproachful remarks, to represent with redoubled zeal every victorious battle with its brilliancy and glory, but avoided any mention of the misery necessarily attached to it.

The public has never properly understood how two so closely united friends, of nearly the same age, worked up the same subject at the same time, in two different works, but with the same tendency, and were so far from displaying the slightest rivalry, that they mutually aided one another. The applause that Mignet's work gained was, probably, not so universal as that of his friend, for the former, partly through taste and partly because he did not succeed in being elected to the Chamber, withdrew as far as possible from politics, more especially from journalism, to devote himself calmly to historical studies.

The following anecdote of Thiers is highly characteristic :

In spite of his pliant manner, as long as he was minister, and his great talents, he was compelled to yield, in 1840, to his antagonist Guizot. I frequently saw these two statesmen, who had both commenced their career as publicists, at the house of Bertin de Vaux (then proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*). Still Guizot was the more intimate friend there, and on simpler terms of friendship. I shall ever remember Bertin de Vaux's sarcastic and scarcely concealed smile, when Thiers paid a visit on the first occasion after his being appointed minister. The servant tore the folding-doors open, and announced "His Excellency the Minister of the Interior!" I knew Bertin de Vaux too well not to read his thoughts when the new minister, who was of remarkably small stature, moved in slowly and with immense grandeur.

While Lafitte threw himself, with all the passion of a talented, energetic, southern Frenchman, into the arms of the revolution, which was regarded by his friends as the result of the highest self-sacrifice, by others as the result of the highest ambition, he could not pay much attention to domestic affairs, or have much intercourse with his family. Now and then astonishment was expressed that the only really pretty daughter of the rich Lafitte would not present a son-in-law to her father. At length the eldest son of Marshal Ney, the young Prince de Moskwa, was selected. The marriage, however, was very far from being a happy one, and the prince eventually was forced to appeal to the public courts to settle his domestic circumstances.

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## CHAMOIS HUNTING.\*

THERE is a flower called Edelweiss—the *Gnaphalium leontopodium* of botanists—which is met with only on some of the highest mountains in certain parts of Tyrol and Bavaria, and is much valued for the snowy purity of its colour, but still more so for the difficulty in getting it. The very name, “Noble Purity” (*edel*, noble—*weiss*, white), has a charm about it. Strangely enough, it always grows on a spot to be reached only with the utmost peril. You will see a tuft of its beautiful white flowers overhanging a precipice, or waving on a perpendicular wall of rock, to be approached but by a ledge, where, perhaps, a chamois could hardly stand. But it is this very difficulty of acquisition which gives the flower so peculiar a value, and impels many a youth to brave the danger, that he may get a posy of Edelweiss for the hat or bosom of the girl he loves; and often has such a one fallen over the rocks just as he had reached it, and been found dead; in his hand the flower of such fatal beauty, which he still held firmly grasped.

It is precisely the same thing with chamois hunting, or rather shooting, for there is, strictly speaking, no hunting in the case; it is not the mere act of killing the only antelope of Europe on its mountain heights, still less is it the bagging of a large and particularly fine piece of game, that gives favour to the sport; it is the difficulty and the danger of the thing—the lofty mountain and deep precipice, the narrow ledge and slippery *lahnes*, the snowy summit and dark abyss, dangers and privations enhanced by the love of enterprise and adventure, pure air, bracing exercise, unrivalled scenery, and a very wild and wary prey; all combined, rendering, perhaps, chamois shooting, although an European sport, the most peculiar and the most dangerous of all. Better probably to some nerves the chance of life upon a bullet delivered safely in the one fatal spot, against lion, elephant, or rhinoceros, than the dangerous way across the slippery steep, or snow or grass-clad declivity, with a firm footing impossible, nothing to hold by, not even a *latschen* or creeping pine, and a fathomless abyss below; or a narrow ledge, not many inches wide for the toes to rest on—the feet being out of the question, with a leap here and there, no hold for the hands, and a dizzy precipice yawning so far below as to end in Styxian darkness! In the one case the nerves may be aroused to a fixedness of purpose equal to the emergency, in the other the strain upon them must be prolonged till we can readily imagine the sense of danger to become at times a positive torture.

The experienced forester or mountaineer naturally thinks less of these dangers than the novice or the amateur. For example, on the ascent of the Miesing, in company with Berger, an under-forester:

We now came to the broad path or mountain way that leads up the Miesing, made to enable the wood-cutters to bring down the wood in winter, as well as for the cattle which in the summer months are driven up to the high pasturages. Beside us, on our left, a clear stream was falling over the blocks of stone that had tumbled into its channel, and beyond it rose a wall of rock, well-nigh perpendicular, eight hundred feet or more. This was the Gems

\* Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria. By Charles Boner, with Illustrations by Theodore Horschelt, of Munich. Chapman and Hall.

Wand, a famous place in other days ere the new laws had been put in force, and where, on ledges so narrow that it seemed a bird only might cling there for some moments, the chamois were always to be seen, standing at gaze or stepping carelessly along. But now the rock was indeed desolate. Over the face of this high wall of stone were scattered the friendly latschen, with here and there a pine that had been able to twist its roots into some gaping crevice. It was as nearly perpendicular as might be, and, except that the strata of rock formed projecting ridges, there was hardly a footing to be obtained. However, if there are latschen one may climb almost anywhere. We stopped occasionally to look across with our glasses and scan its rocky face, in order to see if perchance a solitary buck were loitering there alone. But not a thing, animate or inanimate, was stirring. As I looked up at the precipice, I observed to Berger, "To get along there would be no easy matter—eh? What think you, could you manage it?"

"I went along there some time ago, when out with Mr. —. He wounded a chamois, and it climbed upwards along the wall. It was difficult work, for there was nothing to hold on by; and what grass I found was not firm, and gave way in my grasp. Once I was rather uncomfortable, for while hanging to the rock with both arms raised my rifle swung forward over my arm."

"Ay, that is a horrid situation; let go your hold you dare not; and how to get the rifle back again one does not know either. When it swings down and knocks against the rock, it almost makes one lose all balance. The rifle is sadly in the way in such difficult places. Without it——"

"Oh, without it," said Berger, interrupting me, "one could go any and everywhere. Without it I could climb through the world. The rifle makes an immense difference. But, as I was saying, at last I got up and reached the chamois. The coming down was the worst part. However, I took another way than in going up. I pulled off my shoes, for you can then feel your ground better, and take hold of every little projection with your toes."

"But that must have hurt you terribly?"

"No; I was then accustomed to go barefoot, and would formerly much rather have climbed so than down with thick nailed shoes on. Once before I came down yonder wall from over the ridge: it was ugly work, I can tell you. We drove the game that day, and I had to go over the top and roll down stones to make the chamois cross to the other side."

One of the great difficulties of stalking the mountains is to do so almost unheard. Fragments of stone are lying about, latschen, or pines and larches, with their long trailing branches and dense foliage, or steep beds of geröll (loose rolling stones on the side of a mountain), cross your path, which the lightest step will set in motion; and yet you must advance quickly, and pick your way quite noiselessly, for the roll of a single pebble will arouse the attention of the wary chamois, and, if followed by a second, he will be off in a moment to other rocky inaccessible solitudes. Let us, however, take an example of what chamois stalking is from the author's own words:

"Hist, Berger! there are chamois!"

"Where?"

"Look up yonder; don't you see them?"

"No."

"Look, don't you see a black spot, right across to the right of the geröll and the snow. Now it moves! There is another!—one, two, three!"

"I see them now! Confound it, they see us! Let us move on—don't stop or look; keep away from them, up to the right." And up we went, keeping in a contrary direction, and then stopped among some large loose stones.

"Look, Berger! now you can see them well; they are crossing the snow,

but not quickly. What! don't you see them? Why now they are moving round the wall of rock that goes down quite perpendicularly; yet now I see but two—where can the third be?"

"Now I see them. Give me your glass; make haste and reach those latschen yonder; when once among them, all's right. I'll lie here and watch them, and come after you directly. But for heaven's sake get up the geröll quietly, for if a stone move they'll surely hear it, though so far off; and be quick, and get among the latschen." Giving him my telescope, which was much the better one, I moved on over the slanting mass of loose stones.

With body bent as low as possible, I tried to creep noiselessly upwards. I dared not use my pole to steady myself, for the weight would have forced it among the loose rubble, and made as much or more noise than my footsteps occasioned. Taking it in my left hand, on which side also my rifle was slung, I steadied myself with the right, and so at last reached some larger fragments of stone, which were firmer to the tread, and over which I could consequently get along more rapidly. The sheltering latschen were at length gained, and I flung myself down behind them, quite out of breath with excitement and from moving thus doubled up together.

In this safe haven Berger soon joined me. "They are at rest," he said. "Now all's right! we have them now! But how shall we get across?" he asked, as he looked around to reconnoitre our position. "Yonder they'll see us; we must pass over the ridge above, and go round and see if there is a way."

This we did, and, once on the other side, kept just sufficiently low down to prevent our heads being seen above the sky-line. But after advancing some hundred yards, we came to a spot where the ridge swept suddenly downwards, forming a gap between us and the chamois. To proceed without being seen was impossible. On our right it was rather steep, but we were obliged to descend a good way, and then the same distance up again further on, in order to reach the Roth Wand unobserved.

"Here we are at last! Are they still at rest, Berger? Just look across through the branches of yonder latschen above you."

"Yes, they are still there! Now then, we must get to the pinnacle right over our heads, and then along the ridge, and so have a shot at them from above."

The shoulder of the mountain where we stood was steep enough certainly, but it still presented sufficient inequalities to enable us to clamber up it. Elsewhere, except on this projecting buttress-like shoulder, the declivity was so steep as to be not many degrees from the perpendicular. I proposed therefore that we should choose this less steep ridge to reach the broken rocks above us, on whose jagged forms we might obtain a firm hold, and so creep upwards to the very crest of the mountain. "Oh, no," answered Berger; "we dare not venture that: they would be sure to see us, for we should be quite unsheltered and our bodies being thrown against the sky would be distinctly visible. No, we must try yonder—up that *lahne*," pointing to the steep declivity before us, to see the summit of which it was necessary to fling the head quite backwards. I confess it was not with the pleasantest feelings that I saw what we had undertaken; for the slope was covered with snow, making the ascent doubly difficult, and upwards of two thousand feet below was a huge rocky chasm, into which I could look and calculate where I might at last stop, if my foot slipped and I happened to go sliding down. Where the *lahne* ended beds of loose stones began; and, as if to remind one of their instability, and how hopeless it would be to think of holding fast even for a moment on their moving surface, there rose from minute to minute a low dull sound, made by some rolling stone, which, set in motion by its own weight, went pattering downwards into the melancholy hollow.

However, to stand looking upwards at the steep snowy surface of the mountain, or gazing at the depth below, was not the way to get a shot at the cha-

mois; so giving my rifle a jerk to send it well up behind my back, and leave the left arm free, I began to mount, keeping in an oblique direction in order to lessen the steepness of the ascent. Berger was before me, sometimes on his hands and knees, sometimes on his feet, and looking every now and then anxiously behind to see what progress I made. Neither of us got on very fast, for a firm footing was impossible. If you slipped, down you came on your face, with both feet nowhere, and the rifle swinging over the left arm into the snow most inconveniently. Once, when I was quite unable to plant either foot firmly, Berger, who was just above me, and had, as it seemed, a safe spot on which to stand, was obliged to let down his long pole that I might hold on by it, and, with his heels well dug into the ground, gave me a helping pull. We had mounted half-way when suddenly both my feet lost their hold on the snow, and somehow or other down I went over the steep declivity on my back, like an arrow sent from a strongly-drawn bow. It was disagreeable, for I knew how difficult it is to stop when once gliding at full speed down a lahne; and all my endeavours to do so, with help of my heels or my hands, were ineffectual. But I remembered the advice my friend Kobell had once given me: "Should you ever be unlucky enough to slip when upon a lahne, turn round so as to get on your stomach as quickly as possible, or else you are lost." While shooting downwards therefore I turned, and grasping my stick, which was well shod with an iron point, I dashed it with all my force into the ground. It stuck fast; I held on by it, and was stopped in my career. While gliding down, my eyes were turned upwards to Berger. I saw fright expressed on his countenance: our eyes met, but neither uttered a word. Only when I had arrested my further progress, and was cautiously preparing to find a sure footing, he called out, "It was lucky you were able to stop—for heaven's sake be careful, it is dreadfully slippery." At last, by making a zigzag line, we reached the top of the lahne. Here were rocks by which we could hold, and getting amongst them came to a perpendicular wall about seven feet high. Its face was as straight as a plummet-line, but it was rough, so that some crevices were to be found which might serve as steps in passing over it. At its base was a small ledge, on which one person could stand, holding on with his own face and the face of the rock close against each other, and behind, below, was—what was not quite pleasant to think about. Berger got over first, having previously with one hand laid his rifle and pole on a ledge of rock above him to have both hands free. Handing up my rifle to him, I followed; and though the place seemed rather formidable, in reality it was easy enough to climb. As I stood on the ledge, face to face with the perpendicular rock, I debated within myself whether I should look behind me or not. I knew that below and behind was nothing but air, and I decided on proceeding without turning round; so I looked for the most favourable crack or roughness in the rock to make a first step, which moment of delay Berger attributed to indecision and to fear; and stretching out his hand to me, he cried roughly, "Come, what are you thinking of? give me your hand—that's right. Now then!" He was wrong in his supposition, for I was neither undecided nor afraid, but he feared that if I grew alarmed I might let go my hold; and as the moment was critical he thought to rouse and reassure me by his manner, and by holding my hand firmly in his grasp. "Patience, Berger! patience! I shall be up in a second; I am only looking for a place to put my foot on; don't think I am giddy. There now I am up." And then one of us, lying down at full length, reached with one arm over the ledge of rock, to the spot below where the rifles and poles were lying.

With bended bodies we now stole along the crest of the mountain as noiselessly as possible, for the chamois were below us on our left, just over the ridge. We presently looked over. I could not see them, on account of a projecting rock, but Berger whispered, "There they are! Quick! they are moving." Still as we were, they must have heard us coming upon them, and, suspecting danger, were already in motion. But they had not yet whistled.



By "cunning" over, as a fox-hunter would say, I just obtained a glimpse of one far below me on a small green spot, and standing at gaze. To fire in this position, however, was impossible. Berger, all impatience, and fearing they would escape, was in a fever of anxiety. "Look here! can you see them now?" as, with the left foot planted on a crag not larger than the palm of my hand, I stood as it were in the air, immediately above the spot where the chamois were. A crack from my rifle was the answer. To aim nearly straight downwards is always more difficult than in any other direction, and standing as I did made it much more so; but still I thought I had hit him.

"He remains behind," cried Berger; "you have hit him! Well done! Faith, that was a good shot—a hundred and thirty yards at least. Quick, quick! we may get a shot at the others as they go over yonder rocks;" and darting up the ridge before him, he ran on along the edge of the precipice as if it had been on a broad highway. At another time, without a rifle in my hand, I should have followed him with caution; but the excitement of the hunter was upon me, impelling me to undertake anything, and I sprang after him, and on along the edge, driven forwards by a longing and a thirst and craving which made everything seem possible.

The hunter reaches in the pursuit of the chamois spots from whence nothing is seen save ranges of mountains covered with snow, and there are terrific places amongst those awful solitudes where no living creature has ever moved. The forester feels the excitement of such scenes as keenly as the amateur, and longs to overcome difficulties such as cannot even be spoken of without a shudder. An old chamois hunter having once found his way to the icy summit of the Ortler Spitz, he went up again with his son, that the knowledge of the path might not die with him; but the son, though a young and gallant mountaineer, said there were places to be passed that made his flesh creep as he hung over them, and he vowed at the time, as he stood amid the frightful chasms and walls of ice, while his heart almost ceased to beat for very horror, that if God should let him reach the green valleys alive, no power on earth should ever make him attempt the dreadful way again. The ledges, we have observed, are sometimes very narrow. Here is an example:

"Tell me, Arco," said I, "the story of your going after the buck you shot near the Königs See—the terrible place, you know, where in coming back you grew giddy and sat down, and thought you would never be able to get out again."

"That was on the Ober See where you mean, just opposite Thal Berg Wand; but I thought you knew the story already."

"So I do," I replied; "you told it us all a long time ago, one day after dinner; but I don't remember the particulars exactly, and I should like to hear it again."

"Well," said he, "this was how it happened:—I had wounded a chamois, and as usual he climbed up and passed along a wall of rock, where we lost sight of him. We knew that he would not be able to get out further on, for it was a terrible place, I can tell you."

"And very high up, was it not?" I asked, interrupting him—"right over the lake."

"Three thousand feet," he replied; "not an inch less,—that I am certain of: it was a perfect wall of rock, and below was the lake. But I do not mean to say that the water was directly at the foot of the rock, though from the great height it looked as if it were so. It was perhaps fifty or sixty feet off, but that did not make much difference. Nor was the wall of rock, though it looked so, as perpendicular as a plummet-line; sometimes it receded, and then advanced again, as is always the case. If you had fallen, you might have bounded off from some projecting crag once or twice, but would at last have dropped into

the lake, though not quite at the foot of the mountain. Well, we all said that the chamois, if left quiet, would be sure to come down again, and that it was better to leave him now and not follow him. The thing was, I believe, if the truth were told, none of us had any wish to go along that narrow ledge; and we therefore persuaded ourselves the best thing would be not to disturb him. But we first made a fire to prevent his coming back, and thus had him safe where he was till the morrow."

"This was in the afternoon?"

"Yes, and we then went home. The next day, when out stalking, I looked across with my glass from a mountain opposite to where I thought he must be, and sure enough I saw him on a projecting ledge, leaning against a pine that grew out of a crevice in the rock."

"Was he not dead, then?" I asked.

"Yes, he was dead; but he must have expired while leaning against the tree, for he was sitting exactly as if alive; and had no tree been there, he would have rolled over, and we should never have seen anything more of him. Well, I then went to see about fetching him out, but they all said it was quite impossible to get along the ledge. However, the chamois was there, and I was determined not to lose him without at least making a trial to reach the place. So I went first, and a young forester and one of the wood-cutters followed."

"How broad was the ledge?" I asked.

"It was nowhere broader than from here to there," he replied, pointing to two lines in the flooring of the room, marking a space of seventeen inches wide; "*broader than that it was nowhere*—of that I am certain; but in many parts it was not larger than this border," pointing to some inlaid woodwork, seven inches wide; "and on one side, rising up above you, the wall of rock, and on the other a depth of 8000 feet down to the lake. We went along some way, when there, right before us, was a gap—not very broad, it is true, but still too wide to step across, or even for a jump. The cleft was perhaps five and a half feet wide, and below in the chasm it was wild and frightful to look at."

"But how was it possible to pass?"

"We had a tree cut down, and flung the stem across, and went over one after the other. At last we reached the place where the chamois lay. It was a green spot, just large enough for us three to stand upon,—as nearly the size of this round table as may be (forty-two inches in diameter), only it was rather longer at one end, which gave us more room to open and clean the chamois. Now we had to return, and to carry the buck with us; that was the most difficult part of our undertaking."

"It was in going back you grew giddy, was it not?"

"Yes, for the first time in my life. It was not exactly giddiness either, but rather fright—a feeling that now it was all over with me, and that I should never come out again. But there was no time to lose, or it would really have been all over with me; so pulling out my flask, I took a long draught of the spirit that was in it, and sat down to recover myself."

"But where?—not on the narrow ledge surely?"

"Yes, on the ledge, with my feet hanging over. I was obliged to sit down. I sat there for about a quarter of an hour. But then came the getting up—that was a difficult piece of work; for as the ledge was narrow, I could not turn as I should have done anywhere else; for, if I had, my shoulder or elbow or head might have knocked against the rock behind me, and that, causing me to lose my balance, would have sent me over; so I was obliged to get first one foot up very carefully, and then at last the other, and when that was done, all the rest I managed well enough. Nothing on earth, however, should ever induce me to go that way again."

There is such a thing as slipping, which may arise from various causes, as our author experienced on the lahne, or greensward, and also in a gap overhanging a gulf, from a stone giving way:

Once, when half-way up, a stone on which my hand was laid gave way. I was already falling back—I knew I was lost, and in that second of time thoughts came crowding on my mind as though each would have a hearing in the one moment which was left, and after which it would be too late. I remember quite well my sensations; that I clenched my teeth, held my breath, and that one word, the last as I thought, escaped me. It was a moment of horror. I felt that the shadow thrown by the wing of the Angel of Death was over me. My hands were still outstretched before me, involuntarily trying to clutch somewhat, and grasping only the air; when my striving fingers felt something touch them, and convulsively seizing it, held on with the locked grip of despair. It was the slender stem of a sapling latschen; it did not snap, nor did its roots give way, and to that young thing I owed my life.

Then there are clams, or yawning chasms, with perpendicular sides—deep rents or gashes in the mountain—the only way of surmounting which is sometimes by ascending in the narrowest part, as sweeps of old used to work their way up a chimney. Our author had a most dangerous slide when on all fours down the side of one of these clams on the Krammet's Berg. But the *lahnes* are most treacherous. Some years ago a dairymaid from one of the huts in the mountains near Berchtesgaden slipped in coming down one of these. She was unable to stop herself, or hold on by the long grass, and went over the brink at the foot of the slope into the abyss. When the poor girl was found, the braid of her hair, which she wore twisted in a knot behind her head, was lying in the cavity of the brain. Misfortunes like these are said to occur almost every year, especially among the gentian root gatherers, from the treacherous smoothness of these grassy slopes.

Then there are the mists, which come trailing by smoke-like and vapoury, and shut up in a second everything from the sight. They sometimes come clothed in loveliness, but they also rise dread and dimly, and with a fearful unsparing power. They assume, in the high mountains, great forms, and are a reality, a presence. They rise up and pass slowly by, like sad ghosts, or come rushing on along the sides of the mountain, a long array of muffled shapes of superhuman bulk. A damp, cold, dull clogginess, like thickened air, hangs before your face; you feel it sticking to you; and to see your comrade beyond two paces' distance is impossible. There you stand, cut off from humanity, and as lone as though you were on the broad sea, a thousand miles from any shore. Every landmark has disappeared; all stability seems gone, and nature is not used to this. You discover that the eye, as well as the footstep, needs something to rest on, and it peers around into the sluggish thick vacuity, reflecting back the void upon the mind, and arousing a sense of deepest disquietude and horror. Happy, then, when a breeze brings your comrade's form looming and towering through the fog, an indistinct spectral shape; or a rent in the cloud displays the earth beneath. How fair it appears! fairer and brighter than ever it did before!

Thirst is also one of the severest trials to which the hunter on the mountains is exposed. This seems strange; where there is snow and ice and rock, plenty of water might be expected; and so there is, but progress is very slow, and great are the torments the hunter may have to endure before he can get at it. There is an account in this work of an idiot who had a passion for ascending difficult mountains. Sometimes he went up one, sometimes another. Once he came home and told everybody he

had been on the Zug Spitz. They all laughed at him, for no one believed it. This, it seems, hurt the poor fellow very much; so off he set, and after being absent several days, came home again, and told the people he had been up the Zug Spitz, and that if they looked they would see a pole at the top. No one believed the tale now more than before; yet when they looked with their glasses, there, sure enough, was the pole stuck on the very highest point. The poor fellow carried up this pole barefooted, with only a penny roll for food, and he slept on the ice. This appears to be the proper kind of character to undertake such perilous ascents; for it is quite evident there is less danger to those whose sensibilities are deadened, as in the case of an idiot, than to those in whom every faculty is keenly alive to every new impression and every trifling difficulty and danger.

So incessant is the tension wrought upon the nerves by these dangers, that our author tells us the chamois hunter's eye acquires a peculiar expression—it is dilated, it is wide open and prominent, the lids are drawn back, and the pupil is seen in a large surrounding space of white. A man who had been three days on the mountains wore all the appearance depicted in Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Ugolino."

But, on the other hand, there are the pleasures and excitements before alluded to: there is the wondrous scenery, enhanced to the highest degree when the adventurer reaches the sky line or crest of a range. The excitement in this last instance is increased by the uncertainty of what is to come. The hunter may look down on a wide plain, with distant cities, and roads, and tortuous rivers, or his view may be limited to a sea of snow-clad peaks. The author describes the sensations experienced in such a position as most exquisite—the vastness of the scene has an overwhelming effect. It does not require to be a Moore to be aroused to a sense of magnificence and sublimity.

There is also the excitement of the chase—not that of killing the quarry, which Mr. Boner especially eschews, but the pursuit, the varying chances, the hope deferred, and the climacteric point of the short exquisite second before death. There is the empty *Alm Hütte*, or chalet, clean and nice as if prepared for a visitor, a stack of logs for fuel, household utensils, and a loft with hay to sleep in. Below, there is the *Senn Hütte*, where there are kindly peasants and foresters, food and rest, laughing, music, and merriment, and, as at the Solachers', most sweet and lovely village maidens.

It appears that there is a great drawback to the pleasures of the chase in Bavaria in the innumerable poachers, who not only carry on incessant war against stags and chamois, but also against all foresters and gamekeepers, not sparing, sometimes, the amateur, who is neither the one nor the other. The author relates a case in which he was adventurous enough to attempt the capture of a poacher with his friend Berger, but they had to run for their lives down precipices and hanging by latschen, with an occasional ball to quicken their progress. Between the poachers and foresters deadly affrays are of very frequent occurrence. Mr. Boner had only the foresters' side of the story, and according to them their acts of prowess are truly extraordinary:

It was to the young forester's assistant, Kothbacher, that the adventure happened. He was going along the ridge of the mountain—the Geidauer Eibel

Spitz it is called—and looking down, what should he see but twenty-three men standing by the hut. There is a single hut there, you know, on a green alpine at the foot of steep wild rocks. Well, he looked at them a long time, and watched what they did, and thought, and thought, “If I could only get a shot at one of them—only at one!” And so he kept on thinking how it would be possible to manage, and did not go away from the place, but observed them through his glass, until at last they began to move. There is a little path that leads from the hut right over the Eibel Spitz, and he saw that they were coming up, one behind the other; so he lay still among the latschen, and waited till they approached. By-and-by—perhaps it was three-quarters of an hour, or maybe an hour after—he heard their voices. Presently he saw them winding up the path that led towards him. He allowed them to advance till they were about eighty yards distant, and then let fly at the foremost: he hit him in the middle of the breast, and the man dropped down on the spot, stone dead. When they heard the shot, they all stopped, and ran back some distance, and grasped their rifles. They were exceedingly astonished, for they saw no one, and could not tell where the shot came from. Kothbacher, as he lay among the latschen, could hear them talking together, and deliberating what they should do. Some were for going back, when one of them said, it was a shame to think of going away without knowing more about the matter. If even there were six or seven foresters there, what should they mind? there were twenty-three of them, and it would be a cowardly thing to turn back for a mere handful of men. Come what might, he said, he would go on, and as to the others, they might follow if they liked. So with rifle in hand all ready to fire, on he went alone, straight towards the place where Kothbacher was lying concealed. He let him come on to about sixty paces, and fired: the shot turned the fellow quite round on one side; he stopped short and then fell, and when the others saw this they all turned, and were off as fast as they could go. Kothbacher now crept down the mountain among the latschen on the opposite side, keeping in the bushes, and passing through the woods so that nobody might see him. I don’t know how it was, but when he came down by the Gems Wand, instead of going the way he always did, he took the path that led to Baierisch Zell. It leads, you know, over the mountain stream, and there is a very narrow path along it, and across it is a bridge—you passed it when you came down from the Roth Wand on your road to the Solachers’. Well, when he came here he stopped to load his gun; while he was doing so—it was dusk already—he thought, as there was no knowing what might happen, he would load one barrel with shot; so in one barrel he put a ball, and a handful of shot in the other. He then sat down among the bushes to watch if any one came, for he fancied it was not unlikely that the fellows he had met on the mountain might take that path downward, and if so, they would then have to cross that narrow plank, and as they came on he might give them another welcoming.

He had sat about an hour when he heard voices; they came nearer, and presently he saw men across the water, and could just make out that they all were armed. That’s right, he thought, they are the same; and when near, just as they were all crowded together, about to cross the bridge, he fired his shot-barrel into the midst of them. You may suppose their consternation, after having had two of their comrades shot on the mountain without seeing who it was that fired, now in the darkness to have the same thing happen once more. Kothbacher went leisurely through the bushes, and walked quietly home; but they were terrified almost out of their senses, and did not know what to do, for they never thought themselves safe, and could not tell if another shot might not come peppering in among them a moment after.

“Did he kill one with the last shot?” I asked.

“No; he said he heard quite well the shot falling among them after he fired. He hit one only in the breast; of course he wounded him badly, but the man recovered.”

"And the two he shot on the mountain?"

"One only was dead—the first he fired at: he fell directly, and never moved after. The other he hit in the shoulder, and broke his arm, so that it was obliged to be taken off."

And here is another remarkable instance :

One of the keepers, while out on the mountain, saw three Tyrolese cross the Inn. He at once suspected what was their intention, and instantly set off for a pass among the rocks, where, if he were right in his conjecture, he knew they would surely come. For an hour or more he waited, without hearing or seeing anything of them. At length, however, he espied the poachers advancing up the mountain, and, keeping close to avoid being seen, let them approach. The place where he stood was a narrow path, with rocks rising on one side, and on the other a precipice. When the men were a short distance from him, he stood forth and called to them to lay down their rifles. As they did not obey, he shouted that, cowards as they were, he would lay down his, and challenged them, if they dared, to do the same and come on all three of them armed only with their poles. They did so, and the three advanced upon him. Calm and collected, he watched his opportunity, and, as they approached, thrust his iron-shod pole two inches deep into the breast of the foremost man, and sent him toppling down into the abyss. The others, terror-stricken, sprang back to seize their rifles, but the keeper was too quick for them: he had already grasped his own, and, levelling it, threatened to send a bullet through the first who should dare to raise his weapon. There was nothing left them now but to retreat; and as they did so the keeper fired at one, sending a charge of coarse shot into his back and wounding him badly.

The keepers, on the other hand, well know that should they fall into the power of their enemies, the retribution will be terrible.

But we were most of all struck with the following strange account of a man shot with the rifle at such a distance, that there is every probability, with the vast space there exists between mountains for sound to lose itself—the wave propagating itself downwards as well as upwards and forwards—a thing that cannot take place on a flat surface or level country, that he never heard the discharge of the gun that slew him—was, in fact, killed without knowing it :

"Do you see yonder green knoll?" said Neuner, pointing to a rock rising out of the valley, and behind which a path seemed to lead from the lower pastures. "Well, just on that spot a poacher was shot."

"Who shot him?" I asked.

"One of the under-foresters. The fellow was a noted poacher, and had already fired several times at the keepers. He was the most desperate in the whole country, and being well known as such they had often tried to get hold of him, and bring him in dead or alive. The young forester was quite alone, and standing just about where we are now, when he saw him from afar coming up the path; so he sat down and waited for him. He knew the path would lead him to yonder hillock, and presently sure enough he saw his head appear, and then his shoulders, and then the whole fellow. He was aiming at him all the while, but it was not until the man had reached the top of the rock, and stood before him at his full height, that he fired. The ball hit him in the centre of his chest. It was rather strange, but when struck the poacher pulled open his shirt as if surprised, looked at the shot-wound, and then falling forwards on his face, dropped down dead."

## LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. VIII.—EDWARD QUILLINAN.

EDWARD QUILLINAN is a name not much known out of literary circles. Even within them, it is not a name known and read of all men. The son-in-law of Sir Egerton Brydges, and afterwards of Wordsworth—the assailant of Mr. Savage Landor, in retaliation of the Southey and Porson dialogue—the occasional contributor to quarterly and monthly periodicals—and the accomplished Portuguese scholar—all this Mr. Quillinan was known to be, and this was about all. Nor has his biographer, in the sketch prefixed to the present edition of his Poems,\* added much to this sum total of knowledge. Mr. Johnston has been cautiously mindful of his friend's opinion, that there is on the part of candid biographers a danger that they may tell the public more than the public have a right to know. The memoir, however, so far as it goes, is interesting and in good taste—so much so, that it stimulates the reader's appetite to grow by what it feeds on.

Wordsworth, avowedly slow to admire, and, as Mr. Johnston says, “by no means forward to express approbation even when he felt it,” and “scarcely condescending to the language of mere compliment,” many years ago affirmed his conviction that Mr. Quillinan had it in his power to attain a permanent place among the poets of England; that his thoughts, feelings, knowledge, and judgment in style, and skill in metre, entitled him to it; and that if he had not then (1827) succeeded in gaining it, the cause apparently lay in the choice of subjects. We fear that the ensuing quarter of a century closed without the success in question being realised. Feeling, contemplative ease, and what himself somewhere calls the “bland pressure of judicious thought, and chaste constraint of language,” mark Mr. Quillinan's verse; but we nowhere recognise, positively (as Wordsworth hoped) or potentially† (as Wordsworth asserted), the hand of the MAKER—the *poietes*, whose *poiesis*

\* Poems by Edward Quillinan. With a Memoir by Wm. Johnston. Moxon. 1853.

The Lusiad of Luis de Camoens. Books I. to V. Translated by Edward Quillinan. With Notes by John Adamson. Moxon. 1853.

† Wordsworth's criticism, however encouraging to the subject of it, was, we should suppose, infinitely less flattering than that of the aspirant's first father-in-law was likely to be, if we may judge from extant specimens. Mr. Gillies, for instance, however valuable to literature as a translator and magazine sketcher, is nowhere, to our knowledge, accepted as an original bard. Yet to this gentleman's quite forgotten effusions in verse could Sir Egerton Brydges apply (and doubtless with entire sincerity) such panegyric as the following, in letters addressed to the amiable verse-maker: “It is perfect inspiration! It is as far superior to any the best composition of any living poet [N.B. This was in 1818], as Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser are to the dead. . . . All the compositions of other living poets will appear comparatively as nothing to me. If I could attend to any minor delight in the delirium of pleasure which this fragment gives me,” &c., &c. And again: “You have fixed yourself on my mind, beyond all competition, the greatest genius of the age. . . . Do not accuse me of fulsome compliment. I am incapable of saying what I do not think.” This “Curiosity of Literature” is to be found in R. P. Gillies' “Memoirs of a Literary Veteran,” vol. ii.

guarantees a permanent place among the poets of England. His brightest passages shine with a reflected light from Rydal's bright particular star—for Wordsworth had been, from his youth upwards, and under circumstances ill adapted to foster any such predilection, the venerated object of his poetical studies and musing sympathies.

Mr. Quillinan was a soldier by profession, but literature was his life-long pursuit. He was born at Oporto in 1791, of Irish parents, from whom he was parted in his seventh year, in order to receive an English school education. At fourteen he returned to Oporto; but everything was changed—his mother dead—his father married again—and the counting-house to which he was introduced so heartily sickened him (“for my passion,” he says, “was for books very unlike ledgers”), that he speedily left for England, settled awhile in London, and in 1808 purchased a cornetcy in the “Heavy Dragoons.” With some brother officers he engaged in certain satirical *brochure* writing, which “brought him in” a dividend of three duels at once. The latter part of the Peninsular campaign he passed with his regiment in Spain. After the peace, he published a poem called “The Sacrifice of Isabel” (1816), which he described as an endeavour to portray with energy and simplicity, natural feelings in trying situations. It was dedicated to Sir Egerton Brydges, whose daughter, Jemima, he married in the following year. In 1821, being quartered at Penrith, he went over to Rydal with a letter of introduction to Wordsworth; but, Mr. Johnston tells us, “singularly enough,\* as Mr. Quillinan approached Rydal Mount he became ashamed of presenting himself with a letter which he was aware spoke of him in rather flattering terms, and he rode back again to Penrith with the specific object of his journey unaccomplished.” He soon, however, retraced his steps, and made a friend for life. About the same time he quitted the army, and took a cottage on the banks of the Rotha—a stream whose name he gave to his second daughter, just as Coleridge gave that of the Derwent to his second son. He lost his wife in the following year, and went abroad in bitter anguish, “endeavouring to dissipate by change of scene the burden of sorrow which it had pleased Heaven to lay upon him.” It is, perhaps, to the “shock and passion of grief” by which his spirit was then rent, and afterwards again when bereaved of his second wife (Dora Wordsworth), that we owe the most impressive and affecting

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\* Not absolutely without precedent, however. Twice seven years before this date, a far more profound and impassioned admirer of William Wordsworth undertook on two occasions a long journey expressly for the purpose of paying his respects to that great poet; and on each occasion he tells us, “I came as far as the little rustic inn at Church Coniston—and on neither occasion could I summon confidence enough to present myself before him. . . . I was not deficient [he adds] in a reasonable self-confidence towards the world generally. But the very image of Wordsworth, as I prefigured it to my own planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or St. Paul. . . . Once I absolutely went forward to the very gorge of Hammscar,” within sight of the poet's cottage, and, “catching one hasty glimpse of this loveliest of landscapes, I retreated like a guilty thing, for fear I might be surprised by Wordsworth, and then returned faint-heartedly to Coniston, and so to Oxford, *re infectâ*. . . . And thus far, from mere excess of nervous distrust in my own powers for sustaining a conversation with Wordsworth, I had, for nearly five years, shrunk from a meeting for which, beyond all things under heaven, I longed.”—*Lake Reminiscences: by the English Opium-eater*.



of Mr. Quillinan's verses. His lines, beginning "Madness, if thou wilt let me dwell with thee," exhale the hot fierce breath of despair itself. Society at Berne moved him to exclaim—

It is a melancholy art  
To take the theme the gay impart  
With a complacent smile:  
They little think the secret heart  
Is aching all the while.

The sight of her favourite field-flowers, or of a "soft blue eye," wrang from him a wail that faintly echoes that of him who dwelt alone upon Helvellyn's side, and made his moan for the pretty Barbara. Wherever the bereaved man wandered, there uprose some symbol to associate his thoughts with the quiet churchyard of Grasmere—some torturing memory to deepen the affliction of those

Who, with a vain compunction, burn  
To expiate faults that grieved  
A breast they never more can pain,  
A heart they cannot please again—  
The living, the bereaved.

O vain complaint of selfishness!  
Weak wish to paralyse distress!  
The tear, the pang, the groan,  
Are justly mine, who once possess'd,  
Yet sometimes pain'd, the fondest breast  
Where love was ever known.

Returning to England, he resided either with his late wife's relatives in Kent, or at his own house in town—with occasional visits to the Wordsworths and other friends. Twice he subsequently visited Portugal. In 1841, "the long attachment between him and Dora Wordsworth, which first sprang out of the root of grief, was crowned by their marriage." They passed two happy summers at "The Island" in Windermere (*lent* them by their friend Mr. Curwen, *more suo*—whence Wordsworth's name for the place, *Borrow-me-an Island*), enjoying the company of Professor Wilson\* and other choice spirits. With the next year came anxieties about Mrs. Quillinan's health, and, a voyage to the south of Europe being recommended, they both undertook a tour in Spain and Portugal—an account of which the invalid lady published in 1846.† The ensuing summer was her last. "It would be an improper disclosure of domestic privacy," Mr. Johnston observes, "to quote the letters written by her husband during that time of misery: let it suffice to say that nowhere, either in works of fiction or records of actual life, has the writer of this memoir ever seen letters more distinctly marked by manly sense, combined with almost feminine tenderness." The "Suspiria,"

\* With whom Mr. Quillinan's friendship began, we believe, in a literary feud, tending in rise and progress to the same character as that of Moore and Jeffrey.

† In *Tait's Magazine* for that year, Mr. Quillinan published a minute description of "The Foz," or marine suburb of Oporto, under the title of "The Belle"—of the incidents in which sketch "there are probably few," he says, "which are not true," though characters and events are intermingled and transposed, to avoid offensive personality. It "is neither a novel nor a romance, and he thought it proper to add, 'least of all a satire.'"

and other poems in this collection, testify to the mourner's sacred sorrow. Thus :

Oh for a glance into the world above !  
 Enfranchised trembler, thou art surely there !  
 Not mine the gloom fanatic to despair  
 Of grace for thee : but, reft of thy pure love,  
 So dread a conflict in my soul I prove,  
 So lost I feel in solitary care,  
 So frail, forlorn, and worthless, that I dare  
 Aspire to no such height, unless the dove  
 Of peace, descending, teach my hope to soar.  
 Fond heart ! thy wounds were heal'd, thy sins forgiven ;  
 I saw thee die ; I know that thou art blest.  
 Thou, dying sufferer, wert wing'd for heaven ;  
 And when thy spirit mounted to its rest  
 My guardian angel fled, to come no more.

"Two graves in Grasmere Vale, yew-shaded both, his all of life, if life be love, comprised ;" and to a space remaining for himself between them, the sorrower's thoughts were now habitually directed. He continued to live with his daughters in the same cottage, Loughrigg Holme. "He walked about more than ever with Mr. Wordsworth. They had now a new sympathy, but a sad one. It pointed to a grave in Grasmere churchyard." Yet a little while, and the elder poet\* was carried to the same peaceful God's-acre. Nor was the end of the other far off. Mr. Quillinan died in the following year (1851)—talking of literature, his ruling passion, in the delirium of approaching dissolution ; and even after he had ceased to recognise his children, one hour before he died, endeavouring, pen and ink in hand, to pursue his translation of the "History of Portugal," that it might "be of use" to the daughters who stood by his bedside, though he knew them not. On the 12th of July, 1851, the green sods of Grasmere churchyard covered another shrouded denizen, there to sleep beside the darling of his heart, beneath the shadow of the yew-trees near at hand, and the everlasting hills not afar off. Restless hath been the greed, within the last few years, of that Churchyard among the Mountains.

Mr. Quillinan was by education and profession a Roman Catholic,

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\* In a letter to Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, Mr. Quillinan thus announces the decease of William Wordsworth: "We had known for two or three days at least that there was no hope; but we were led to believe that the end was not yet. At twelve o'clock this day [April 23—said to be Shakspeare's birthday and death-day too], however, he passed away, very, very quietly. Mrs. Wordsworth is quite resigned. There is always some sweetening of the bitterest cup; it was expected that he would linger perhaps for some weeks, and that his sufferings would be extreme; but the mercy of God has shortened the agony, and we fondly hope that he did not suffer much pain—that he had not reached that stage of suffering which the medical men apprehended. Last night I was with him for about half an hour up to ten o'clock; he lay quite still and never spoke, except to call for water, which he often did. 'Drink, drink,' was all he said. William (his younger son) sat up with him till past five o'clock, and was then relieved by John (his elder son), who had only returned from Brigham (his parish) at nine last evening. He remained to the last in the same quiet state, never moving; yet as this had been the case so long, and he had always been most unwilling to move, or to have his position altered, it was by no means supposed that the last hour was so near. He is gone! You know well the distress at Rydal Mount."

but he practically conformed to the Church of England. In politics he was Conservative. As a man, he was generally respected and beloved. One of his friends, who affirms his belief that "a more noble, generous, and high-minded creature never breathed," remarks that "probably his failing was an excitability and restlessness which indicated that Irish blood was in his veins." This excitability carried him in 1819 to Edinburgh, to retort gravely upon the banter of his *Blackwood* critic; and to the same spirit we may trace his caricature of Mr. Landor's Porson and Southey, in 1842.\* As the "son-in-law of the calumniated poet," he felt called on to resent, with no slight "appearance of contempt," the "odious misapplication" of the author of Gebir's powers in "his gross attack on Wordsworth." With such a temperament, it was happy for Mr. Quillinan that his poetical sympathies were with the Wordsworth school, rather than with Byron and other *Kraftmänner*. He never attained the sublime repose which consecrates the philosophy of his great exemplar, but unquestionably that philosophy must have had a profound and soothing influence of restraint upon his inner life, as well as upon his verses. How carefully he modelled his manner upon that of Wordsworth—unless, indeed, the imitation was an unconscious habit—may be seen in his lines, "Wild Flowers of Westmoreland," "The Birch of Silver How," some of the sonnets, &c. The following illustrates his more independent manner :

To Miss ———.

Thou wert to me a mystery of not unpleasing dread ;  
 Thou art to me a history that I have quickly read !  
 There is a spell upon thee which I would not read aloud  
 To any but thy secret ear within an arbour's shroud.  
 For though it might be quickly said, thy cheek would change its hue  
 If 'twere express'd by more than one, or heard by more than two.  
 It is not guilt, it is not shame ; though leading oft to both  
 In breasts where sensibility is prodigal of growth.  
 Thou art not happy, though thy smile would fain the truth deny ;  
 I know too much of sorrow's guile to trust a laughing eye :  
 Thine is a genuine woman's heart ; all woman to the core ;  
 Beware ; be warn'd before we part ! for we shall meet no more.  
 (Though not perchance without a sigh shall memory oft retrace  
 That fine pale air of intellect and melancholy grace.)  
 Farewell, forget me if thou wilt, while pleasures round thee bloom,  
 Remember me when thou art left in solitude and gloom.

By way of relief to this minor key, we quote

FROM AN ALBUM.

Lady, are you dark or fair,  
 Owner of this pretty book ?  
 What's the colour of your hair ?  
 Are you blithe and debonnaire,  
 Or demure of look ?

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\* Mr. Landor's only reply seems to have been a pun on his adversary's *Quill-inanities*,—not an original one, however, for Quill-inane was a bit of spelling and sarcasm of thirty years' standing, with the genesis of which, the lieutenant of dragons had himself made Mr. Landor acquainted at the time. See "Memoir," p. xxxiii.

If your eyes are black as sloes,  
And your locks of ebon hue ;  
O'er your cheeks if nature throws  
Only just enough of rose,  
Why, I think you'll do.

If with pretty mouth you sing,  
Void of all extravaganza,  
Tender melodies that bring  
Hearts around you fluttering,  
You are worth a stanza.

If you be in soul a child  
Lively as a meteor,  
Yet with a discretion mild,  
Tempering the spirit wild,  
You're a charming creature.

Nearly all the poets have sung of a Margaret (and in this they have all done well, though they have not all sung well)—here is Mr. Quillinan's contribution

IN THE ALBUM OF MARGARET ———.

Both meanings of *La Marguerite*,  
The daisy or the pearl,  
For once in perfect concord meet,  
And suit the very girl !

Some prophet surely gave that name  
At the baptismal hour  
Of one who sparkles like a gem,  
Though modest as the flower.\*

We conclude our quotations with a fragment descriptive of Wordsworth, from some lines on the visit of Queen Adelaide to the aged bard :

Him, the High Druid of the oak-clad fells  
And aqueous vales of our romantic North,  
The breasts of thousands, yea of millions, own  
To be the Seer, whose power hath o'er them most  
A sway like that of conscience . . . .

He, in his sunny childhood, sported wild  
Among the wild flowers and the pensile ferns  
That fringe the craggy banks of waterfalls,  
Whose pools were arched, with irises enwoven  
Of spray and sunbeams : these into his mind  
Pass'd, and were blent with fancies of his own ;  
And in that interfusion of bright hues  
His soul grew up and brighten'd. On the peaks  
Of mighty hills he learnt the mysteries  
That float 'twixt heaven and earth. The strenuous key  
Of cloud-born torrents harmonised his verse

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\* If ever we execute our project of an Anthology of what the poets (" blessings be with them, and eternal praise !") have said of the names of ladies (on whom be the same benediction invoked), in some six or eight volumes octavo, *La Marguerite* bids fair to monopolise one volume to herself. Nor shall we grudge it. Meanwhile, we wish certain other names of significant sweetness had a richer literature of their own. *Florence*, for example—a name which (at least we have met with One to warrant the belief) might inspire stanzas fit to draw three souls out of one weaver. It might make, whom the gods have *not* made, poetical. But how unpardonable ever to bestow it on a creature with a beard !

To strength and sweetness : but the voice that brake  
 The cedars upon Lebanon—none else—  
 Taught him to rend more stubborn stocks than they,  
 The obdurate hearts of men.

It is right to add, that the few extracts we have given afford but a narrow glimpse of the merit of a volume of poems which every Lake Schoolman (conventionally, however incorrectly, speaking) will wish to put on his shelf.

We have just grace enough left to confess that our knowledge of the Portuguese language is simply *nil*; and therefore our incompetency to "tackle" Mr. Quillinan's translation of the "*Lusiad*" stands out in hideous distinctness. The *ergo* may be called a *non sequitur*, according to the practice and precedents of the Art of Criticism; but let that pass. Shortly before his death, Mr. Quillinan was spoken of in the *Quarterly Review* as "probably the first Portuguese scholar in the kingdom." In undertaking a translation of Camoens, he engaged in a labour of love, uncheered by any confident hope of popularising a minstrel whom foreigners are content to admire at a distance, and whom translators have commonly found it difficult to acclimatise as an exotic—as M. de Souza\* and others learnt to their cost. Camoens is, as Sismondi says, the sole poet of Portugal, whose celebrity has extended beyond the Peninsula, and who had the honour of writing the earliest epic in any of the modern tongues;† yet people are wont to accept the celebrity as a tradition, finding it less convenient in such cases to prove all things than to hold fast that which is, by courtesy, good. So Camoens, like the hero of the drinking-song, is chorused as a "good fellow," whose goodness "nobody can deny"—under penalty of reading his epic. In translations of such a kind, therefore,

'Tis not for mortals to command success :

but Mr. Quillinan has done more—deserved it. If spirit, elegance, and finish,‡ can render the "*Lusiad*" acceptable to an English public, his

\* "Called upon Madame de Souza, and saw her husband's Camoens. This book has cost him near 4000*l.*, and he has never sold a copy."—*Diary of Thomas Moore*, 1820. (*Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 105.) This is "the splendid edition" described by Sismondi. By poet Phillips's philosophy in the "*Splendid Shilling*," M. de Souza was a happy man, as *retainer* extraordinary.

† Neither Ariosto nor his fellow-romancers aspired to the character of epic writers. Nor did Tasso publish his "*Jerusalem Delivered*" until the year after the death of Camoens. Trissino had essayed an epic on the liberation of Italy from the Gauls, but broke down.

‡ A rough line here and there remains to show that he had not, as his editor, Mr. Adamson, remarks, "given his last supervision to the versification." For instance, not at all in Mr. Quillinan's style is the second line in the couplet:

Until his rabid fangs enfix his throat,  
 And down at last tumbles the exhausted brute.

C. iii., st. 47.

Or the scansion of the third line following:

The startled mother, feigning then to see  
 On my behalf, address'd her. The divine  
 Enchantress said, as half compliant,  
 "How shall a Nereid learn to love a giant?"

C. v., st. 53.

But such instances are too rare not to be remarkable.

version ought to be in request. It comprises the first five books, which include the most admired sections of the epic,—viz., the story of Ignéz de Castro, she who

———with eyes whose beauty charm'd the air,  
Meek as a lamb devoted from the fold,  
Gazed on her parent frantic with the woe,  
And unresisting took the fatal blow ;

and also the vision at the Cape of Good Hope, which, in the vigorous interpretation of Mr. Quillinan, shows quite another front from the comparatively dull presentment of William Julius Mickla. Fain would we quote the vision entire ; but 'tis not for mortals to command space any more than success, and therefore be it our consolation (*pace tanti editor*) to deserve it.

## CAMP SONG.

[Supposed to be sung by a refugee Pola, captain of Kosciuszko's Chasseurs, at a wine-house in Dalmatia, 1830.]

I'm a Pole, and dare to own it ;  
One of Krasinsky's old Red Lancers,  
When he led through flame and thunder  
Ten stout troops of coal-black prancers.

*Boga Toboi!*\* Herr Krasinsky,  
*Carejo!* my Hetman dear ;  
Bravest heart that bled for Poland—  
Heart that never felt a fear.

*Corpo Bacco!* how we battled,  
Camped and marched the wide world over.  
*Caramba!* I'm like the Calmuc,  
In my own land but a rover.

We were there by Varshaw's† city,  
At the harvest of the plain,  
When the Russian blood—*Sapieti!*—  
Fell warm and fast as the summer rain.

When Tobolska fed the bonfire,  
Hot and flaming, such a roaster (*laughs*),  
We were there with lance and sabre,  
And a pistol at each holster.

*Sacrament!* old Platoff's Cossacks,  
Shouting slaves,‡ who cared for no land,  
How we clove them to the naval,  
When we thought on bleeding Poland.

When proud Rheinow's stoutest ramparts  
Flew to heaven in fiery shivers,  
We rushed up, though shell and bullet  
Were sweeping down in red-hot rivers.

Like a crimson cloud we spread us  
O'er the crumbling breach, loud roaring,  
When in streams, as from a crater,  
Lurid lava fire was pouring.

Our dark path was lit by lightning  
From the smoke-cloud leaping, flashing,  
When the glowing globes of iron  
Through the burning roofs went crashing.

And the dim and dusky vapour,  
Breathed as hot as hell's red prison,  
And a shriek of thousands joining,  
From the pillaged city's risen.

Now for burst of whirlwind charging,  
And the war-drum's stormy rattle,  
Now for shrill voice of the bugle  
Heard above the eddying battle ;

The deep tramp of men united,  
Dreadful as the earthquake's tread,  
And the rumble of the cannon,  
Muffled by down-trodden dead.

*Criakto!* how the spearman's pennon  
In the frost air floats and dances ;  
Were the white sky now to fall in,  
We could hold it on our lances.

Now to horse my fellow-troopers,  
Leave your drinking, shouting, singing ;  
Hark! the well-known sound that calls us,  
Blade against steel stirrup ringing.

G. W. T.

\* A Slavonic salutation. These oaths are of all languages, picked up by the mercenary in different countries.

† i.e. at Moscow, under Napoleon.

‡ The Cossack "*Hourra!*" was their well-known war-cry.

## NEWS FROM EGYPT.\*

It would be a difficult task, without a file of the *Athenæum*, to enumerate all the books that have appeared, during the last few years, about Egypt. The cry is, still they come; and, though differing greatly in manner and style, some instruction may be derived from even the most trifling details of Fellah life. Lepsius and "our fat contributor to *Punch*," though *envisaginy* (to use a Gallicism) their subject from very different sides, have both added to our store of information. Authors, fast and slow, have said their say about Egypt: hardly an Englishman, who has any pretensions to the character of a travelled man, but has climbed to the summit of the Great Pyramid, honourable exception being made, however, of a majority of the aforesaid authors, who have made their travels, at the most, "autour de leurs chambres."

The work we have now under consideration, can hardly be ranked under any of the present literary categories. It is not fast, and at the same time is far from being slow; it progresses at a sort of ambling canter, peculiar to those horses warranted for ladies' riding. The author of course had no idea that his letters would ever be made public, and so on, according to the formula expressly made and provided. The correspondence appears, however, to be *bonâ fide* the production of a young man, whose parents sent him out to see the world, with plenty of money, and doubtlessly with much good advice. His intention was to study from nature, and some bias led him to Egypt. No new discoveries need, therefore, be expected from him: he travelled the camel and dromedary beaten track of his predecessors, and, consequently, met with but very few incidents or accidents. His life was essentially that of an artist who travels partly for pleasure, partly for profit, and we need not wonder that he regards most matters "en couleur de rose." The result of his tour, however, has been a remarkably pleasant and chatty little book, extracts from which we have fancied, will greatly amuse our readers.

After stating that our artist-author started on his travels from Marseilles by the English mail steamer, we will allow him to tell his plain unvarnished tale in the first person:

Cairo, March 30.

Four days ago I arrived in this fabulous city of the "Thousand and One Nights." Everything seems to go on most swimmingly with me, for I have been enabled to hire a whole two-storied house; for it is most unpractical to take one or two rooms, as a whole house is proportionably cheaper and more advantageous for me. The expense of living in an hotel here is ten francs a day; my house costs me thirty-two francs per month; but I must also have an interpreter and a servant, who will cost me fifty francs per month.

On the eighth day after leaving Malta, the flat Egyptian coast rose in sight, and the pilots soon came on board, whose little boats, riding over the blue waves, which possessed a remarkable purity and brilliance, afforded a most peculiar appearance in connexion with the ruddy hue of

\* Briefe aus Ägypten und Nubien, von Wilhelm Gentz. Williams and Norgate.

the sailor's dress. The coast of Alexandria is perfectly flat and sandy, and is nothing but a desert. On one side may be seen hundreds of little windmills, between which several tribes of Fellahs have raised their mud huts; on the other a huge promontory, at the end of which are the celebrated Fanal and the harems of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha. When I reached my destination, I was left entirely to myself. The porters carried off my baggage, wanted to be paid thrice the proper amount beforehand, and made such a disturbance, that I was obliged to employ my stick. Besides this, I could not understand a single word. My traps were at length carried to the custom-house, where I eventually succeeded in packing them on a donkey, and started for town, to look for an European hotel.

Alexandria is internally narrow and dirty, like all Turkish towns, although from the harbour it presents an European appearance; dirt, however, is very frequently allied to the picturesque, and so I do not complain about it. The heat is naturally intense, and at night the dew falls in such quantities, that your clothes would be wet through if you exposed yourself to it. I am obliged to dress myself warmly: I am forced to wear a thick fez or tarbusch, and must, besides, wrap myself in blankets, to protect myself from the sun.

I only stopped a week in Alexandria. I made some drawings of the most characteristic objects in the town, and excursions without the walls, to view the more interesting remains of antiquity. I was principally struck, however, by the frightful wretchedness of the lower classes. I rode and walked a good deal through the villages round the town, and had many showers of stones and hundreds of dogs behind me; but this was only the case in the worst tribes. I must speak in the most praiseworthy terms of the greater portion of the inhabitants: they are gentle, and pay great respect to Europeans; for instance, I drew for nearly two hours, in one of the subterranean catacombs, all by myself, without being disturbed in any way. In the neighbourhood of houses I was certainly surrounded by some two dozen children, but by giving the biggest among them a trifle, he will stop for hours by your side, and drive the others away. The villages inhabited by the soldiers, who are encouraged to marry to check desertion, in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, consist of square blocks of houses, which are built with some regularity. The houses themselves, however, are very low—hardly high enough for a man to stand upright in them. As they are built of mud, the village and the ground can scarcely be distinguished from each other. The whole house consists of only one room, in which man, wife, children, goats, poultry, and so on, lodge. On the roof the dung is piled up, to dry in the sun, and be afterwards used for burning. The population, naturally, dwells in the street during the day, while the children run about naked: the males are at work or in town, and only sleep in the house: the women have to manage everything belonging to domestic arrangements. Here I found a good opportunity of studying the type of the women and children, as they cannot always be covered during their work. Few Europeans find their way into these dirty labyrinths, and, therefore, only make acquaintance with the least interesting portion of the mode of life.

I came up to Cairo in a little steamer; and the passage-money was



enormous. We had to go through the canal which Mehemet Ali completed in six months, by the aid of 60,000 workmen, half of whom were stated to have died, before reaching the Nile. The scene was very animated : we met numerous boats laden with female slaves from Abyssinia, and transports, so crowded with soldiers that they had not room to stir, but were forced to maintain the same position during the whole voyage. At Atfeh we went on board another steam-boat, and soon found ourselves on the river of rivers, the wide and glorious Nile. It was evening, the heavens were tinged with a most glorious hue, and I never remember to have enjoyed so thoroughly the cheerful and yet majestic silence of nature. The Nile made a magical impression, with its broad expanse of water. The background, on either side, was equally magnificent : in the distance I saw a beautiful town, whose white minarets were gilded by the last rays of the sun, and formed a pleasant contrast with the lofty palm-trees that stood around them ; on the other side a village rose, under the protection of some noble trees, which, with their gloomy aspect, furnished a double contrast to the still and golden mirror of the river ; the white ibis, with its long wings, floated over the plain ; herds were being driven down to the water's edge to drink : besides this, a mass of Egyptian barks, with their high masts and booms, of a very peculiar form : all this formed a most enchanting picture. I was well repaid in finding the Nile even more beautiful than I had imagined. The banks became still more exquisite as we advanced, but at length the gorgeous panorama was veiled by night. But my ideas were suddenly recalled to Germany and home ; for a band of musicians came on board our vessel at starting, and played some exquisite melodies. The natives on land opened their mouths and eyes to their full extent ; the Arabs on the vessel remained silent ; even our pacha (for we had one on board with his slaves) appeared quite delighted. The musicians were gipsies : perhaps they did not know that they had returned to their native land, to Egypt, whence, like the Jews, they had spread themselves over Europe.

About eight in the morning we came in sight of the desert, and a little while after, of the Pyramids, the only one of the seven wonders which has outlived time, and will continue to do so. At length, about mid-day, Cairo lay before us, in a glorious panorama, with its tall minarets, crowned by the gigantic citadel on the hill and the mosque where the great Mehemet Ali lies buried. He was one of the worthies of the century ; who can deny it, after seeing the wonderful works that have survived him, and admiring in them the intentions of a giant mind.

At the custom-house two Germans received me, who immediately addressed me in the mother tongue. We are certainly a strange nation. Two years before, the first gatekeeper who spoke to me in Cadiz was a German. The first words I heard in the hotel at Alexandria were German. German music sounded over the waves of the Nile.

Cairo, April 21.

All differs here from our climate. The trees are already commencing to shed their leaves, but will be again covered within two or three weeks. There are a great number, of course, which are never leafless. Nature here delights in striking contrasts. On one side an absolute desert—

nothing but yellow sand ; and close to it the most luxuriant vegetation, enlivened by countless herds of cattle. The oxen and Dongola cows, buffaloes, donkeys, camels, goats, and sheep, are tied up in rows to graze in the meadows ; and such a thing as mowing is unknown. What a picture of fertility ! No wonder the Jews in the desert longed to be back among the flesh-pots of Egypt. Now, indeed, there are enough of them here ; but it cannot be noticed on them that they grow fat on Egypt's abundance. Their quarter is a picture of misery, and their streets are so dirty and narrow that the sun's rays cannot penetrate into them. On week days scarce a soul can be met there ; but on the Sabbath the women may be seen glittering with gold and silver ornaments in the filthy doorways or partially opened balconies. If you wish to have a look at the Jewish women you must shun no trouble ; their manners have become quite Arabic, and not like those of the Moqrabin. The Copt and Greek women also veil themselves in accordance with the usual custom, although their Christianity does not command them to do so. It is a difficult thing to get a sight of them. One Sunday morning I saw several well-dressed ladies pass my hotel, and, without knowing where they were going, I went after them, and followed them into a church in the suburbs. The women were all seated in galleries, with lattice-work in front, so that they could not be seen from below. Several of the females removed their veils, and I was enabled to see their curious costume and ornaments. The worship, though Christian, is nothing else than a species of idolatry ; all is external pomp ; the incense is overpowering ; and the pictures of the saints are continually kissed by the priests. Europeans, however, are treated with great distinction here. When I entered a Coptic church the other morning a priest immediately brought me a chair, although all the faithful lay around me on the ground. These churches or chapels are, besides, very picturesque ; the architecture is partly Byzantine, partly Arabic, and brilliantly ornamented with gold and pictures. The blue clouds of incense impart to the interior a certain magical character, and the persons worshipping afford, through their Arab costume, a perfect representation of the middle ages. Thus, assuredly, the Christians and Moors lived near each other in the eleventh and twelfth centuries ; the architecture is the same, the costume the same, and even the form of worship bears much resemblance. I find, besides, many relics of the middle ages here. Thus, for instance, every horseman and every carriage requires an outrider in passing through narrow streets. In the middle ages it was precisely the same in Germany. When the viceroy passes, all who are mounted or in carriages must descend ; the same was required in Wurtemberg up to the time of the last king. But I could go on repeating instances *ad infinitum*, which appear to have been borrowed from the East.

I have sat at times from six to eight hours in the sun, drawing, and wrapped up in blankets. You may fancy what a vapour bath I enjoyed, and that, too, without standing up. It is pleasant enough to sketch in the streets ; it is cooler, but the *gêne* from the mob is, on the other hand, very great. My servant must always stand behind me to keep off the donkeys, oxen, and men, who often are worse than the oxen ; still I have been several times upset, stool and all. This is, however, a mere trifle, if I can only keep my studies from injury. An artist attached to

Lepsius' expedition had his portfolios stolen. All his inquiries were of no avail until he arrived in Nubia, when, lo! he found his sketches once again, acting as aprons for the women. He naturally had all the females in the village arrested by the authorities, in order that his property might be taken off them.

I lately visited the interior of a large, splendid, and old Arabic house, which was once inhabited by a pacha, but has long been deserted. The dragoman of a Swiss architect accidentally discovered it, and it has been employed for some time as a studio by the artists at present residing here. This was, however, no sooner found out by the neighbours than they shut up the house, because they feared we might be able to see their women from the terrace; we complained to the sheik of the district, who gave it against us, and would not allow us to complete the studies we had commenced. This led to several disputes, until we took the matter before the higher authorities, and, through the intervention of the French Consul, the house was placed at our disposal, on condition that we had a key made, and always had a Tjanitschari to accompany us. The people have since conjectured that there must be something of great importance concealed in the house. There was certainly something, though rather different from what they anticipated. In this manner artists are able to see much which escapes the notice of all other travellers.

I live in my house all alone with my servant; it is so large that I could give room to two whole families. As my first servant was taken ill, I slept in it by myself for a week. And this is something different from what it is at home, for there is not a single bolt or lock on the doors. A portion of the house is unroofed, so that the cool breezes of the night may find their way in. It looks towards the north, and, consequently, I have excellent light for painting, and my *salon* is always cool, and a place of refuge from the mid-day heat. I have a marble fountain and bath in the court-yard. As for furniture, I am not overburdened with it. A large divan, the chief article in Arabian houses, is the most important object; besides this, I have a couple of chairs and tables, and a bed, nearly as hard as the floor, but that is healthy; then the water vessels, large earthen vases, in which the Nile water is filtered; drinking-cups, coffee-machines, pipes, blankets, mats, and carpets, I have also been forced to buy. Living is, in itself, very reasonable, but the extra expenses are considerable. I live very moderately, eat only once in the day, after sunset, my meal consisting of a little rice, meat, and salad; in the morning and afternoon I drink a cup of coffee, for the heat must be conquered by heat. An unmarried European finds great difficulty in procuring a house to reside in; it can only be obtained by bribing the sheik, and by purchasing a female slave as attendant, who, in some measure, represents the harem. In the real Turkish quarter, a person can only hire a house when he maintains a harem; consequently, the Arabs are all compelled to marry. The neighbours have the right of demanding that a person should leave a house in which anything is done contrary to their ideas of morality. An unmarried man is a stumbling-block to them. The more wives a man possesses the higher his character stands as a moral man. Near my abode a house had stood in which it was suspected immoral practices were carried on; the neighbours demolished the house from the foundation—a true Turkish

fashion—so that I was obliged to walk through the ruins daily, for nobody thought of removing them. It is remarkable how many traces of destruction and desolation may here be found. Houses are never repaired, but they prefer to let them tumble down. If the plague is in a village, all the inhabitants quit it, and build another village near it; so that in two hours I passed through three inhabited places and just as many in ruins. Graves and houses are close to one another; the dead are often buried within a few steps of the door. Every Friday the people go to the cemeteries, take enough food for the whole day with them; lie down there, sleep and cry, eat and drink, talk and laugh, and then cry again, till sunset. How strange! The old Egyptians used to entwine wreaths of flowers round skeletons at their banquets. Their belief is, "Rest is sweeter than work; sleep sweeter than watching; death sweeter than life!" How else could we explain their resting-places for the dead? Their cemeteries are towns. On going out into the desert to visit the tombs of the Pharaohs and kalifs, you wander through great streets, in which the houses are monuments, and larger than our abodes; every grave of a kalif, of the rich or great, has its cupola and a minaret. What a sorrowful sight is such a city of the dead! On the journey from Alexandria to Cairo, I frequently saw a wretched village, the huts formed of mud and not higher than a man's stature, and near them a magnificent building. I fancied I saw in it, at least, the mansion of the sheik; nothing of the sort; it was his grave; his house was like the rest.

I must not omit to mention my expedition to the Pyramids of Memphis. We started before sunset, eight in company. In Old Cairo we stopped awhile near the Nile, in order that our little caravan might be ferried over. The Nile boats have a peculiar form; the sails and booms are of a disproportionate size to the little vessel; in consequence, when our eight donkeys were put on board there was scarce room for us. On the Nile we again enjoyed a glorious view: the sun rose and illumined the green luxuriant islands, and the steep banks of the opposite shore. The village of Gizeh, opposite Old Cairo, lies in a very picturesque position, and is surrounded by groves of huge palms. The inhabitants of Gizeh are notorious for being wild and untameable; they were partisans of the Mamelukes, whom Mehemet Ali butchered in the citadel. In the palm grove our caravan began to swell; a dozen boys and young men ran indefatigably after our donkeys, though we drove them on as fast as they could go. To gain a few halfpence, these boys run for miles, and carry water vessels with them; every rider among us had one behind him. Besides these, there was a whole heap of Bedouins to act as our ciceroni. From the commencement of our journey, we had the Pyramids constantly before us in the distance, but before we reached the desert, the landscape changed entirely, as the foreground was covered so luxuriantly and richly with villages and palm-trees, and the fords and roads with countless herds of oxen, camels, buffaloes, goats, and sheep. These are the plains so memorable in later history through the Battle of the Pyramids. At the present moment the celebrated French battle-painter, Colonel Langlois, is engaged in making studies of these plains, as he intends to paint a panorama of this battle. He is an extraordinarily energetic man, and has reaped a rich harvest in Egypt, for he has just returned from Nubia and Upper Egypt, where he has painted several panoramas of Philoe and the cataracts.

On arriving at the Sphynx we dismounted, let our donkeys recline in the shade of the Pyramids, and each went about his own business. I wished to lose no time, though I had the whole day before me, so I sat down immediately, and made a sketch of the Sphynx, and two Pyramids near it. The boys who had followed us now separated, and attached themselves in bodies to each of us. I had six of them at my heels, who lay down very quietly for two or three hours, waiting till I had finished drawing. Through the visits of strangers they have learned a little of all languages; some of them could even carry on a conversation in English, if required. While I was at work the sharpest youth sat in the middle, and spoke the foreign words to the others, who then repeated them.

Cairo, June 1.

For the last fortnight the well-known French artist, M. Bida, has been residing here, and studies in the same house with myself, if we can find a model. There is a considerable difficulty with the women here, and these difficulties can be only overcome by money. Thus we have had at least twenty women here, who always go away dissatisfied when it comes to paying, though we give them more than we used to the models in Paris. As they have no idea what we are doing, they think it is merely a whim on our part, for which a pacha would willingly give a louis-d'or. If we were only rich enough, we could command the services of nearly every woman in Cairo. Another unpleasantness arises in this way: you cannot see immediately, in consequence of the veiling, whether they are good or ill-looking, and are often wofully deceived.

The dance of the Egyptians is also one of the curiosities, which is most at variance with the customs of Europe. The Spanish fandango bears some resemblance to it in motive; but that which the coquettish Spaniard expresses by the graceful movements of the arms, the sensual and voluptuous Egyptian woman effects through the curious play of the muscles of the body. This sounds at the first moment very strange, but I will explain myself further. The exaggeration of this dance is the amusement of the naked black children of Nubia. You will find it carried to such an extent that the bust, head, and legs remain perfectly quiet, and only that portion of the body comprised between the breast and the knees is affected by convulsive muscular movements, which can scarcely be credited without being witnessed. A few days ago a rich traveller visited me; there were three girls at my house, whom I was engaged in painting, one of whom showed much inclination to dance. The gentleman produced some gold coins, and engaged her to favour us with a regular ballet. She was an *Almée*, that is, about the same as the *Bayadères* are in India. The other girls accompanied the dance on the *tharabuka*, a species of drum beaten with the hands, and which is used by all the nations of Africa, even to the remotest west. It produces a monotonous, but at times a wildly characteristic sound.

The plague, which only too frequently chastises Egypt with its ravages, is certainly a disease which did not prevail at all, or very slightly, in pre-Christian ages. The Egyptian priests employed extraordinary measures of precaution to keep their land as free as possible from disease, aided as they were by the healthy climate; and among these embalming was of

the greatest importance. When Christianity, however, was introduced, this healthy custom was regarded as something pagan, and the priests pressed for its abolition with their accustomed fanaticism. Surely it is stated in the Bible: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The celebrated anchorite Antonius is said to have been specially busy in doing away with the practice. The plague, however, appeared with the introduction of Christian interment; the reason may be easily conceived, when we remember that, in the Nile settlements, it is impossible to dig deeper than a few feet without arriving at water. The bodies could only be slightly covered, and as they were exposed to the effect of the water, mephitic exhalations were necessarily developed which, if they did not absolutely produce the plague, still favoured this and other epidemics in a high degree. Thus, then, Christianity effected the abolition of a sanitary process, merely because it was pagan, and consequently rendered it easier, at least in Egypt, to be expedited to heaven.

When I at times sat in cemeteries, engaged in drawing, my olfactory nerves were affected by such an odour of corruption that I at first fancied that the carcase of some camel or donkey must be in the neighbourhood. The smell, however, emanated from the graves, which cover the dead so scantily that hyenas and dogs, enticed by the odour, easily reach their prey and desecrate the abodes of the dead. The universal healthiness of Egypt must be severely affected by these pestiferous exhalations.

The plague only appears in the season before the great heat, or before the month of June, and disappears both before the cold of winter and the heat of summer. Its ravages are terrible. I lately read a description of the plague in the year 1200 (the worst, perhaps, that ever existed in the world), which was written by a savan of that day, the physician Abdallatif of Bagdad. At the same time he describes Egypt, and in such wise, that, on reading it, you may fancy it was only written twenty years before. The Mussulmans display a great affection for their sick and dead; do not quit those attacked by the plague, but follow them to the grave, although they have death before their eyes and are certain to be infected. The Europeans shut themselves up entirely, and do not communicate with any Arabs; consequently they are not attacked by the sickness: and many who reside here told me that they feared the cholera more than the plague.

The expression of grief on any death occurring is very peculiar. I heard, a few days back, a young girl shrieking terribly opposite my house. I fancied she was being beaten; but, as the cries did not cease, I went out to see what was the matter, and found that her mother had just died. The lamentation lasted three days, and all the women who visited the house joined in it. It is the same at the burial. In the Bible it frequently occurs that the Jews paid women to lament over their dead. Joy is expressed equally loudly. At marriages and processions the women utter a peculiarly shrill cry, as if they had whistles in their mouths. A few days back a wedding was celebrated opposite my house, the ceremonies lasting eight days. It was an extraordinary state of confusion; all the surrounding houses were pressed into the service, especially the roofs, for there are not any court-yards. The cooking was managed in the cow-stall, which is open at top, and a torch was fastened to the wall at night to serve as illumination. A camel brought

the culinary vessels, which were of colossal dimensions. The cook was ill ; he had large boils, like plague-spots, on his neck and under his arm, and called to me whenever he saw me to come and cure him, because I was a Frank. The roofs are frightfully dirty ; they serve as sheep, goat, and fowl sheds ; besides this, the camel-dung (among the poorer classes) is dried on them. For instance, the chief employment of the young girl, of whose marriage I am going to tell you, was to knead cakes of this dung every morning from four to six, and throw them against the wall to dry ; and yet she was the daughter of the chief of the district ; she was quite a child, too—perhaps ten years old. There are many persons here who betroth themselves to a child of three or four years of age, and then take them into their houses to break them in according to their own character. Men and women are quite separated during these festivals—eat, drink, and sing in different rooms. They are very moderate in their pleasures. In the first story of one house there was a hole, through which I could see into the women's sitting-room ; the walls were not even whitewashed. Their whole delight consists in dress. Women, who had been working the whole day in filth, were dressed in silk and gold. The joys of the table must also be very moderate, for I saw two charming girls quarrelling about a crust of bread. Here I also had an opportunity to observe the dance which was performed by young, graceful, and pretty creatures. All the other women, who were seated on the ground, applauded and accompanied with castanets and tharabukas the interesting movements of the little ones.

The men amused themselves in another fashion. During three nights a number of cawasses, that is, little benches of palm branches, were placed in the street. The highway was their salon and court-yard, illuminated by several large variegated wooden lanterns. There they smoked, drank their coffee, and sang from time to time in chorus, "Allah il Allah," which was the mental portion of the feast. During a certain festival, every pious Mussulman must repeat the name of Allah 6000 times in succession. I have seen large mosques filled with these faithful children, who proved their religious feelings by their shouts, while the priests beat time. The priests are the same in every land ; they teach the maidens here that they should not strive after temporal blessings, but have the reputation of transplanting the richest and handsomest into their own harems.

Now I must tell you something about my domestic affairs. For a fortnight I was quite alone, without seeing a soul, except my Arabic professor, who came every morning to give me lessons. I had plenty of leisure to draw sketches, reminiscences of things that had struck me. The samum raged without ; the windows and doors were closed as far as possible ; I had stopped up every hole I could, and thus awaited the evening. At nightfall I heard strange sounds, like those made by bats. I was astonished at their boldness in forcing their way into my sitting-room, but could not get a sight of any of them. One sleepless night, however, I heard the noise close to my ears, and, as I was curious to form the acquaintance of my guests, I gently lighted a lucifer, and behold you ! the whole roof was covered with lizards and salamanders. They escaped so quickly that I could not catch one of them. Since then I have often given chase, but have only captured one lizard, for the roof

is so high that I could not reach them with the longest stick ; besides, it is full of holes, in which the lizards take refuge. Now I have become quite accustomed to them, and when they begin their noise, like the frogs at home on summer nights, I have plenty of society during my solitary evenings.

Cairo, July 3.

The East is the abode of caprice ; the fate of nations depends from the pleasure of their despots. At the present moment Egypt is governed by a modern Sardanapalus, who seeks to destroy what Mehemet Ali completed. When a boy he once addressed his grandfather in the following fashion :

" Tell me who your father was ?"

" Why do you ask me that ?"

The answer was, " My father is a pacha—you, my father's father, a pacha ; but your father, I am told, was a vagabond."

(It is well known that Mehemet Ali's father was a stone-cutter.)

This interesting anecdote is very characteristic of the East.

When Abbas mounted the throne, he visited all the schools which were founded by Mehemet. He said to himself, " What is the use of this ?" He took one-half the children and formed two regiments of his body-guard (boys of eleven to fifteen years), and the other half he carried into his harem. I saw these boy-regiments in his residence of Hassuan. Abbas Pacha, one day, hit on the idea of building a city in the desert. He straightway announced to the sheiks of the various districts of Cairo that he required so-and-so many thousand labourers. They sent numerous patrols of soldiers through the streets, and seized everybody young and active, who were sent to work in the desert. Thus was the city of Hassuan founded. Abbas also gave all the pachas plots of ground, with the engagement that they should build palaces upon them. The only buildings at present completed are the royal abode and harem, a hospital, and barracks for the boy-grenadiers. Hassuan makes a wondrous impression on a visitor. I was there a few days ago. On all sides there is positively nothing but desert. Not a single blade of grass ; the sun would wither any plant within half an hour. An allée has been planted from Cairo to Hassuan ; about one tree out of ten flourishes : it is a comical sight to see all these bare trunks, and they are large trees too.

The newspapers state that Abbas Pacha has sent for French physicians. This is perfectly erroneous. Abbas is a declared enemy of everything that is French. He has dismissed all the French physicians in his service, even Clot Bey, who has acquired a name in later Egyptian history. The Germans have taken their place. The king's physician in ordinary was a German, Brunner Bey ; but, through illness, he sent in his resignation a few weeks back. In his stead, four other German physicians have been summoned, a professor from Kiel, two from Vienna, and one from Freyburg ; and they arrived a fortnight back.

I have taken lessons in Arabic for two months. My teacher is Chalil Effendi, who, as he told me, also instructed Professor Lepsius during his stay here. He was very useful to me, as he furnished me with much information about the country, which it is so difficult to procure from other parties. The language is very difficult, and I shall not progress



much, I am afraid : but I am satisfied with acquiring the phrases necessary for carrying on conversation. A printing-press exists in Egypt only since 1826, and, consequently, the greater portion of the literature consists of MS.; even in the present day, thousands of them are completed. ●

Egypt is a land in which, if you do not possess the gift of patience, you must acquire it. Opportunities are not wanting for it to be put to the proof. A thorough system of lying, interest, and deception prevails, and demoralisation in the highest degree. In Europe the shadow of justice, at least, still exists, but here there is not even a trace of it. To furnish an example, I will talk about the rogues.

Bands of robbers form in the present day, as they did in ancient Egypt, an integral portion of the state organisation. Their sheiks are authorised by government, and only bind themselves not to steal anything belonging to the state, or, if they do, to restore it. One of the present chiefs, a tall, thin fellow, with compressed lips, from which it is difficult to draw a syllable, owes his good fortune to the following circumstance :

When a robber joins the guild, he tries to prove his skill by some bold deed. This fellow entered Mehemet Ali's palace by night, and, in spite of all the guards and eunuchs, found his way to the bedroom and took the prince's rosary and dagger from the toilette-table ; but, as Mehemet Ali was not asleep, and opened his eyes slightly, the rogue, who immediately noticed it, drew the dagger from the sheath, and held it hovering over the sleeper for a quarter of an hour, during which time he probably reflected whether he should commit the murder or not. Mehemet Ali pretended to be asleep ; the thief retired, and sent him the next day the rosary and dagger. The minister of war pressed that the robber should be executed, but the pacha thought that such rare talent should be rewarded, and gave him a pension, and made him chief of the whole guild.

If anything is stolen from you and you wish to recover it, you must apply to the chief, give him a proportionate reward, and you are sure of receiving it again. The government usually manages this ; but it is impossible to get hold of the thief. The booty is generally divided among the thieves, the chiefs, and the government *employés*. If you wish to make a tour, and secure yourself from attack, you can procure a firman, which comes very expensive, as a portion of the money is taken by the government, and another by the guild ; but then you are sure of being respected. The same custom was prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, and may be also found among the Spaniards.

Cairo, October 1.

The present month possesses especial importance among the Egyptians, as the feasts of the saints and the dead are celebrated in it, who play an important part here at all times. The people set up their tents over and among the graves. Dancers and jugglers entice the public ; musicians sing and play ; merchants spread their wares out ; all eat and drink, and are merry ; the dervishes alone chasten themselves, as expiation for all, like the monks and saints in the Catholic Church. I remained several days at one of these feasts of death, had a good deal to draw, and, in order not to be annoyed by the dervishes, I called a sheik out of the centre of a large circle, and pressed a handful of copper coins

upon him. He kissed my hand in return repeatedly, and turned to all the bystanders with great pathos, and then invoked Allah's charity upon me. As he did this in a very harsh tone, I at first fancied that he had recognised me for a Christian, and was forbidding them to look on my face, in order not to be exposed to the dangers of the lower regions; but the bystanders all regarded me with the greatest reverence. Still I retired pretty quickly, as it did not appear to me quite safe, and I did not feel comfortable in being the cynosure of so many admiring eyes.

At this time the people were fanaticised by the priests, and bands of boys were even paid to maltreat the infidels who showed themselves. Unpleasant scenes consequently occur annually. This year, as ill-luck would have it, my friend, M. Bida, was the victim. He was attacked by the mob, and though he took refuge in a barber's shop, where the master did all in his power to protect him, he received some painful blows from nearly all the dervishes of the various sections. The next day the consul demanded satisfaction, but as the actors would have been difficult to pick out, they contented themselves by laying four of the chief men down before the barber's shop, and doing a little more than tickle their feet with the bastinado. I have, till now, been saved from any such scenes. At the feasts of the dead, I several times boldly entered the tents of the great men, and sat down quietly to draw. The master would come, with much surprise, to see what I was about, but never spoke a word; he fancied himself bound to protect me, for an Arab is under an obligation to defend even an enemy while beneath the shadow of his tent.

When the great caravan set out for Mecca, I rode out into the desert to the first resting-place, stopped three days there, and drew and noticed as much as I could. On the road I saw a dreadful object. A man who had been attacked by the cholera lay in the middle of the track writhing like a worm. The spasms were very violent, and the poor fellow soon became perfectly blue. But everybody went quietly past him; the camels took care not to trample on him, but not a man had the humanity to lift him on one side. "Allah is great and wills it so."

About this time, our author made his excursion up the Nile to the second cataract and the frontiers of Nubia. We do not find that he states anything particularly new about the trajet; it is ever the same story of roguery on one hand and bullying on the other. We will, however, make two or three short extracts:

November 19.

We spent a day and a night in Esneh. The day was required by the sailors to bake bread, and I employed it in visiting the town and the temple, which is in an excellent state of preservation. In the night, I designed a grand "fantasia." Esneh is, namely, the place to which all the Almés of Egypt were banished about ten years ago, by order of Ibrahim Pacha, and the residence of these girls here has brought the place into considerable notoriety. Abbas Pacha has partially mitigated this exile; but still there are a great number of Almés here, and everybody who wishes to see the genuine ones, takes advantage of the opportunity Esneh affords. The most celebrated of all who are at present here is a former mistress of the present King of Egypt, and this lady, whose name was Kuschukhanim, was the queen of our nocturnal fantasia.

An hour after sunset, when the muezin had sounded from the minaret of the little mosque, we took ourselves to the divan, where everything was prepared for our reception. I and my companion took our places in the centre of the comfortable and soft divan. The room was small, but the style of dancing requires little space. My dragoman, the captain of the vessel, and a few sailors, seated themselves on the ground; about ten male and female servants, black, brown, and yellow, soon entered, and offered us palm wine, almonds, and the nargileh, with much grace. A few old fellows with white beards next appeared, who commenced a rattling peal on their tharabukas, mandolines, and tamburines; and then several dancers entered the room and took seats by our side. When all was thus arranged, Kuschukhanim appeared, and was saluted by shouts of applause from her slaves. She possessed a tall and graceful figure, was a true picture of a Moenad, and was dressed with exceeding taste. Small white flowers were wreathed in her black hair, and her tarbusch was of pure gold. She took her place among us, and the fantasia commenced. After several dancers of less talent had performed, the music struck into a Bacchantic rhythm; our sultana arose, amid the shouts of her numerous attendants, who, at the same time, kindled plates of incense. The dance began, and was really executed with such energy, grace, and voluptuousness, as I had never witnessed before. During the dance a female slave repeatedly poured out for her mistress a beaker of wine, which she placed at her feet, and which was emptied without using the hands, with great cleverness and unbounded grace. The story of the ballet was as follows:—Inflamed with love for a beautiful youth, who was represented by another Almé, she begs him to give her all the valuables he wears. He gradually yields one chain after the other, until he has given away all his jewels and silken apparel, and then repentance follows. The fair one strives to console the youth. Expressions of sorrow and the most unbounded joy alternate, until the Almé, quite exhausted, threw herself at our feet, like a priestess of the Thyrus brandishing god.

Between Dandur and Corosko, in Nubia, Nov. 24.

When I came back to the river-bank yesterday from a shooting excursion, I found a slave-ship moored there, which had arrived from Senaar. The owner of the vessel took me for a Turk, and was confirmed in this belief, as my companion, from time to time, uttered a few Turkish words he had learned in Constantinople. I conversed with him as well as I could in Arabic; he told me that he had come from Khartum, where he had met the German expedition which left Cairo eight months before to discover the sources of the Nile. I expressed a wish to buy a few slaves; he showed me all: they were mostly very young. Among the girls there were three of a race I was unacquainted with, but probably from the neighbourhood of Abyssinia. One of them was remarkable for her extraordinary beauty. In colour she was almost black and without spots which are often found among the negroes; her skin was soft as velvet, her features so noble, that not the slightest analogy with the negro formation could be traced. The form of the nose, on the contrary, almost revealed the Roman type, and the eyes flashed with a fire which never belongs to negro slaves. A man is in a peculiar position *vis-à-vis* a slave-dealer, whose goods he pretends to desire to purchase, if he is introduced to a young and beautiful being,

for whom it would be very easy to feel intense affection, and sees her ordered to reveal all her charms. For instance, she has to open her mouth to show the beauty of her teeth, and make every possible movement with her arms and legs to prove that all the members can perform their functions. The negro women are perfectly indifferent during all these operations ; but not so the nobler races of the Abyssinians, Shan Gallas, and Barabras.

If you purchase a slave, you have a right to keep her by you for three days, to study her qualities and defects, and she can be returned to the slave-dealer if any disagreeable faults are discovered. The slaves in the Mussulman lands enjoy, however, a far better lot than those in the American Christian colonies. A very nice good-looking lad may be bought here for two to five pounds. As I was passing a little village in the neighbourhood of Philoë, all sorts of things were offered me to purchase—dates, fowls, lances, shields of hippopotamus hide, and among other things, a little girl about a year and a half old, whom the mother would have been glad to get rid of for five or six shillings.

On the 21st of November we passed the first cataract. I sent off my last letter from Assuan (which cost me four shillings to Cairo), paid my respects to the governor, and begged him to use his influence that we might not be delayed. He immediately sent for the sheik of the cataracts and ten pilots. When these men had assembled, they sat down on the bank with my captain and sailors, and began bargaining about the price for the passage. While they were thus employed, I had the necessary purchases made in the town, and went to see all that was worthy inspection in the neighbourhood. When I returned both parties were still haggling, but soon came to an agreement, so that we could set out at mid-day. As the wind blew sharply, and the inundations had only partly settled, we passed safely through the breakers and whirlpools which were formed in the bed of the river by the granite rocks. The passage was the more interesting, as there was continual variety in the scenery, through the numerous islands, each more strangely shaped than the other. It took two hours before we reached the centre of the cataract, where Mehemet Ali was once shipwrecked, for his vessel shivered like glass on the rocks, and he was forced to save himself by swimming. We landed here to pass the night. When the pilots left the vessel, they threw themselves on the ground and returned thanks to Allah for our success. At daybreak the bank was very lively again : in less than two hours 200 men were assembled, half of them consisting of idlers, and the other half required to draw the vessel up the cataract. Immensely long and strong ropes were fastened to our bark, everything fragile was carried below, and each labourer had his post assigned him ; about ten kept the vessel in the right track with poles ; the others pulled at the ropes, and the sheik gave the order for commencing work by applying his whip to the naked backs of the negroes and Barabras. My companion, myself, and servant, stood on deck with whips of hippopotamus hide, to drive back the negroes who would rush on board and beg, after the passage was over. We passed the cataract safely, though with some difficulty, in an hour. The stream is tremendously strong : on one occasion the whole crew was obliged to rush to the bows, as the stern was beginning to settle in the waves.

Numerous fables have been invented about the cataracts ; for instance, that the noise of the waters may be heard several miles off. If *Odyseus* had passed them during his wanderings, he would not have found it necessary to fasten up the ears of his comrades to protect them from deafness.

In the evening I had a truly Homeric feast prepared, as I purchased a sheep for the sailors, which they devoured in a manner worthy of the much-travelled hero and his gorging companions.

Gustel Abdenhahn, Nov. 30.

When I woke this morning and found the vessel advancing so rapidly in a dead calm, I stepped out of the cabin to discover the cause. All the people of the boat, with the exception of one man and the pilot, were sitting in their Sunday gala on the forecastle, and smoking their pipes with great complacency, while the ship was towed by a dozen *Barabras* at a sharp trot, which was kept up by one of the sailors with his whip. I at first did not know what it all meant, but, on turning round and seeing the Turkish flag floating at the stern instead of the German one, I soon found out the trick the captain had been playing for the last two hours. He had, namely, sent the pilot and a sailor, dressed as *Arnaouts*, into the village, to press a dozen men, under the pretext that a pacha had an order to execute with all speed at *Wadihalfa* for the sultan. His plan had been fully successful. The poor fellows were forced to drag us from village to village without receiving a penny. As I could not allow this injustice, I ordered the Turkish flag to be immediately lowered, and mine hoisted. At first my people objected, as they were not at all desirous of taking on themselves the hard task of dragging the vessel along ; but as I threatened the captain that I would favour him with 200 blows on the soles at *Wadihalfa*, by telling the circumstances to the governor, the German flag was in a moment flying again, and just as quickly the poor blacks disappeared, though without revenging themselves on the pretended *Arnaouts*—that is, by giving them a good thrashing—which I should have seen with a great deal of pleasure.

Denderah, January 1st.

During my stay in Thebes, I crawled about for three days in the subterranean passages, and discovered, among other curious tombs, those of a painter, a sculptor, a potter, a gardener, a merchant, &c. On one occasion, the following adventure happened to me. After examining the chambers belonging to a grave, I came to a small opening, which led down to some depth in the rocks. The boy who carried my torch said that it would be very difficult to clamber down there ; still, I forced him to do it, as I wished to see into what labyrinth it might lead. We, therefore, got down slowly, and pressed forward, without finding any end, as the passage often turned in another direction. The only inhabitants of this hole—vampires and bats—were terrified by the bright light, and flapped their wings above us ; human skeletons and mummies sought our embrace, and still I did not like to give up my researches. Just as we came to a turning, the boy suddenly fell down before me with a sharp cry, while, at the same moment, I felt a jackal force its way between my legs, and hurry off with much howling. It would have been a poor joke had it been a hyana, for the latter, when followed into its den, does not fail to commence the attack.

Constantinople, April 4th.

In the last days of February, before quitting Egypt, I made an excursion through the Great Desert to the peninsula of Arabia Petraea, in order for the last time to see the desert in all its various aspects. Already well acquainted with the desolate plains of Marocco and the deserts of Upper Nubia, broadcast with black granite blocks, I felt a desire to traverse the mirror-like plains which separate Asia from Africa. What labour and fatigue such a pilgrimage is accompanied by, I had been already sufficiently taught in the tropical regions of Nubia; and still I considered myself the most fortunate of men, when, seated on my dromedary, and under the escort of an Arab sheik from Sinai, and followed by my Egyptian servant, I hurried from the gates of Cairo towards the Desert.

In order to make my journey rapidly, I had hired some light and quick-stepping dromedaries, and only taken sufficient provision, and one bag of water, just enough for drinking, but none to spare for cooking purposes. I had even left my tent in Cairo, for which I should have required an extra dromedary. I, therefore, had the starry sky for my covering, and found it a most excellent one; for I was so tired at night, from the day's journey, that I was only too happy at being able to rest on the ground. Riding on a dromedary is excessively fatiguing; there is not a part of the body which does not feel the effect after a couple of days, and I therefore exchanged my dromedary for a quieter and slower moving camel during the last few days. On the first evening, when I set up my night's encampment, and took my provision out of the bag, I saw my two Beduins sitting in a very melancholy posture, without uttering a word. I asked them why they did not prepare their supper. "We have nothing to eat," was their reply. This carelessness seemed to me inexplicable, for, according to the contract, I had not to provide them sustenance, and had told them expressly, on starting, that I could give them nothing to eat, as I could only carry sufficient provision for myself and servant. At the first moment, and in my anger, I said to them that they could go without, on which they explained to me that they only had a little bag of meal with them, and the night was too dark for them to go in quest of dried camel-dung, to make a fire and bake bread. As I could not see the fellows starve, nothing was left me but to hand each of them a lump of dry bread, with which they were highly delighted. But if I had given them nothing, they would not have grumbled. On the next day I saw that they had spoken the truth. When I bivouacked at sunset, they prepared their bread, by putting some water and meal in a cup, and letting the paste bake a little while on the camel-dung fire, like a pancake.

On the second day I passed a castle, which Abbas Pacha built several years back, in the midst of a desert, in order to enjoy the quickening and fresh breezes here. In this neighbourhood several tribes of Beduins formerly camped; but they have now all withdrawn from it, in order not to excite suspicions, if anything was stolen from the palace, that they were participators in the robbery. Attempts have also been made here to find springs by digging; but unfortunately to no purpose, as my sheik told me the devil had called out to the workmen from the holes that they might as well go away again, for there was no water to be found there.

I have passed through the Red Sea, if not, like the Jews, dryfooted, still sitting high and dry on my dromedary. This sea has a very beautiful, blue, phosphorescent hue, and is enclosed by majestic chains of mountains, which, when the sun sinks behind them, seem to float in an ocean of Bengal fire.

On the Arabian peninsula I followed, for some distance, the track on which Moses led the Jews into the promised land, and came to a fountain, of which the water is disgustingly salt. The Jews named it Marah, and although Moses sweetened the water by throwing a tree into it, the miracle has no effect at the present day, and I was forced to take a supply of this dirty, noisome, and bitter water with me, as my own was exhausted. This disagreeable taste is even noticed in tea, however much sugar you put in; still the vagabond population of the desert are contented with this water. In the previous summer the spring was nearly dried up: this was a great misfortune for the inhabitants of Suez, where the cholera broke out in consequence of the drought, and three-fourths of the population were carried off by it, although hundreds of camels daily brought Nile water from Cairo. When I arrived in Suez, where I lived with the French consul, whose acquaintance I had formed at Cairo, I wished to refresh myself with a glass of really pure water, but found myself deceived in my illusions, for I was considered fortunate in having a little Nile water still left in my bags. I poured it into a glass, in which I saw, in a few seconds, innumerable worms developed. I had probably swallowed plenty of them previously, but from this time felt myself induced to filter the water through a pocket-handkerchief. After a journey of eight days, when the salt water began to decompose rapidly, I passed the line of telegraph to Suez, and bought a little Nile water; but as I found worms in it of the size of a nut, I asked in joke whether it had been standing for years in the vessels. "Oh, no!" the reply was, "it is quite fresh, and is only two months old." What nice refreshment for the inhabitants of the desert!

The desert does not afford any great satisfaction to those who wish to see fine landscapes, in our sense. Imagine a plain of sand, spreading like a sea, in which you must find your way through innumerable sun-bleached skeletons of camels. Their number was much greater than in Nubia, as the road of the Mecca caravan passes through it, and leaves countless victims behind. There is no want of vultures in search for prey. The hyenas and jackals retire to their dens by day, but they may be heard howling through the night. Besides these, serpents, a large species of lizard, and rats, are the only denizens of these desolate plains. The serpents are very dangerous, and their bite is mortal. On camping for the night, a spot must be selected where the fewest holes can be seen. It is an enigma whence these animals procure nourishment in this immense desert. Once during the night I felt some animal crawl several times over my face, but I could not discover what it was, as I immediately drew my cloak over my head.

Suez is a most peculiar town; situated in the middle of the desert, on the borders of the Red Sea, it possesses no wells, no fountains, no grass, no shrubs, no flowers, no trees, and, consequently, no gardens. At a distance of three miles, and on the opposite coast of Arabia, the first little dirty and saline spring is met with.

After wandering about for a fortnight, I returned to Cairo in good health and condition.

A few days after my arrival, I accompanied my friend and companion, Von Wroublewsky, up the Nile to Bulak, where he took ship, in order to make a prosperous change, if possible, in a life enriched with adventures. Accused of having taken part in the revolutionary movements at Lemberg, he had found his way, with great difficulty, to Constantinople, and then went, in order not to be *interné*, with only one companion, on foot, and without any pecuniary resources, through Asia Minor to Cilicia, whence he sailed in fishing-boats to the coast of Syria, and at length arrived in Egypt, supported through his wanderings by Turkish hospitality. He has been compelled, to my great regret, to quit our continent, as he has not been able to obtain permission to return home.

We must now take our leave of our author and our readers, with cordial thanks to the first for the entertainment he has afforded ourselves, and begging the latter to bear with us a little longer, while we narrate a piquant adventure which befel Mr. Gentz, near Smyrna :

Among the numerous things which especially strike every traveller in Smyrna, the beauty of the women occupies the first rank. It is a fact acknowledged by all, that Oriental female loveliness is at home there in the fullest perfection. I had the great good fortune, which few acquire in Turkey, of admiring it in a number of unveiled ladies. It was on a Friday, when I surmounted a hill without the town, to visit the remains of an old Genoese castle. I saw there, among the ruins and masses of rock, a quantity of women's cloaks. I looked round, and, as I could not perceive a single man in the whole neighbourhood, I walked, with true Christian impudence, into the midst of a number of women, girls, and children, who regarded me with astonishment ; and the lovelier they were the less did they attempt to veil themselves. I therefore employed the opportunity to feast my eyes on this repast of Oriental beauty, and had not the slightest idea of beating a retreat. The most beautiful women I ever saw came towards me, and did not appear at all offended, because my eyes paid the merited tribute to their charms. Had they seen a single Turk in the vicinity, they would have immediately caught up great stones to punish his audacity. A little, young, and graceful girl raised a stone with both hands, so large that she could scarce carry it. I smiled at her, and looked as if I wished to say : "Throw at me—it could not hurt me, when hurled at me by such a charming creature." The stone then fell from her hands, and she blushed deeply. But the other maidens helped her out of her embarrassment, for they picked up stones with much natural grace, and prepared to throw them at one another. Behind the hill there was a green valley, in which the little girls were sporting and dancing, without perceiving that they were watched by a Giaur. I confess, I never saw more charming maidens. *Du reste*, Europeans or Franks are allowed in the East all possible liberties which, in a Mussulman, would be regarded suspiciously. In the society of the Armenian and Greek ladies in the Levant, everything is permitted to Europeans, as it is good-naturedly presumed that it may be the etiquette among them when at home.



## AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. III.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ALREADY have we devoted a few pages of this Magazine to a general notice\* of the writings of Mr. Hawthorne. The present series, however, affords an opportunity for resuming the subject—with a particular reference to one of his publications ("Twice-told Tales") which was then hardly mentioned, and to another ("The Blithedale Romance") which has been subsequently produced.

His reputation has advanced, is increasing, and ought still to be progressive. He is now read, in their own consonant-crazy tongue, by borderers on the Black Sea, and exiles of Siberia. There is an individual charm about his writings, not perhaps, to the minds most influenced by it, of a wholly unexceptionable kind; for it may be true that "il fait que chacun, après l'avoir lu, est plus mécontent de son être." Indeed, it is impossible, we should think, to read him without becoming sadder if not wiser—in spite of an assumed air of *gaillardise*, and a cheery moral tacked now and then to a sorrowful parable, he is essentially sad-hearted, and confirms any similar tendency in his readers. We expect a hue-and-cry to be raised against him in this matter by the sanatory commissioners of criticism and guardians of the literary board of health. In his choice of subjects, he has already been indicted by them as himself a *mauvais sujet*. He is charged with a fondness for the delineation of abnormal character; and it is a true bill. If guilt be involved in the indictment, guilty he will plead. Individuality, idiosyncrasy, *propria persona*-lity, he must have at any price. Into the recesses and darker sub-surface nooks of human character he will penetrate at all hazards. "This long while past," says Zenobia to the Blithedale romancer, "you have been following up your game, groping for human emotions in the dark corners of the heart." The romancer himself records his fear, that a certain cold tendency, between instinct and intellect, which made him "pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses," had gone far towards unhumanising his heart. Elsewhere he expresses his apprehension that it is no healthy employ, devoting ourselves too exclusively to the study of individual men and women; for, if the person under examination be one's self, the result is pretty certain to be diseased action of the heart, almost before we can snatch a second glance; or, if we put another under our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and, of course, patch him very clumsily together again—the quotient being a very monster—which, though we can point to every feature of his deformity in the real personage—may be said to have been created mainly by ourselves. In harmony with this tendency—this "making my prey of people's individualities, as my custom was"†—is a fondness for merging *ME* (as the Germans have it) in *NOT ME*: as where one of Mr. Hawthorne's characters, in the wantonness of youth, strength, and comfortable con-

\* *New Monthly*, February, 1852.

† "Blithedale Romance," *conf.* vol. i., pp. 187, 152; and vol. ii., pp. 84, 214.

dition, meeting with a forlorn, dejected, used-up old man, tries to identify his own mind with the old fellow's, and take his view of the world, as if looking through a smoke-blackened glass at the sun. In a curious disposition of mind, of which these habits are exponents, lies much of the author's power and weakness both. With special ability to depict exceptional modes of human nature, is conjoined special temptation to linger amid what is morbid, and to court intimacy with whatever deviates from the dull standard of conventionalism, and give to distortion and oddity the preference over "harmonic union." He has been described as walking abroad always at night, so that it is but a moonlight glimmering which you catch of reality.\* Applying to him what has been said of a countryman of his, we may pronounce his delight to lie in treading the border-land between the material and spiritual worlds—the debateable country of dreams, sleep-walking, and clairvoyance. The impression he leaves on the mind is usually one of despondency and sadness; a depressing, enervating presence not to be put by. He puts on paper, in palpable letters, which the dejected, doubting heart, in moody moments, knows too well how to spell into "words that burn" into its own core—the floating, timid, but ever-recurring fears and fancies with which that heart, knowing its own bitterness, and *not* knowing its own whence and whither and why, is tremblingly familiar. No wonder that Mr. Hawthorne should be so richly endowed, as some of his observers assure us he is,† with the

\* "He lives in the region and shadow of death, and never sees the glow of moral health anywhere. . . . And it is only because he can see beauty in everything, and will look at nothing but beauty in anything, that he can either endure the picture himself, or win for it the admiration of others. He clears out for himself a new path in art, by developing the beauty of deformity!" The same reviewer charges Mr. Hawthorne with ever hunting out the anomalous, discovering more points of repulsion than of attraction, and peopling his creations with morbid beings, "wandering stars," plunging (in the "*Blithedale Romance*") orbitless into the abyss of despair. See *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1852.

† When occupying the Old Manse, Mr. Hawthorne is said to have been, to his neighbours, as much a phantom and a fable as the old parson of the parish, dead half a century before, whose faded portrait in the attic was gradually rejoining its original in native dust. "The gate, fallen from its hinges in a remote antiquity, was never re-hung. The wheel-track leading to the door remained still overgrown with grass. No bold villager ever invaded the sleep of the glimmering shadows in the avenue. At evening, no lights gleamed in the windows. Scarce once in many months did the single old nobby-faced coachman at the railroad bring a fare to Mr. Hawthorne's." If ever his "darkly-clad figure" was to be seen in the garden, it was as a "brief apparition"—and passing farmers would think they had but dreamed of it, till again they caught a glimpse of the solitary. One of his *vis-à-vis* observers, however, thus describes him:—"During Hawthorne's first year's residence in Concord, I have driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed on the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the hedge (?) of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his bright eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood quietly there for a long time, watching the dead white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him, the conversation flowed steadily on as if everybody understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So

divine faculty of silence, when mixing in social life. Small-talk, tea-table prattle, tripping gossip, versatile chit-chat—these are not for one whose cherished habit is to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and to sit in the shade to ruminate, while others traverse the gay meadow to graze. Nor is he to be appreciated but by those who, whatever their loquacity, are, *au fond*, pensive and given to speculative broodings. The art with which he can lend a superstitious awe to his stories, and subtilise their grosser common-places into ghostly significance, will indeed always secure him a good company of readers. But to enter into his mood as well as meaning, and to gather from his sentences and suggestions all that was fermenting in his soul when he wrote them, is for an inner circle of disciples. Not that we arrogate a place there; but at least we can recognise this esoteric initiation.

The "Twice-told Tales" have been criticised by the author himself (and, he intimates, "with perfect sincerity and unreserve"), and compared by him to pale-tinted flowers that have blossomed in too retired a shade—marked by the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, he observes, there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. "Whether from lack of power," he continues, "or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humour; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos." And he asks us, if we would see anything in the book, to read it in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; confessing that if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

All prizes, no blanks, the pages are not, whether read, as Jack Falstaff says, "by day or night, or any kind of light." But whenever read, at vespers or matins, on grass or in garret, by youth or by age, the pages are studded, *haud longis intervallis*, with passages that pay their way. Amid so miscellaneous a "store," we can select for passing mention one or two only, which appear most characteristic of the narrator's manner of spirit. Such is "The Minister's Black Veil," which *could* have been written by none other than the hand that traced in burning furrows the "Scarlet Letter;" there is truly, as Parson Hooper feels, a preternatural horror interwoven with the threads of the black crape covering his face—an ambiguity of sin or sorrow so enveloping the poor minister, that

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supreme was his silence, that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the 'slow, wise smile' that breaks over his face, like day over the sky, said: 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.'" The same authority informs us, that during his three years' occupancy of the Old Manse, Mr. Hawthorne was not seen, probably, by more than a dozen villagers—choosing the river-side, where he was sure of solitude, for his walks—and loving to bathe every evening in the river after nightfall;—and other illustrations are added, in a "very American" tone, of the romancer's manner of manhood. See that gaily-equipped gift-book, "Homes of American Authors," published last year by Messrs. Putnam.

love or sympathy can no longer reach him—so that, with self-shuddering and outward terrors, his earthly fate is to be ever groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddens the whole world. Such is also “The Wedding Knell”—with that grotesquely repulsive rendezvous at the church-altar; the aged bride, an insatiate woman of the world, clad in brightest splendour of youthful attire, and suddenly startled, as she awaits the bridegroom, by the dreadful anachronism of a tolling bell, the only flourish to announce her affianced one, who arrives in the midst of a slow funeral procession, his vestment a shroud! Such, again, is “Wakefield”—with its warning monition, that amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world individuals are so nicely adjudged to a system, and systems to one another, and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place for ever, and becoming the Outcast of the Universe. It is a capital touch in this story of an eccentric man’s twenty years’ desertion of his wife and home, without assignable cause, even to himself, while dwelling all the while in the next street,—that of his venturing out for the first time from his secret lodging, partly resolving to cross the head of the street, and send one hasty glance towards his forsaken domicile, when “habit—for he is a man of habits—takes him by the hand, and guides him, wholly unaware, to his own door, where, just at the critical moment, he is aroused by the scraping of his foot upon the step”—and, in affright, little dreaming of the doom to which his first backward step devotes him, he hurries away, breathless with agitation, and afraid to look back. Not always, as in this case, is Mr. Hawthorne careful to furnish his tales or vagaries with a “pervading spirit or moral,” either implicit and implied, or “done up neatly, and condensed into the final sentence.” What, for instance, is the moral, what the spirit, what the meaning of “The Great Carbuncle?”\* Thought may, as he alleges, always have its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral: but interpreted as some, and they not purblind, critics apprehend, that allegory of the crystal mountains is efficacious only as a premium to scepticism, and a *dampener* to all imagination that would with the lofty sanctify the low, and sublimate the human with the divine. No such intention may the allegorist have had; but at least he might have guarded against so justifiable a gloss by using a more intelligible cypher.

In his best style is that brief fantasy of the mid-day slumberer beside the tuft of maples, “David Swan”—during whose hour’s sleep there successively visit him, as stray passengers on the highway, a pair of opulent elders, who half resolve to adopt him; and a heart-free maiden, who becomes a half lover at first sight; and a couple of scampish reprobates, who more than half determine to rob and, if need be, dirk the dreaming lad. When the coach-wheels awaken him, and he mounts and rides away, David casts not one parting glance at the place of his hour’s repose beside the maple-shaded fountain—unconscious of the three unrealised Acts of that hour’s unacted Drama—ignorant that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon that fountain’s waters, and that

\* The idea itself may have been suggested by an allusion in Scott’s “Pirate.” See chap. xix., and note 2.

one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, and that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood : so true is it that, sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Very significant of the author's meditative habit is his description of the interruption of the two rascals' felonious design : "They left the spot with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity." This thought is illustrated more at length in the "morality" called "Fancy's Show-Box"—which discusses, as a point of vast interest, the question whether the soul may contract stains of guilt, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence—whether the fleshy hand, and visible frame of man, must set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner. Casuistry of this sort is "nuts" to Mr. Hawthorne.

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," too, has the real Hawthorne odour. The quartette of withered worldlings who, by the doctor's magic art, enjoy a temporary rejuvenescence—with what cruel truth their weak points are exposed! First laughing tremulously at the ridiculous idea that, were youth restored them, they, with their experience of life, would or should or could ever go astray again—grey, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, without warmth enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of recovering their spring days. And then, when the spell began to work, lost in a delirium of levity, maddened with exuberant frolic, and disporting themselves in follies to be equalled only by their own absurdities half a century before. An apologue, styled "The Lily's Quest," relates the rambles of two lovers in search of a site for their Temple of Happiness—they, the representatives of Hope and Joy, while there dogs them a darksome figure, type of all the woful influences which life can conjure up, and interposing a gloomy forbiddal whenever they think the site is found :—a site is at last found, which he forbids not ; but it is—a grave. Touchingly beautiful, however, is the inference drawn by the bridegroom, despite the taunting words of the Dark Shadow over his bride's grave ; for then he knew, we are told, what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted ; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him ; and he could throw his arms towards heaven and cry, "Joy, joy ! on a grave be the site of our temple ; and now our happiness is for eternity !" Nor must we omit allusion to "Edward Fane's Rosebud," that retrospect of a mumbling crone's girlhood, when wrinkled Nurse Toothaker (now cowering in rheumatic crabbedness over her fire, and warming her old bones too by an infusion of Geneva) was a fresh and fair young maiden—so fresh and fair, that, instead of Rose, which seemed too mature a name for her half-opened beauty, her lover called her Rosebud ;—nor again, and lastly, to the legend of the mantle of Lady Eleanore—fatal handiwork of a dying woman, which, perchance, owed the fantastic grace of its design to the delirium of approaching death, and with whose golden threads the last toil of stiffening fingers had interwoven plague and

anguish, a spell of dreadful potency; itself a symbol of Eleanore's withdrawal from the sympathies of our common nature, and the instrument of her signal and utter humiliation. The subtlety and power of this legend are of the rarest.

"The Blithedale Romance" we esteem, in *spite* of its coming last, the highest and best of Mr. Hawthorne's works. The tale is narrated with more ingenuity and ease; the characters are at least equal to their predecessors, and the style is at once richer and more robust—more mellowed, and yet more pointed and distinct. A true artist has planned and has filled up the plot, ordering each conjunction of incidents, and interweaving the cross threads of design and destiny with masterly tact; skilled in the by-play of suggestion, hint, and pregnant passing intimation—in the provocative spell of suspense—in the harmonious development of once scattered and seemingly unrelated forces. His humour is fresher in quality, and his tragic power is exercised with almost oppressive effect—at times making the boldest, oldest romance-reader

Hold his breath  
For a while;

at others, making all *but* him lose the dimmed line in blinding tears. There are scenes that rivet themselves on the memory—such as Coverdale's interview with Westervelt in the woodland solitude, followed by his observation of another rencontre from his leafy hermitage in the vine-entangled pine-tree; and the dramatic recital of Zenobia's Legend; and the rendezvous at Eliot's Pulpit; and above all, the dreadful errand by midnight in quest of the Dead—intensified in its grim horror by the contrasted temperaments of the three searchers, especially Silas Foster's rude matter-of-fact hardness, probing with coarse unconscious finger the wounds of a proud and sensitive soul. There are touches of exquisite pathos in the evolution of the tale of sorrow, mingled with shrewd "interludes" of irony and humour which only deepen the distress. Antiperistasis, Sir Thomas Browne would call it.

Upon the bearing of the romance on Socialism we need not descant, the author explicitly disclaiming all intent of pronouncing *pro* or *con*. on the theories in question. As to the characters, too, he as explicitly repudiates the idea, which in the teeth of such disclaimer, and of internal evidence also, has been attributed to him, of portraying in the Blithedale actors the actual companions of his Brook Farm career—or other American celebrities (as though Margaret Fuller were Zenobia, because both living on "Rights of Woman" excitement, and both dying by drowning!). The characters are few; but each forms a study. The gorgeous Zenobia—from out whose imposing nature was felt to breathe an influence "such as we might suppose to come from Eve, when she was just made, and her Creator brought her to Adam, saying, 'Behold! here is a Woman!'"—not an influence merely fraught with especial gentleness, grace, modesty, and shyness, but a "certain warm and rich characteristic, which seems, for the most part, to have been refined away out of the feminine system."\* Hollingsworth—by nature deeply and warmly benevolent,

\* What accuracy amid the hot passion of Zenobia's self-portraiture, just before the tragedy curtain drops:—"At least, I am a woman, with every fault, it may be, that a woman ever had—weak, vain, unprincipled (like most of my sex; for

but restricting his benevolence exclusively to one channel, and having nothing to spare for other great manifestations of love to man, nor scarcely for the nutriment of individual attachments, unless they minister, in some way, to the terrible egotism which he mistakes for an angel of God:—with something of the woman moulded into his great stalwart frame, and a spirit of prayer abiding and working in his heart;—but himself grown to be the bond-slave of his philanthropic theory, which has become to him in effect a cold spectral monster of his own conjuring; persuading himself that the importance of his public ends renders it allowable to throw aside his private conscience; embodying himself in a project, which the disenchanted Zenobia reproaches with hissing defiance as “self, self, self!” Priscilla, again: a weakly bud that blossoms into health and hope under the fostering clime of Blithedale, where she seems a butterfly at play in a flickering bit of sunshine, and mistaking it for a broad and eternal summer—though her gaiety reveals at times how delicate an instrument she is, and what fragile harp-strings are her nerves—a being of slender and shadowy grace, whose mysterious qualities make her seem diaphanous with spiritual light. Silas Foster, too: “lank, stalwart, uncouth, and grisly-bearded;” the prose element, and very dense prose, too, in the poetry of the Communists; with his palm of sole-leather and his joints of rusty iron, and his brain (as Zenobia pronounces it) of Savoy cabbage. And old Moodie, or Fauntleroy—that finished picture of a skulking outcast—shy and serpentine—with a queer appearance of hiding himself behind the patch on his left eye—a deplorable grey shadow—mysterious, but not mad; his mind only needing to be screwed up, like an instrument long out of tune, the strings of which have ceased to vibrate smartly and sharply—“a subdued, undemonstrative old man, who would doubtless drink a glass of liquor, now and then, and probably more than was good for him; not, however, with a purpose of undue exhilaration, but in the hope of bringing his spirits up to the ordinary level of the world’s cheerfulness.”\* Miles Coverdale himself is no lay figure in

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our virtues, when we have any, are merely impulsive and intuitive), passionate, too, and pursuing my foolish and unattainable ends by indirect and cunning, though absurdly chosen means, as an hereditary bond-slave must; false, moreover, to the whole circle of good, in my reckless truth to the little good I saw before me—but still a woman!” And oh the bitter, almost blasphemous, yet o’ermastering pathos of her following words—the sobbing protest of a broken, bankrupt heart—“A creature whom only a little change of earthly fortune, a little kinder smile of Him who sent me hither, and one true heart to encourage and direct me, might have made me all that a woman can be!” Words worthy of *thee*, Zenobia, queenly struggler against the bars of thy prison-house!—words spoken not wisely, but too well.

\* It is fine to see how the old man *does* “come out” under the spell of claret, when Coverdale beguiles him into telling the story of his blighted life—to recognise the connoisseur in the seedy greybeard’s way of handling the glass, in his preliminary snuff at the aroma, in his curious glance at the label of the bottle, as if to learn the brand, in the gustatory skill with which he prolonged the first cautious sip of the wine, to give his palate the full advantage of it. And the transforming efficacy of the flavour and perfume, recalling old associations; so that “instead of the mean, slouching, furtive, painfully depressed air of the old city-vagabond, more like a grey kennel-rat than any other living thing, he began to take the aspect of a decayed gentleman.” Even his garments began to look less shabby to his entertainer—but then Coverdale himself had quaffed a glass or two when *this* phase of the transfiguration opened.

the group of actors. His character is replete with interest, whether as a partial presentment of the author's own person, or as a type of no uncommon individuality in this age of "yeast." We have in him a strange but most true "coincidence" of warm feeling and freezing reflection, of the kind deep heart and the vexed and vacillating brain, of a natural tendency to faith and a constitutional taint of scepticism, of the sensuous, indolent epicurean and the habitual cynic, of the idealist—all hope, and the realist—all disappointment. It is this fusion of opposite, not contradictory qualities, which gives so much piquancy and flavour to Coverdale's character, and his author's writings in general.

To become a member of the Blithedale socialistic institute, at which the world laughed as it *will* laugh at castles in the air—and all the while, evidently all the while, to be convinced at heart that the scheme is impracticable—this is quite *au naturel* with the Blithedale romancer. When he retires, and former acquaintance show themselves inclined to ridicule his heroic devotion to the cause of human welfare, he sanctions the jest, and explains that really he had but been experimentalising, and with no valuable amount of hope or fear at stake, and that the thing had enabled him to pass the summer in a novel and agreeable way, had afforded him some grotesque specimens of artificial simplicity, and could not, therefore, *quoad* himself, be reckoned a failure. Miles gives us the best insight into his mind in its distinctive features, by such a passing reflection as this—where he is recording the invigorating tone of Blithedale air to the new converts from faded conventional life: "We had thrown off that sweet, bewitching, enervating indolence, which is better, after all, than most of the enjoyments within mortal grasp." His deficiency in the *excelsior* aspiration of the sanguine temperament stands revealed in every chapter. A little exaggerated, but that not much, in his language to Priscilla: "My past life has been a tiresome one enough; yet I would rather look backward ten times than forward once. For, little as we know of our life to come, we may be very sure, for one thing, that the good we aim at will not be attained. People never do get just the good they seek. If it come at all, it is something else, which they never dreamed of, and did not particularly want." And the conflicting influences of which we have spoken are notably illustrated when he describes his antipathy to, heightened by his very sympathy with, the odious Westervelt: "The professor's tone represented that of worldly society at large, where a cold scepticism smothers what it can of our spiritual aspirations, and makes the rest ridiculous. I detested this kind of man; and all the more because a part of my own nature showed itself responsive to him." An admirable bit of psychology, and eminently *like* Nathaniel Hawthorne.

But for our restricted limits, fain would we string together a few of those pithy reflections with which the romance abounds—many of them, indeed, questionable, but nearly all worth transcription, and stamped with the quaint die of the romancer's *esprit*. Differ from him as you may, you are all along interested in him, and are apt to find more in his crotchets than in a dullard's "exquisite reasons."

Of "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," the "Mosses from an Old Manse," &c., we have entered our verdict, such as it is, in a previous "fly-leaf." The "Life of Franklin Pierce," a confessedly time-serving palaver, is in no way worthy of that "statue of



night and silence"\* which Mr. Hawthorne has been called. It is meagre, hasty, and without distinctive merit of any kind. Prejudiced in his favour, we read it with full purpose of heart to like it exceedingly, and to find an immense deal in it; but it baffled us outright, and we could only conclude that, like *bonus Homerus*, this our *bonus Albaspinus* may be caught *quandoque dormitans*.

A word or two, however, ere we leave him, upon his more genial and satisfactory contributions to the Literature of Childhood. The "Wonder-Book," like most true books for children, has a charm for their grave and reverend seniors. These old-world myths of Pandora and Midas, and Baucis and Philemon, are related with the poetical simplicity and good faith which is their due, and the due of all child-auditors. Mr. Hawthorne loves and understands, and is loved and understood by, what Wordsworth calls

———Real children: not too wise,  
Too learned, or too good.†

Do you remember "Little Annie's Ramble" in "Twice-told Tales?"—where he tells us that if he prides himself on anything, it is because he has a smile that children love—and that few are the grown ladies that could entice him from the side of such a little Annie, so deep is his delight in letting his mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. For he wisely holds and sweetly teaches that, as the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. And he maintains, with a fervour and an *experto crede* decision that would have won him Jean Paul's benison, that the influence of these little ones upon us is at least reciprocal with ours on them—and that when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children. Here is the genuine man for inditing a "Wonder-Book" for small people. Woe worth the "once upon a time" when, says the collector of "Yule-Tide Stories," there *were* no Popular Tales—adding, "and a sad time it was for children."‡ And a sad time it promised to be for children

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\* An American visitor at Emerson's Monday *soirées*, at which a "Congress of Oracles" held *stances* to the admiration of "curious listeners," and all ate russet apples in perfect good fellowship, describes Miles Coverdale as sitting, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante—"a statue of night and silence," gazing imperceptibly upon the parliamentary group; "and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories." Such was *his* contribution to the *conversazione*. But a Liverpool consulate will surely test his taciturnity.

† "Preluda." Book V.

‡ See the "Birth of the Popular Tale," forming the introduction to Mr. Thorpe's "Yule-Tide Stories," a collection of tales and traditions of the north of Europe (Bohn, 1853). In which story we are pleasantly taught how two royal children, representing human beings in general, while inhabiting a magnificent domain, are ill at ease, with a vague sense of longing; which is at length relieved by their mother's inwardly wishing for some miraculous antidote to their complaint. This comes in the shape of a beautiful bird, from whose "golden green and golden blue" egg is hatched "the parti-coloured, winged, glittering delight of childhood, itself a child, the wondrous bird *Imagination*, the *Popular Tale*." And now the mother (Nature) saw her children no longer sad. They contracted an ardent love

some few years since, when the present reaction in favour of such literary purveyors as the Brothers Grimm had not yet set in, and childhood seemed in post-haste to be turned into a Useful Knowledge Society—a corporation without imagination, fancy, poetry, faith, soul, or spirit—a joint-stock company of old heads on young shoulders, and tiny bosoms without hearts in them. Then it was that Charles Lamb piteously said, in one of his nonpareil letters, “Goody Two Shoes is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld’s stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery’s\* hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them.† Mrs. B.’s and Mrs. Trimmer’s nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.’s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child.” And there follows Lamb’s *argumentum ad hominem* S. T. C., which, remembering *what* manner of man S. T. C. was, we read very feelingly: “Think of what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with tales and old wives’ fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!” *Ach Himmel!* what had then become of the “Ancient Mariner,” and “Christabel,” and all the others, best reliques of the noticeable man with large grey eyes!

Why, sir, it may be retorted, he might then have become a cosy, comfortable, substantial, practical man; and S. T. C. might have been as well known and respected on ‘Change as £ s. d. itself. That pampered imagination was the ruin of him.

Yes, comfortable and well-to-do-man of business! in your sense it was. But in another sense,‡ for which he is dear, and by which only

for the tale. And the result was, that it “sweetened their early days, delighted them with its thousand varying forms and metamorphoses, and flew over every house and hut, over every castle and palace.” But furthermore, the tale was not limited, in its mission, to the children. “Its nature was such, that even those of maturer age found pleasure in it, provided only that in their riper years they possessed something which they had brought with them from the garden of childhood—a child-like simplicity of heart.” Without which, we recommend no one to read Messrs. Hawthorne and Benjamin Thorpe.

\* Whither Charles and “Bridget” had just wended their way, to buy some nursery classics for little Hartley Coleridge. He, we hope, retained, as he certainly prized and loved them, to the last.

† Had Charles asked for them, we presume this shopman would have construed his stutter into an inability, for very shame, to make inquiries for anything so frivolous and out of date.

‡ Says Wordsworth to Coleridge (just as Lamb said, *at supra*),

“Where had we been, we two, beloved friend!” &c.,

if reared on the modern mannikin system? Wordsworth “pours out thanks with uplifted heart, that he was reared safe from an evil which these days have laid upon the children of the land, a pest that might have dried him up, body and soul.” See, in *extenso*, the noble Fifth Book of the “Prelude”—on the text:

“Oh! give us once again the wishing cap  
Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,  
And Sabra in the forest with St. George!  
The child whose love is here, at least doth reap  
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.”

he is known, to his familiars, it went far towards the making of him.

A wonderful digression, by the way ; but one for which the "Wonder-Book" is radically responsible, and into which we should not have been ensnared, but that the Goody-books, and encyclopædic horn-books, and pantechnic primers, have still their advocates in the midst of us. Well ;

They may talk as they will, but the fairy times  
Were the pleasantest times of all ;  
When up from their dwellings, a few dark rhymes  
The genii of earth could call.  
Oh, from our heart, how we'd pray and vow,  
If rhymes had but half such virtue now !

And therefore grateful and glad is our welcome of one who revivifies dormant feelings, and freshens sere hearts with the dew of the morning, and to whom we can say, with full assurance of faith, "Historian of our infancy ! bide with us—do not yet depart—dead times revive in thee :"—

We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days, when we were young ;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

## ADVENTURES OF A LETTER BETWEEN CASTELMARE AND NAPLES.

I was born one morning in August. Scarcely, however, was I brought into the world, when, contrary to all the usual ways of parents, mine sent me out into it to make my way as well as I could. My birth had something classical in it, as, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, I leaped full-grown from the brain of my parent. Like Minerva, too, I had no mother. The next step of my life was less godlike, for I was committed to the pocket of a servant. My father gave me one look of kindness, as if I had something about or in me which pleased him—as if he had done a good action in producing me, so beaming with benevolence was his eye—and then gave directions that I was to be sent off immediately.

Thus, in pure kindness, was I banished the paternal mansion. I was hurried to a strange house in a narrow street, and thrust into a hole in the wall. Here I found many companions. Some had a well-born and an educated appearance, while others had a dirty, low-bred air, and were most offensive to me, coming, as I had, fresh from a perfumed chamber. One vulgar fellow—a thick, shapeless mass, full of everything odious, like a rotten water-melon—tumbled plump in on me, giving me a mark in my face I shall never lose ; and when I uttered a slight expression of sensation—for I have much sensibility—he burst into such invectives

against "aristocrats" and "flats," that I have had a distaste for corporate bodies ever since. I did not think his thick figure nearly so elegant as my thinness. Presently a delicate creature with a black seal slipped in beside me, scenting the whole place with star of roses. She whispered to me she was going to Naples, to announce the death of a grandmother. "Oime!—oime!" She wept much for a time, and then talked of "money, and lands, and horses, and jewels—such jewels!" in a soft tone of voice, till I could not tell if she were weeping or laughing. Some others came in: one was lavish in praise of "aqua media," and was very earnest about "a profligate old woman;" another talked of "donkey riding," and lamented over "suffering broken spirits." For my part, I was occupied with my hopes of getting soon to Naples. Here we all stayed, however, for forty-eight hours; and I thought it very strange, as my parent had directed I should go to Naples without any loss of time. At last we were all thrust into a bag, and put into a boat, and went over the sea to Naples.

I did not see anything on our way either of Vesuvius or the sea; but two of my neighbours talked them over as if they knew all about them; and thus I learned—though I confess I gathered but a very confused idea of them both—that "the sea was a mirror of blue sweetness," and "a melody of liquid essences," and "a thrilling heaven, with the tips of the wavelets for stars," and that "it had seraphic corridors, and mermaids sitting in them combing their green eyelashes with combs made of the fins of blue fish with wings," and that Vesuvius "was a wicked pet of a mountain," and "had a darlingly awful crater, but was very stupid just now, and didn't drown any more towns like Herculæum, which was a dark love of a horror all buried in lava;"—and so they went chatting on, when another, in a gruff voice, declared that "some people talked stuff," and the sea was a good sort of sea, like "another, but a bit bluish," and "hadn't half as many ships on it as the Bay of Plymouth," and "as to Vesuvius, it was a poor thing to crack about so much, and nothing like Snowdon." I thought him a great traveller, but one of my chattering neighbours whispered to the other, that "any one must be an odious-hearted monster, and a crocodile, who did not adore it all."

Just then we bumped on the shore at Naples. In a little time, we arrived at a large house, and were all turned out on a table, and tossed about; some to one man, and some to another. I saw my two lively companions, and the one with a gruff voice, all thrown over to one man, and so I thought they must all be going to travel to the same country. "How they will contradict each other by the way!" thought I.

I was carried off into an inner room, and looking about me I saw I was in a comfortable apartment, in which were two rather elderly gentlemen reclining lazily in arm-chairs. One was a tall thin man, who spoke little, and then in short abrupt sentences; the other was a stout man, who talked rapidly.

"More letters?" said the tall man. "Stay till to-morrow."

"They must stay till next month, I think," said the other; "people are going mad about writing letters. I never write any; we are perfectly crushed with letters—*ammazzati*, crushed—and to-day I am ex-

haunted, and I have an engagement presently, and then I am going to the theatre with some friends."

"Friends!" rejoined the first; "ah! I know."

"No, you *don't* know," said the stout man; and so they had a long dispute for half an hour about this, one guessing a name and the other denying, and giving a dozen reasons why it couldn't be that family; and all the while I thought they might have let me go into the next street, where my anxious parent had said I was wanted without any delay. By-and-by the two gentlemen swept us new comers all into a drawer, higgledy-piggledy, and went out, locking the door; and there we were left till the next day.

I passed a troubled night, for I had something to say of much importance to a lawyer on business, and every hour was of moment; and already three days had been lost at Castelmare and on the voyage to Naples. Besides this, a great portly lubber of a creature fell right on me, and talked in a dull way all night long about "glorious free trade," and "low prices," and "the people's food," and "sugars keeping up," and the "lemon crop lost," and "corn at 32s.;" all of which was pure gibberish to me; and then he kept up a long buzz-buzz about "King Ferdinand" and "priest politics," till the door opened and our two gentlemen entered. Our drawer was opened, and the first of us taken out was my fat neighbour. To my surprise the tall man opened him, melting the seal with a hot iron from a fire in the next room; and then he said, in his sharp way, "Too much politics;" and in a moment in went my bulky companion into the fire, and I heard him with all his "corn cargoes from La Puglia," and "sugars," and "workshops of the world," crackling in the flames. I almost laughed, remembering what a bad night he had caused me with his "politics and King Ferdinand."

"Englishman again," he added presently, as the letter blazed.

"*Bene*," said the stout man, "those English are uncommonly fond of our politics—quite *impazzati*—but that gentleman's friends in England do not learn much from *him* about them. We take care they are not injured by *his* bad opinions—we are fathers to them—*protettori*;" and he chuckled.

"They are our *bambini*," said the tall man, gravely.

"News fly much too fast now-a-days," continued the stout one; "things go on too quickly in the world; if all people were to rattle on as fast as those English radical milordi wish, we should next year have this world too small for us; and, presto, we should gallop out of it over into some other."

"*E vero*—delay is a good thing," observed his companion, sagely, and putting another letter in the fire.

"We in Naples," continued the first, "like the good old times, slow and sure." ("Very sure," thought I, listening to the burning letter.) "The railroad goes too fast for our letters: country people should attend to country things, and town people to town things—*e giusto*. The railway to Castelmare is a great injury to us; people communicate more, and have more business, and write more, and we have more to do, and no more pay. I like the old sailing-boats and bad roads; and now they want to hurry us because they have steam."

"Delay is patience," said the tall man, "and *patienza* is strength."

"But I *won't* be hurried," continued the other; "people in the country shall not hurry *me*—they ought not to want to know what is doing in Naples. I never do when I am in the country."

"Delay produces self-denial," said the tall man, "and self-denial is self-command." ("How wise he is," thought I.)

Thus they talked away the morning in praise of delay, occasionally opening a letter, and burning it if it contained "too much of the state of Italy," or sealing it up again and throwing it into a box when it contained only family details, or, as the tall man said, "Pazzie—seas and mountains." I stared at them all day long (that is, as long as they were there, for they went home to dinner, and were a long time returning), but I could get no attention paid me, till the stout one, yawning, took me up, and was just going to examine me, when he cried out that he had "an old drawer of letters of last week which he had forgotten;" and so I was thrown aside, and the "old drawer" occupied them both till they went away again for the night. Here I was then for another night, but being very young I comforted myself with the thought that the old gentleman might, perhaps, be right, "that delay was a good thing." I was conning this over with myself, when a great stout creature, but with a kindly air, slipped from somewhere down by my side, and said, "He had a story to tell, if I would like to hear it." This was delightful, as it would pass away the night better than the heavy talk of the last night's companion about "corn and sugar markets," and which had depressed me so much that I felt as if Vesuvius, made of corn and sugar, were lying upon me. Some other of our companions hearing of the proposed story, declared they liked "anything pleasant," and so he began

#### THE STORY OF MY AUNT.

DEAR FRIEND,—You wish to know how it was I never saw my aunt during her last illness before she died. It was in this way. I was with my wife and children passing the summer at our villa at Moiana, near Vico. We proposed one day to make a pic-nic expedition up St. Angelo, and dine under one of the great beech-trees at the highest part of the wood which stretches all the way up the slope from just above Moiana to nearly the top of St. Angelo. It was a cool day in August, and we all rode our donkeys up the stony mountain, which rises bare and barren at the back of our house, often looking back at the sea, which spread itself wider and wider under our feet as we mounted up. My children laughed and clapped their hands with joy at the sight, as headland and hill and bay came more and more into view. Then we reached some copse wood, and passed General Sabatelli's house, standing on a large flat space—a small unfinished building. I was sorry it was not finished, with its garden. It would have been a little paradise of art set in the midst of this wild nature—a wilderness of woods and mountains with that tranquil sea its boundary. We entered the beech wood, and then wound up by wandering and irregular paths, sometimes among ferns and wild flowers, and then beneath the spreading boughs of the great forest trees; sometimes up the steep sides of some dell, and then along flat

ground—so the grassy path led us at will. Here and there we came upon the charcoal-burners, uncouth figures, piling their little mounds of wood ; and anon, to large tumuli of a white earth, two or three together, and flattened on the top. These were the deposits of snow-ice for Naples, and still full ; while others were empty, and like great bowls scooped out of the ground.

At length we came, by easy walking—for the children got off their donkeys and ran about through the grass, gathering nosegays of wild plants, and rejoicing in the fresh mountain air—to the top of the wood, and directed our dinner to be spread under one of the great beech-trees. Close by was the ridge from which you look down on the other side of St. Angelo over Castelmare, and Vesuvius, and Pompeii. Some one proposed that we should ride on to the rocky summit of the mountain while dinner was getting ready. So we went on, and in a few minutes we all stood on the platform, which runs round three sides of the little church of St. Michele. The decano of the Duomo at Castelmare, to which the little church belongs, being an old friend of mine, had very obligingly sent up a subordinate with the keys of the door at the foot of the rock and of the church—for no one resides there ; and so we first paid our devotions before the miraculous image of St. Michele, the patron saint of St. Angelo, and then gave ourselves up to all the enchantment of the scene around us.

It was a panorama of unrivalled beauty ; from Salerno and Amalfi round to Naples and Ischia, all lay at our feet ; while as we looked down on it perpendicularly from that height, the sea, on the Posidano side of the mountain, was of a darkly blue colour near the shore it has not in the Bay of Naples. To my eye the sea wore a new aspect—that still sea, waveless and noiseless, for no ripple reached the eye, or murmur came up to the ear. It seemed to look up at one as some mysterious presence of a mighty and kind being, attractive in its loveliness and power, and inviting one with a dreamy tenderness to commit to its bosom all one's secret thinkings and half-formed aspirations.

Near the church was another point of rock, and rather higher. Here I lay, gazing downwards into that tender face, and dreamed a day-dream, in which the little group of fairy islands, the Grappi, sleeping on the sea's breast near the shore, took a part, while beside me I heard at times voices that told of Nocera, and La Cava, and the crater of Vesuvius, all visible down into its rugged solitudes, and Leteri Castle, and Graniano, and the Cypress. I was roused from my world of fancy by a cry that dinner must be ready. We all went down the rocky steps, and the door being locked at their foot, we took leave of the good official, and mounting our donkeys, rode along the mountain side to our beech-trees, and found all good things awaiting us.

I am sure, dear friend, you have a weakness in your composition. Do not pretend to be stronger than all the rest of mankind. Confess, then. Do not the blue and tenderly-speaking sea, and the towering mountains, and the wooded valley—do they not dwindle to a small size in the presence of a pigeon-pie beneath a beech-tree ? So it was with us. Day-dreams fled, and Nature, with all her beauties, submitted to the engrossing charms of artistic cookery. And then after dinner we sung pleasant

songs, and we played the children's games upon the grassy sward among the shading trees; and then we collected all together upon the rocky ridge, and indulged in a good-by look down on those places that we knew—the woody sides of Angelo and its green valleys, with white villages, giving them gay life; *Pie di Monte* and *Avrana*, and the *Castello*, and the *Belvedera*, perched on jutting points—how well we knew them all; and the winding paths, dotted with village figures returning homewards from the town with implements of labour, or with wood upon their heads, or the women at their daily washing-trough—their parliament among the rocks by *Avrana*—or some village priest returning from below to his modest mountain dwelling on his strong, sleek donkey; and then *Castelmare*, bright and nestling by the sea-shore; and beyond that, old broken *Mount Vesuvius*, appearing from the height but a lowly hill, with its yawning pre-Adamite crater and modern molehill.

The noon passed in the midst of such pleasures, and we set off homewards, following the grassy paths again among the deep green foliage of the mountain forest, accompanied by the gaiety and laughter of young and careless hearts. Again we passed the general's tenantless house, stopping, however, before we reached it, to drink the pure, bright water from a spring which he had discovered in the wood, and built around, and made useful for thirsty workers among those hills; and so we went down the stony face of the mountain to *Moiana* at its foot, in the midst of olive-trees and chestnut and walnut groves.

On reaching the house, a letter was put into my hand from Naples. "From my cousin, *Guglielmo Conti*," said I, recognising the handwriting of the address. It contained but a few lines, telling me that his mother, my aunt, the *Marchesa Conti*, was suddenly and dangerously ill, and asked for me; and that I should come directly to Naples, if I wished to see her alive. The letter was dated Wednesday, and this was Friday. I was much excited. I was grieved and angered; grieved at my poor aunt's state, for I loved her warmly. She was, indeed, as my mother; for my mother had died when I was young, and the *Marchesa* had brought me up. It is true I had not heard for some time from Naples—but I lived secluded from all the world at *Moiana*—and the last letters described them as starting for Switzerland, and I knew that travellers' letters miscarry. I was angry that my cousin had not sent to me the letter by messenger across the bay, and so have saved a day, the post by *Castelmare* being very uncertain.

I might now be too late to see my aunt alive. However, I lost not a moment, but bidding a hasty adieu to my wife and children, I hurried down to *Vico*, and, taking a boat, I set sail with the breeze, which blows in every afternoon from the open sea between *Capri* and *Ischia*, and was soon on my way. The wind was higher than usual, and the waves increased in size till they dashed against my boat's side, and sprinkled me with spray from their white crests. This was, however, as a refreshing shower in the warm evening air, and I took off my hat and leaned my face over to sea to catch the cooling vapour, for I was feverish from the day's exertions—the mountain walk, and my eagerness to reach Naples. The sun was setting in all his gorgeous array of crimson and gold behind the hills at *Baia*, and lighting up with a fiery splendour a long horizon from behind *Vesuvius* all round to where *Capri* threw up its rocky wall;



but while I looked on the wondrous scene with admiration, I could not keep out the thought: "It will soon fade—it will die away—and so is, perhaps, at this moment preparing to fade away and depart with these colours the life and loving spirit of my more than mother." At length we touched the shore, and I hastened away to the house of my cousin on the Chiaja.

To my grief, on approaching it, I saw that its windows were all closed, and the shutters too. "Dio mio," said I, "it is all over." I leaped from the carriage, and was hurrying across the court-yard, when a voice behind me inquired:

"What does eccellenza wish?"

"How is the marchesa?" said I, turning round.

"Eccellenza?" said the man, with rather a puzzled expression of face.

Thinking he was afraid to answer my question directly for fear of shocking me, I left him and ran up the flight of stairs. I rang the bell sharply; no one came. I rang again, in my impatience. They are all occupied, I thought, with the sad details of death. Suddenly I heard a voice behind me:

"Eccellenza, there is no one in the house."

"What do you say?" I demanded.

"There is no one here, eccellenza."

"No one here? Where, then, is my cousin, the conte; is he on the next piano?" and I darted up-stairs to the next floor, and rung the bell violently. "He has gone up to this floor," thought I, "for more quiet for his poor mother." The same silence, however; no one came; and again presently the same man followed:

"Eccellenza, there is no one here."

"Where is the conte, then?" cried I. "What house in Naples is he living in?"

"I do not know, eccellenza."

"Where is my aunt, the marchesa?"

"I do not know, eccellenza."

"Dio mio, is there no one here can tell me?"

"There is no one here but me, eccellenza."

I knew my cousin had no other house in Naples than this; but I was excited by all the circumstances—the sudden news, my anxiety, my expectations of seeing my dying mother, I might call her, the voyage, the closed windows, and now the silence and desertion of the house, the absence of every one, and the answers of this unknown man—all this together confounded me. Was I under some delusion? Was I mistaken in the house? I took out the letter of my cousin, and read it again. I looked at the house and court to assure myself I was in my senses, and things were real about me; and then, seeing the man stare at me, I said suddenly:

"Who are you?"

"Eccellenza," replied he, "I am the son of the porter of the conte. I came from Portici, where I live, yesterday to see my father; and just now, an hour since, he went down the street to see a friend, and asked me to sit in the lodge and take care that no bad people came in. Eccellenza is one of the family?" he added, interrogatively.

"Yes—go and find your father directly, and bring him here."

"Immediately, eccellenza;" and he set off, while I paced up and down the court in a fever of impatience.

It seemed as if the minutes were hours. He did not return; and so, unable to restrain my impatience, I jumped into the *cittadina* again, and bade the driver go to the Palazzo d'Ischitella, in the Toledo. At least I shall find my aunt's old friend, the Contessa d'Ischitella, and she will tell me something. As I drove along I tried to unravel the mystery. I receive a letter on Friday, it is dated Wednesday, two days before; I come into Naples, hurry to the house expecting to find my aunt dying, and my cousin and all his family in deep distress; I picture to myself the sad scene—the silent doctors, hurrying messengers, a weeping welcome—and I arrive to find the house shut up and empty—my cousin gone—a strange man only, who knows not where—or if my aunt is alive or dead—or where she is—or, indeed, anything about anybody. I felt myself becoming quite ill with agitation and perplexity. In the midst of this uncertainty I reached the Palazzo Ischitella, and ran up-stairs. The door was opened by an old woman, who, after much trouble, for she was deaf, I made to understand I wished to see the contessa.

"The contessa is at Portici, eccellenza."

"At Portici!"

"Yes, eccellenza," continued she; "and to-night eccellenza is very gay, and gives a grand *conversazione*."

"A grand *conversazione*!" I repeated, in amazement.

"Yes, eccellenza," she went on. "Eccellenza drove into Naples to-day, and came here to get a fine dress to wear to-night, and everybody will say eccellenza looks beautiful in it."

"Cielo!" I exclaimed, "how heartless are some people. I would have sworn that the contessa loved my aunt dearly, and would have been at her bedside in her illness, for they were like sisters from their childhood, and were together nearly every day. And now my poor aunt lies dying, and the contessa gives a grand party at Portici."

Recollecting myself, I inquired of the woman if she knew anything of the Conte Conti, though without any great expectation of learning much. She replied that she did not know anything of the conte, as she kept the contessa's house at Portici when the contessa was in Naples, and she had been only a week here, and knew nothing. The Contessa Ischitella, then, had left Naples only a week since, had driven into the town that very day, had known, of course, of her old friend's dangerous illness, and yet had gone away to give a party to amuse idle people and to be gay and joyous. I had always considered her of a warm and tender disposition, and that she had truly loved my poor aunt; but how had we been mistaken; her friendship was empty, and her affection vanished before her own vain pleasures.

I was in despair, for I now remembered that this was a bad time to find any one in Naples, everybody almost being in the country. I gloomily descended the stairs, when suddenly I recollected the family physician. "I shall learn everything from him," thought I; "Dr. Naldi will be here, and he will tell me all." I drove to his house, and found the doctor was out, but his wife was at home. I remembered the wife, a

good creature, and who frequently came to my cousin's house in a friendly way with her husband, and had supper with the marchesa and my cousin. They were no longer young, and he had been the medical man of the family for twenty years. My heart beat as I entered, for I knew now I should hear all the particulars of my poor aunt, her illness, her sufferings, and in the good woman I should find all the sympathy which my heart required. Besides, too, this perplexing confusion would be cleared up, and I should learn where the conte was, and be enabled to hurry to that dear bedside I was so anxious to reach without a moment's delay.

Entering the sitting-room, I was met by a young and rather pretty woman, who received me with much courtesy, and regretted that the doctor was not at home; he had two patients to visit that night, and would be back soon. She invited me to sit down and wait for him. I thanked her, and observed, that as the doctor was from home I should wish to speak a few words to his wife, the Signora Naldi, on some very particular affairs concerning my family; perhaps she would oblige me by carrying a message to the signora. She looked rather confused, and blushed, and then hesitatingly said that, "she was the wife of Dr. Naldi."

"I was not aware," I said, "that Dr. Naldi had a son set up as a physician, and I feared I had made a mistake. I meant the *old* Dr. Naldi's wife."

"Signore," she rejoined, "you have not made any mistake. I am the wife of Dr. Naldi—the only Dr. Naldi in Naples. Dr. Naldi lost his wife some little time ago, and he—he was very unhappy—and—and I felt very much for him, for he is an excellent man—and—and he married me yesterday."

"Yesterday!" I exclaimed—"Dr. Naldi married yesterday, while the Marchesa Conti lay dying under his hand!" I started up in astonishment and rage. "Wretched old man!" I cried aloud, "I thought you had had a feeling heart, and that twenty years of kindness and of intimacy would have given birth in your breast to a sense of decency at least, if not to gratitude! Gross man without heart or conduct!—profligate grey-beard! You went from your old friend's dying pillow to your bridal couch; you exchanged her chill hand and glazing eyes for the beating pulses and glittering glances of love: cruel man, and no friend!" And I rushed from the room.

"Signore," she called after me; "but, *signore*," she cried, as I ran down stairs.

I did not stay to listen, but hurried from the house. I dismissed my *cittadina* and walked rapidly along the street, feeling that I must have motion in my then agitated state. I could not think more. I dashed madly on for some time. At last I became exhausted and ill. Suddenly bright lights crossed my path; they were at the gateway of a public hotel. I turned in. A bed seemed to me the only refuge for my accumulated griefs and perplexities. I resolved I would inquire no more that night, but would sleep and recommence my sad researches on the morrow. As I dismissed the *cameriere*, I gave him my name, desiring that some one should be sent in the morning to the post-office to inquire for letters.

In the morning, as I was dressing, a letter was brought to me from the

post. I knew my cousin's handwriting, and tore it open eagerly. It was as follows :

"Bagni di Lucca, July 5.

"What is become of you, my dear cousin, is a mystery. Are you at Moiana, or at Naples? My two letters to you at the former place you have never noticed, so I send this to Naples, *poste restante*, for the chance of your finding it some day. We have been here three weeks, having left Naples on the 10th of June, immediately after the funeral of my dear mother. She was very anxious to see you before she died, as you were a great favourite with her."

I stopped, and my hands fell by my side.

"His mother dead," I exclaimed, "before the 10th of June! What does all this mean? Am I distracted, and the whole thing a delusion? Is it now June, or is it August?"

I threw myself on a sofa, and burying my head in the pillows I tried to think—but my ideas were all confounded. I had but one clear one, "that my mother was dead, and I had not seen her."

I continued my letter :

"I wrote to you a few lines two days before her death—in fact, the day she was taken ill. Her illness was short and sudden, for she was seized on a Wednesday, and she died on the Friday. We hoped you would come, and your not coming to see her or to her funeral was a great sorrow to us all."

Again I stopped reading.

"A letter," I thought, aloud, "is written to me the day of her illness, written three days ago, only, and my cousin is three weeks at Lucca since her funeral! What is this maze of contradictions?"

I took up the letter again.

"I wrote to you again, giving you all the melancholy detail, and then set off for this place with my family. You will see Dr. Naldi, perhaps. He was indefatigable in his attention to my dear mother, being with her night and day till she breathed her last. He is a truly worthy man. His wife died a few days before my mother—a severe distress to him. Write me a line whenever you get this, and let me hear of you and yours. From your most affectionate cousin,

"GUGLIELMO.

"Should you see that dear old friend, Contessa d'Ischitella, say everything kind for us. The death of her best friend, my poor mother, caused her an illness."

How was I to explain all this endless confusion? This letter of my cousin was dated July 5th, from Lucca Bath, where he had been three weeks, having left Naples on the 20th of June, after his mother's funeral. I was reading this letter on the 10th of August; my aunt must then have been dead two months! But how could this be?

While I was lying half-dressed on the sofa, sunk in these perplexities, the door opened, and Dr. Naldi entered. I rushed into his arms as into a refuge from distraction. He placed me quietly on the sofa and soothed my agitation. His wife had told him of my visit; he had failed to find me last night, and had set out again early in the morning in his search from hotel to hotel till he found me. I told him of all that happened the day before—my coming, and my disappointment. He asked to see the letter from my cousin which had reached me at Moiana.

"I can explain it all," said he, after a little consideration. "This

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letter your cousin wrote to you on the *Wednesday*, the 4th of June, when his mother was taken ill. The servant, I know, was ordered to send it across the bay, but in mistake must have put it in the post, and there it must have been lying ever since, at Castelamare perhaps, or Vico, till by some chance it was forwarded to you yesterday. The post at those places is famous for such misdeeds; and despatch is not our forte here, even in Naples. Your cousin's next letter after the funeral was sent across the bay; but I remember now that there was a great storm at that time, and some boats were lost. It is probable the one in which your letter was, was among them. Your cousin set off from this soon after the funeral; and now you have in your hand his letter from Lucca, which has been lying here '*poste restants*' till now."

Thus was this circumstance, which caused me so much perplexity, explained, by the delay of a letter at the post-office.

Dr. Naldi then gave me many sad particulars of the last hours of my poor aunt, and consoled me that her illness was short and her death without pain, and that she said many affectionate words of me at the last, until at length I became composed. I then told him of what had passed at his house the preceding evening; "but he knew," I added, "my old affection for him, and that I felt a thousand regrets for what I had uttered." He replied, "His wife had related to him all;" adding, "if you had but waited a few minutes my wife would have explained to you how different the circumstances really were from what you supposed." I visited with him the tomb of my aunt in the church of St. Chiara, and then took leave of the good doctor with a heavy heart, and sailed back over the bay to Vico. I have since seen the postmasters at Castelamare and at Vico, and reproached them with their misconduct in detaining letters; and I am resolved to use all my little influence to get the dilatory *employés* dismissed from the post-offices as the only balm to my wounded spirit.

Thus was it—*amico mio*. Farewell.

My neighbour had just finished his story, and I was thinking how good a thing it would be if the gentlemen of *Moisna* would set about in earnest clearing the post-office in Naples of its lame ducks, when in came the two old gentlemen, the admirers of delay and the lovers of slow coaches. In a few minutes I was taken from the drawer and thrown with various of my companions, unexamined (what could have happened to cause such an outburst of activity?), into a box, and in the course of the morning I found myself at length in the hands of the person to whom I was addressed. I was received with eagerness; but scarcely was my age looked at than a volley of imprecations streamed from the lips of my reader, directed against the post-office authorities at Castelamare and Naples.

"Too late," he cried, at length—"too late; if I had had this letter two days ago, as I ought to have had, he would have been saved. This evidence would have stopped that ignominious sentence, and now it will take months to get it reversed. But no time will ever wash away the stain of his supposed guilt. Alas! alas!—his poor father!"

He was much affected. He folded me carefully up, and put me away in a secure desk under lock and key. Here I meditate on the virtues of delay.

## THE AGED RABBI.

A JEWISH TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## I.

"Is thy day of persecution to return, lost, unhappy Israel?" exclaimed the old rabbi, Philip Moses, sadly shaking his venerable grey head, as one evening in the autumn of 1819 stones were thrown in through the windows of the house in which he resided, whilst the rabble of Hamburg shouted in the street in derision the first words of the Jew's lament for Jerusalem.

"Yes! ye are right," he continued, mournfully, "Jerusalem is demolished and laid waste. Ye could not stone us against Jehovah's will! But His wrath is sore kindled against us. His patience was great, but His people have forgotten Him in the midst of their banishment; they have forsaken the Law and the Prophets amidst the dwellings of strangers; they have mingled their blood with the blood of the unbeliever; and lo! therefore God's people are thrust forth from the earth, and blotted out from among the living."

"Oh, grandfather, grandfather!" cried his weeping grandchildren, clinging to him in their terror, "protect us from the fearful Christians!"

"If ye be still the children of Israel," answered the old man, calmly, "fold your hands, and bow your knees, turn your faces towards the east—towards the ruins of God's holy city—and pray to Jehovah, the God of your fathers! While thus engaged in prayer, what if these stones crush your heads, and dash out your brains? Praise Jacob's God with me, and die in the name of the Lord God of Sabaoth! Then shall his cherubim bear ye in peace to our Father Abraham's bosom!"

"Is that the only comfort you can bestow, simple old man?" said his son Samuel, the father of the children. He was the richest jeweller in Hamburg, and now saw his valuable shop exposed to be ransacked and plundered by the furious mob. "Can you give us no better advice than to pray? I know something better. We will all let ourselves be baptised to-morrow."

"Would you renounce the faith of your fathers on account of your anxiety about your jewellery, my son?" said the old man, casting a contemptuous glance upon the wealthy, trembling Israelite, who, overcome with fear, was rushing from keeping-place to keeping-place, gathering together and packing up his most valuable articles.

"Truly it is indifferent to me whether they call me Jew or Christian," replied Samuel, "so I can save my goods and my life. When the question is, whether I shall be a rich man to-morrow or a beggar—whether I shall walk the streets, and go to the Exchange in peace, or if I am to be pelted in open day by the very children, and risk my health, my limbs, my life itself—when my jewels, my furniture, my wife, my children, and my windows are in question—I should be a great ass if I hesitated to let a handful of cold water be thrown upon me. It is only a stupid ceremony; but I dare say it is just as good as our own crotchets.

Now-a-days, that is the best creed which gives security and advantages in trade and commerce."

"Miserable being!" cried old Philip Moses, drawing himself up to his full length, "accursed be the spirit that speaks by your mouth! It is that pestilential spirit which has wrought evil among God's people, and caused them to become a byword to the nations of the earth, and an abomination to the Lord of Heaven! Accursed be those goods and that life for which you would barter the faith of your forefathers, and mock even the altar of the strangers, to which you would fly in your abject cowardice! Accursed be the security and the advantages for which you would betray Jehovah! Accursed be the trade and the commerce that have enticed God's people to become the slaves of Mammon, and frantic worshippers of the Golden Calf!"

"You talk wildly, old man!" replied Samuel. "You do not know how to accommodate yourself to the times. You are aged, and cling to old notions; but the days of your prophets are gone by."

"Their words shall stand to the last of days," said the old man, raising his head proudly; "and be it my care to proclaim them among ye, even if the earth should burn around me, and sink beneath my feet! Is it not enough that we are a stricken and dispersed race, cast forth into the wide world, and condemned to live despised in the land of the stranger? Shall we add humiliation to humiliation, and despicably constrain ourselves to laud and call those just who scorn us, and trample us in the dust?"

The jeweller's handsome saloon was full of fugitive Israelites, who sought refuge and protection at the abode of the wealthy Samuel; whilst the police and the watchmen *pretended* to be endeavouring to quiet and disperse the mob outside.

The assembled Jews loudly deplored their misfortunes, and some of them gazed with astonishment on the aged Philip Moses, who stood there, firmly and fearlessly, like a prophet among them, and poured forth words of wisdom and instruction to his trembling fellow-believers.

Two or three of the old rabbis, with long beards and black silk *talars*, or robes, alone listened attentively, and with calm seriousness to him, the most ancient of their community. But the young beardless Israelites uttered cries of lamentation, bewailing the conduct of the people of Hamburg, bewailing their broken windows, and all the damage that would accrue to their trades or business in consequence of this new persecution.

"Ah! if my mother had not been so over-faithful to my father," said a conceited young Jew, "I might have gone with comfort to the theatre, and seen that pretty Ma'amselle Wrede, without being recognised as a Jew, and abused accordingly; and running the risk of getting my head broken to boot."

"Oh! that we had never been circumcised!" cried another; "our lives are actually not safe in the streets."

"Would [that we were all baptised!]" groaned a third. "Ay, with some philter that would turn our dark hair to red, and remove the too apparent marks with which Jehovah has signalled us, and cast us out among our foes."

"Oh!—woe—woe!" shrieked the women and children—"whither

shall we fly in our great distress and misery? Ah! were it but morning, and this dreadful night were passed!"

"Leave off your lamentations, ye foolish and untoward ones!" cried Philip Moses. "The Lord has struck ye with imbecility, and with blindness, and with corruption of heart. He has scattered ye abroad among all the tribes of the earth, because of your perversity; he has given thee a timorous heart, oh Israel! so that the sole of thy foot cannot find rest, and thou feelest that thy life is in jeopardy, and goest about groaning night and day; and in the morning thou sayest, Would that it were evening! and in the evening, Would that it were morning! because of the terror of thy heart, and the visions that are before thine eyes. But hearken what the Lord declares unto you by the mouth of His servants from the tabernacle in your foreign synagogue. If your affliction and your humiliation be greater than your transgressions, shake the dust from your feet, and go forth from the place where ye are treated with ignominy and oppression! Leave the iniquitous Mammon in the hands of the evil-doers, and take only with you that to which there cleaves no curse in the sight of Jehovah! Come! I will lead ye from city to city, and from land to land, until we find some spot on earth where Jehovah may veil our disgrace, and grant us freedom among the children of mankind, or else, like our fathers of old, among the wild beasts of the wilderness!"

"What are you dreaming of, old man?" exclaimed his rich kinsmen, in dissatisfied chorus. "Should we leave our hard-won gains, and go forth like beggars into the world, with old sacks on our shoulders? Where shall we find a more commercial town than this? And in what part of the world would we not be exposed to annoyances and persecutions? No path leads back to the promised land, and were we to be guided by *your* dreams, we should neither be able to feed our wives and our little ones, nor to gather golden pieces and silver ducats."

"If ye believed in Jehovah," replied Philip Moses, "ye would also believe that there *is* a way to the promised land; but that thought is too grand for your contracted souls. The flesh-pots of Egypt are dearer to you than the manna from heaven in the wilderness; and if the Lord God were to call up Moses among you, ye would stone him as your fathers stoned the prophets."

"What avails all this long discourse, poor, foolish old man?" said his son, the rich jeweller, interrupting him. "Sit down there in your comfortable arm-chair, and amuse yourself with the children, Moses, while the rest of us consult together what is best to be done. He is going into his dotage," added he, turning to the other Jews, "and sometimes he is not quite in his right senses. He has quarrelled with all his family, and I keep him here, out of charity, in my house, as you see; but for all that I have to put up with many hard words, and much abuse from him."

Then there commenced a mumbling in the room, and a buzzing sound as in a beehive, every one giving his opinion as to the best way of quieting the people of Hamburg, and making up matters with them. Some proposed that a deputation should be sent to the Senate to demand the protection of the military for their houses.

"It would be of no use," said others. "These mean, abominable members of the Hanseatic League are our worst enemies; these stupid,



paltry, petty dealers, who envy our cleverness in business, and covet our profits—it is just they themselves who set the populace against us.”

“Then let us remove to Altona,” cried some. “Those Danish block-heads will at least have sense enough to be willing to receive us with all our riches; and they will be glad to have an opportunity of causing a loss to the impudent Hamburgers, in return for their ‘*Schuhelmeier*’ cry.”\*

“But when the worst part of the storm is over, we will repent having gone,” argued others; “for there is not so much business done, or so much money to be made there, as here. It is better for us to put up with rudeness and with temporary annoyances, than to run the risk of seriously injuring our business, and lessening our gains.”

“If the worst happens, we can but let ourselves be baptised,” said Samuel, “and then we can no more be called Jews than the Hamburgers themselves.”

“What good would that do?” exclaimed a shabby-looking Jew, with a long beard. “It is not on account of our religion that they persecute us; it is only our wealth, and the luxuries we can afford, that excite their envious dislike. Our handsome houses are our misfortune, and our splendid equipages; our beautiful villas on the Elbe and the Alster, and all the braggadocio of our young fops. Go about like me, with a matted beard and tattered garments! Live well in the privacy of your own houses, but let not your abundance be seen by any one! You will then find that no one will envy you, or persecute you. Let the children in the street point at us, and abuse us! Is it not for being what it should be our pride to be called? If they even treated us as if we were lepers, they could not prevent us from being God’s chosen people. We are blessed in our affairs, and in our wedlock; we multiply, and fill all lands, and devour the marrow thereof; we are *really* the lords of the people, though we do not blush to seem their slaves.”

This advice was rejected by the richer and more modern Israelites, who had no inclination to array themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and to relinquish the ostentatious display of that wealth which, in the midst of so many humiliations, and with so many equivocal acts, and little tricks in trade, they had amassed.

“No, no! I know a much better plan,” said one of the richest men present, who had originally been a sort of pedlar, and sold tapes and ribbons. “We will take it by turns to give turtle-feasts; we will invite all the young men, the sons of the merchants, to our tables; our wives and our daughters must show all manner of kindness and complaisance to them, and not keep them at such a cold distance as they do now; let them lay aside their reserve, and try to please them. It is better, far better, even to marry among the Christians, than to have them as enemies, now-a-days.”

On hearing these words, old Philip Moses arose; he could no longer endure to listen to his people humbling themselves, as he thought, so basely. He tore his clothes, and anathematised the tongue that spoke

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\* “*Schuhelmeier*,” a play upon the name *Mr. Meier*, was a nickname signifying *Smuggler*, which the lower classes in Hamburg bestowed on the Danes, whom they accused of having smuggled the French into Hamburg.

last. He then tried, with all the eloquence of which he was master, to touch the hearts and rouse the spirits of those who were the best among the assembly, by setting forth to them the misery and degradation which their own selfishness and cupidity had brought upon them. He characterised their present persecution as a just punishment from Jehovah for their degeneracy, and their being so absorbed in the pursuit of money. He condemned their indifference to the faith and the customs of their forefathers; their neglect of the Sabbath, and of its holy rites; their shaving off their beards, and their being ashamed to be known to be what they were. He inveighed against their connexion with Christians, and more especially their marriages with them, by which two of his own sons had disgraced him. And he denounced their excessive keenness in the pursuit of gold, as likely to be ruinous to them, and as being certain to have an injurious effect on their settling happily in any and every country in the world.

But this was too much for his fellow-Jews to hearken to in silence. They all attacked him vehemently, calling him a crazy old traitor, who only wished their destruction. Loudly, however, as swelled their chorus of abuse, still more loudly arose the voice of the old man, as he, in the words of the prophet Jeremiah, reproved them. "O Israel! thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed; how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me? For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God. Your sons have withholden good things from you. For among my people are found wicked men; they lay wait as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit, therefore they are become great and waxen rich. They are waxen fat—they shine; yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked. They judge not the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? Go ye upon her walls and destroy; but make not a full end: take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's!"

Scarcely had he uttered these last words than a shower of stones, hurled against the closed window-shutters, demolished them, and dashed in, while this new attack was followed by shouts of triumph and derisive laughter from the streets.

"Away with him—away with the old prophet!" cried several of the Jews. "His imprecations are bringing fresh evil and persecution upon us."

"This is not a time to be preaching all that old twaddle to us about our sins," said his son, the rich Samuel. "I will not listen to another word; and if you expect to remain longer in my house, you must keep your tongue to yourself, I can tell you. It would be more to the purpose if you went to your room, and shaved off that beard of yours, that you might look like other men. We must howl with the wolves we are among, and if the mob were to catch a glimpse of your long beard, which is just like that of an old he-goat, and your masquerade garb, they would pull the house down about our ears."

"Oh, grandfather, grandfather!" exclaimed the youngest of his grand-

children, starting away from him, "how your eyes are blazing! You are not going to hurt my father?"

"For *your* sakes, I will not curse him," said the old man, in a low, tremulous voice; "but accursed be the spirit which influences him, and my unfortunate, perverted people! I shall shake the dust from my feet at the threshold of your door, my son, and never more shall you behold my countenance in this world; but, in your last moments, you will remember *this* hour. I will wander defenceless among our enemies; I will bare this grey head to their insults, stand amidst their showers of stones, and peradventure be torn asunder by their violent hands, before my own child shall pluck out the beard from my aged cheeks, or turn me out of his house as a beggar."

"Stay!—are you mad?" cried Samuel; "you will not pass alive through that mob outside. Hold him, some one!" he exclaimed to those around. "He is deranged, as you see, and is going into his dotage. I should be sorry if anything were to happen to him, or he were to meet with any injury."

But old Philip Moses went away, like Lot, from the doomed Sodom, and never once looked back. No one attempted to detain him, for his denunciations, and his terrible look, had frightened them all. With his snow-white locks uncovered, and in his torn dark silk *talar*, alone, and without his staff, he went forth, and shook the dust from his feet as he stepped from the door.

When the Hamburg populace perceived him, a group of children began to abuse him, but no one took up the cry, and not a hand was lifted against the silent, venerable-looking old man.

"Let him go in peace!" said the one to the other; "it is old Philip Moses. He is a good man; it would be a sin to hurt *him*, or to scoff at him."

"But if we had his son Samuel in our clutches," said others, "he should not get off so easily; he is the greatest bloodsucker among them all!"

## II.

It was late at night—the tumult in the streets had ceased. No more carriages rolled along from the theatre, or from parties at the houses of the rich Hamburg merchants. The promenade on the "*Jungfernstieg*" had been over long before, and the pavilions were locked up. Lights glimmered faintly from the upper windows of the large hotels, and only here and there a solitary reveller was to be seen, humming an air, as he was wending his way homewards from the "*Sallon d'Apollon*," or was stopped by some straggling night-wanderer of the female sex. The moon was shining calmly on the *Alster*, and the watchman had just called the hour by *St. Michael's* clock; but two strange-looking figures still walked up and down the "*Jungfernstieg*," and seemed to have no thought of home, though the sharp wind scattered the leaves of the trees around them, and the fitting clouds often obscured the moon on that cold September night. A dark-haired young girl walked, shivering with cold, alongside of an old Jew, and seemed to be speaking words of comfort to him, in a low, sweet voice; and that Jew was the aged Philip Moses!

"You are freezing, my child," said the old man, as he threw the skirt

of his torn talar around her shoulders. "Let me take you back to the house of your mother's brother; but *I* will not cross his threshold again. I made that vow the day he was seduced into wedding the artful Christian girl. On this day has my third son closed his door against me, and I have no more daughters on this earth. But yes, I have *you* still—you, the daughter of my dear and excellent Rachel! Come, let me take you home. It is hard enough upon you to be an orphan—fatherless and motherless—and a servant to your Christian aunt; you shall not become houseless for my sake. Poor Benjamina!" he exclaimed, as a bright beam from the moon, that was unclouded for a minute, enabled him to see her lovely youthful face distinctly, and to observe how tears were gathering in her long dark eyelashes. "Poor Benjamina! you are indeed kind to care so much for your rough old grandfather, and not to be afraid to come and wander about with him, in our day of persecution, when he was thrust out alone among our foes!"

"Ah, dear good grandfather!" replied Benjamina, "how could my uncle Samuel behave so ill to you! But all my uncles are not so bad as he is. I am tolerably comfortable at uncle Daniel's every other week, and they are kind to me now at uncle Isaac's, since I have grown stronger, and am able to assist my aunt in the kitchen. Do go with me to one of them. Their wives and new connexions do not hate us as the other Christians do; and you must go somewhere. Since uncle Samuel has become so rich, he disdains all his poorer relations, and will not associate with them. Why did you choose to live with him, rather than with either of your other sons? I am sure neither of them could have found it in his heart to have treated you as Samuel has done to-day. You never took a vow not to enter Isaac's house, therefore do go with me to it. I shall reside there with you, and attend upon you; and the pretty children will become fond of you. They can learn from you the history of Joseph and his brethren, and hear about little Benjamin, my namesake. You can teach them as you taught me at my poor mother's, when I was a little girl. Come, dear grandfather, come!—before day dawn, and our persecutors awake. In these times of tribulation we must cherish each other—we unfortunate and persecuted fugitives."

"It is five years since I have entered my son Isaac's house," said the old man, slowly. "How many children has he now?"

"Ah, you do not know that, dear grandfather, and yet he is your own son! His fifth boy is an infant in its cradle."

"Is his Christian wife kind to him? and does she not turn his feeble spirit from Jehovah, and the faith and the customs of our forefathers? I have not seen him lately at the synagogue, but he never misses going to the Exchange."

"Only come with me to him, grandfather, and you will see that he is better than Samuel, though he may not go to the synagogue, and only puts the shop-door on the latch on Saturday, instead of shutting it up. You will like his nice little boys, though my aunt rather spoils the eldest. They have all light hair and pretty blue eyes, like their mother. Many Christians visit the house; and the good Mr. Veit, who is a painter, sometimes teaches me to draw when I am there. You do not hate *all* Christians, do you, grandfather, because some of them treat us cruelly? You do not condemn them all so much as these—our uncharitable persecutors?"

"No, my child," replied the old man. "I admit the general philanthropy of the Christians, which they believe they learned from their wise but unfortunate prophet; though, in their present conduct towards us, they give no proof of it. Yet far be it from me to blame them for this. Our law tells us to make our own hearts clean before we judge others; that so we may find forgiveness in the day of atonement. But stay not out here longer, so late, my daughter; your good name may be made the prey of the tongue of the backbiter and the slanderer, although it is only in a work of mercy and of love in which you are engaged, and for which the Lord God of Sabaoth will bless you in future days. Leave me to wander out into the solitary paths! The Lord can send to me—even to me—a raven in the desert, if he think fit. My tent is now the great Temple of the Lord, where the sun and the moon are lights in the high altar, and the four corners of the earth are the pillars of the tabernacle. Hark! from thence shall it seem to me that His mighty cherubs are singing praises to His name, when the wild storms of nature are playing around my head. Let me go, my child, and weep not because I am a lonely wanderer! I would rather roam, houseless, through the world, than seek a refuge under the roof where I am an unwelcome intruder. I would rather be stoned by the Christians than be disdained as a pauper by my own kindred—my own children—and perhaps hear that I am so, when the infirmities of age compel me to listen in silence."

"Well, then, so be it, dear grandfather, and I will remain with you. The Christians may stone me in your arms if they will."

The old man was silent for a time, and he appeared to be fighting a hard battle in his heart.

"Come then, my child," said he at length, seizing Benjamin by the hand, "for your sake will I endure disgrace, and ask shelter from a son, who cared more for a strange woman than for his father's blessing."

They then proceeded in silence to the "Hopfenmarkt," and rung at the clothier Isaac's door.

"Is that any of our people?" whispered an anxious voice from a window. Philip Moses answered in Hebrew, and a little while after the outer door was opened.

Isaac received his deserted old father, who had thus taken refuge with him, with sincere pleasure; yet this pleasure was damped by the perplexed and uneasy feelings which came over him when he thought of the daily reproaches which he foresaw he would have to encounter, and the many disturbances in his domestic life which he feared the unbending rabbi would occasion. But their common grievances and danger drew their hearts together. Though Isaac's house was, at present, exempt from all damage (since, through his marriage with a Christian, and his frequent intercourse with Christians, he seemed almost separated from his own people), he lived still in constant terror, on account of the inimical disposition evinced towards the Jews, which had now actually broken out in open persecution of them; and he sought in vain to conceal from those with whom he associated the interest he secretly took in the fate of his unhappy nation.

He was extremely indignant when he heard how his rich brother, Samuel, had behaved to the old man; and he begged his father to forget all the past, and make himself at home in his house. But he resolved, at

the same time, not to permit his domestic peace to be disturbed, or the habits of his daily life to be disarranged, by the old man's prejudices—such at least as could not be borne with easily, and might not give cause of complaint. "He must accommodate himself, as my guest, to the ways of the house," thought he to himself. "He will be accustomed to them in time, and there would be no use in beginning as we could not go on."

"Your brother Samuel has not honoured his father, and he cannot succeed in worldly matters," said Philip Moses, as he seemed endeavouring to read in the countenance of his son what was passing in his mind. "But may the Almighty give him, and all our people, grace to repent, and let not His angry countenance be turned upon us to our ruin! *My* days will not be many," he added, earnestly; "but had it not been for my faithfully attached Benjamina's sake, I would rather have gone forth to wander over the wide world than have exposed your heart, my son, to a trial which, I fear, is beyond your strength."

Isaac's wife was quite out of humour when Benjamina went to her bedroom to tell her what had taken place.

"It will never answer," said she, "to have that old instigator of strife here in our house. He hates me already, because I am not one of your nation. It was on my account that he has never hitherto chosen to put his foot within our doors."

"No, my grandfather does not hate the Christians," replied Benjamina, cheerfully. "If he lives here, he will bring good luck and a blessing to the house. Dearest aunt, may I not get the little blue chamber ready for him? I did not dare to go near him when he was with my uncle Samuel, and yet he was so kind to me when I was a child."

"Well, I suppose I can't help his staying, for the present at least," replied the aunt, peevishly, "so you can put the blue chamber in decent order for him, Benjamina. But if you make too much fuss about him, or give me any additional trouble with this new pest, I will send you back to Daniel. You may stay for the present; but keep him as much as possible away from the children and the rest of us. We shall have quite annoyance enough with him at the dinner-table."

"Poor, poor grandfather!" sighed Benjamina, as weeping silently she left her unkind aunt, who had often before spoken harshly to her, but had never wounded her feelings so deeply as now.

Isaac had afterwards an unpleasant matrimonial scene, and a sharp battle of words with his wife, in reference to the old man, to whom he could not deny an asylum in his house, however many scruples he himself had as to keeping him.

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## MORE OF THE OHIO.—THE MISSISSIPPI AND NEW ORLEANS.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

WITH the new year, a sudden and most welcome thaw comes on with the wind from the balmy south ; the river is breaking up its icy bondage, and the whole town is astir.

It is astonishing what general joy it diffuses. The whole waterside and in the streets, everybody as busy as bees ; steam getting up on board twenty boats bound up and down ; and for my part I rushed to the strand to secure a berth on board something, anything, overjoyed at the chance of escape.

The language of the puff advertisements is quite overpowering—where choose when such stunning excellence besets one in everything. I shut my eyes on the daily press and go straight over the inviting planks on board one of the many loaded steamers caught here on her way down—the *Paul Anderson*—loaded to the guards, loaded to sinking, loaded to death ! but no matter. After that, and after I had paid my fare with my eyes shut (one should never be too precipitate), they found room for six hundred bushels of coals, seventy horses, and eight hundred turkeys and fowls, which poor things had been kept in cellars half dead, during this tremendous frost, and were now transferred to the hurricane-deck, or upper roof of my chosen steamer. Of all things in the world I should have avoided this particular Noah's ark.

This boat was already full loaded, but, at the last moment, and two hours after they had solemnly promised (like the fibbing "one, two, three" of the auctioneer) to be "gone," these unhappy horses and turkeys appeared on the wide strand. They could not be resisted. What ! refuse dollars ! what signifies going down in the middle of the river ! or any additional misery to silly sentiment, or no sleep for the highly-favoured cabin passengers for a whole week or ten days.

Well, only eight hours after the last horse had been coaxed on board, and while the steam valves had been for so many hours snorting and roaring in aid of advertisements and solemn promises, then a few more coals—only six hundred bushels—might as well fill up all round the boilers, and leave not an inch to plant your foot on the deck, and not an encouraging inch of seeming spare safety for the rushing river and rock ice bursting and crushing with the headlong stream—at last, I say, we push off, and night closes round us as we sweep round the south and pretty wooded point and hills below Covington. We bid a kind adieu to the queen city for letting us go. Surely we are always more grateful for any change of any particular misery than for any positive pleasure, or any positive good, if we ever do really know what is for our good !

There was I, delighted to get away, even for a good chance of sinking in the river before we could pass the first lower reach, the night dark as Erebus, with various pleasant opinions as to whether we weren't "somehow, I guess, a sight overloaded !" The boat was a capital one, but it is certain we were abominably loaded, dangerously loaded. Often the small

ripple of the river flopped over the guards, washing the horses' feet as they stood in two rows on each side of the engines, with their heads to the water, where they might poke their noses for amusement, poor things.

A loaded cotton boat of six hundred or a thousand bales is a curious sight on these mighty streams; but our heterogeneous cargo I saw nowhere equalled all the way down to New Orleans. I forgot to add some three or four hundred empty flour barrels, on which the unhappy poultry were perched, on the roof. This floating scene of suffering, misery, and death (thirty turkeys were thrown over dead the first night), was our Belvidere! From this feathered village we were to enjoy the country, the view, and the air!

Glad, however, as we were to be off, we were not aware, till long after, of our singular good fortune in escaping; for the next week, the wind shifting round once more to the north-west, froze the river and all nature up as hard as ever, so that nothing could get up or down.

Well, we are afloat. We have had our tea (or supper). I have heard several sad sounds of throwing over the dead and dying turkeys. Of the ninety or hundred passengers, the rough ones, or bachelor-loafers, bagsmen, planters, and others, gather and smoke in the forecabin over the boilers; the family men, and the more genteel and more aspiring, keep at the hinder part of the saloon among the ladies, or as near them as possible round the nearest stove.

A gay party of Tennessee youth sit round the ladies' table playing "yutah" (a sort of New World *écarté* and pam-loo mixture). A good-natured, good-looking Englishman, settled in New Orleans, who is returning with his excessively hard-featured, grim American lady home from a Saratoga trip, invites me to their sanctum (across the curtain line). Several of the girls are pretty, and all very lively. I look on, and escape the more stupid ring of ruminating males round the stove.

As I can make nothing of the game played (by any number as well as two), I reflect every now and then, at every extra thump against the ice, on how excessively little our wooden deck below us is above the water; one of our coal-loaded river barges one meets in the Pool is nothing to this exact scientific nicety between floating and sinking. The idea alone, made any other idea of a blow-up perfectly laughable. But instead of philosophising, let me now take a parting glance at Cincinnati; a place that might well fill a volume merely to say what it has become since Mrs. Trollope told us something about it, and many others since her day.

I have spoken of a few trifling things on the mere surface, in this great western city, which has often been written about of late years; but the change is so rapid in most objects which strike the eye, that hardly any one year is a sure guide for the next. It is not only the mere building of more streets and houses, the greater number of human beings congregated together, and the greater mixture of each added year's emigration, pouring in human beings already grown up by hundreds of thousands, but the yearly change of ways and means, and no doubt a constant change in the domestic manners and ideas of all Americans, east or west of the Mississippi. All this I may leave for books; I have but a few pages at my disposal. I think too much has been said of (of the *morale*, at least) Cincinnati, and, indeed, all other great American towns; every year getting still bigger, still more irregular and ill-governed, where all



sorts of civilised nuisances increase much faster than the population, and where each year they are coming nearer and nearer what we are in little over-peopled England. With our thoughts, and ways, and customs (slightly modified), 'tis still the same. For the first fifty years we in our conceit, and insolence, and ignorance, would not condescend to praise anything, or know anything, about our cousins, who licked us after eight long years' fighting, and sent us an ambassador to bow and walk about at St. James's among as silly and selfish a set of embroidered, sneering gentlemen as may be found there now. Time, and the astonishing effects of a more enlightened (less shackled) government begins to tell on the toughness of our ignorant prejudices. We awake from a sort of dream when the finest ships to be seen by a Lord Derby at Liverpool (he goes on board sometimes), and a Lord John in the Thames, are not ours, alas! no, they are Americans. The balance and bustle of trade all over the world is every new year turning more and more against us. Even our own merchants take up and freight American ships! Safer, faster, handsomer than England's fleet, more numerous all over the world, they tower over our pigmy, ill-built things even in our own waters, and should, descending to particulars, shame our builders at Blackwall. I say nothing of our royal dockyards, as they are quite impervious to any new lights, and seem to set a premium on blunders and absurdity.

Innocent of all this, each fresh traveller, however wise and commonplace, however fashionable and funny, is now loud about the wonders of America! and there is in this sense nothing left for us but to praise. I might wish our rulers would come across, and take a lesson in these vulgar but most essential things—"domestic manners" may be safely left to obscure triflers and wits. American strength may be vulgar, but our fashion is contemptible; nay, with us it works fatally: we are all supremely ignorant and lazy, and each jack-in-office, only thinking of Almack's, Rotten-row, and his circle, is above his business, content to ride out, shoot, and dress for dinner!

Lord Carlisle and now and then a clever fellow crosses, and witnesses the untrammelled vigour and go-ahead better sense of the stars and stripes; but it does not appear that we get on the least bit the better for it, or that his late colleagues in Downing-street are at all more wide awake to what's going on—but I forget myself, and this same town. I saw very few of their ladies, owing to the extreme cold, no doubt.

What we should call the working classes, seem entirely Irish and German; all badly clothed, dirty, and slovenly,—the streets, the pavements, and the houses to match; indeed, the better sort of men, natives, are not so well dressed as in the eastern cities. This careless neglect may be traced, increasing as one comes westward, in their ladies and gentlemen—that is, planters, lawyers, merchants, and large storekeepers—it pervades everything, naturally enough, the further removed they are towards the woods and prairies.

Indeed, short of the Ohio, in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and Maryland, people of education dress anyhow, and wear the oddest Jim Crow tiles possible (*Punch* would be in ecstasies!). Just now, the Kosuth hat is the thing—a wide-awake, with a great buckle in front, to which some of the most respectable loafers add a small black feather. Some few exquisites pride themselves on velvet caps and half a yard of

watch-chain dangling, and rattling seals at the waistband. But no matter what the dress is, there is no change morning or night. I have known Virginians, men of education, attend balls unshaved, and in dirty boots and uncombed hair, their coats and hats (all quite right when new) never brushed, nor ever left off till worn out; to be sure there were exceptions—the youngest, of course, the cleanest and smartest—but none of the ladies, who were all well dressed, seemed to think anything of it. At Cincinnati, in the advertisements for their balls, the gentlemen are warned that there is no admittance (one and two dollars a ticket) without a lady. These public balls prevail throughout the Union in their cities; private ones are very rare indeed, and more like family parties.

Already in the States there are immense seminaries and boarding-schools for young ladies. There is a far-famed one in Ohio, at Steubenville, and some of its young ladies were on board of us, going home to Tennessee and Mississippi; but, like that other young lady of the Alleghany cars, who, too, had just left her great school near Harrisburg, they seem to pick up nothing at these schools but the most wild, silly, jejune ideas (from each other), and a very queer, independent small talk. As yet, however—perhaps for these next hundred years—a refined education would be completely thrown away; they dress and dance—quite enough.

Fashion and refinement of thought, perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, tact, good taste, and a love of nature—where nature itself is to be upset, and the sooner the better, up and down these rivers and regions—of what use here? Whisky, rum, tobacco, cotton, pigs, and flour, laugh to scorn small conventional elegancies and accomplishments—the dancing and dressing, nevertheless, notwithstanding, when froze up, or in the season, or when trade's slack. This must be pre-eminently the feeling at Cincinnati; which is, trade apart, a very dull city; they have had no time in forty short years to think of elegance or idle amusements; but youth, however pent up in stores, will dance and frolic now and then, and that, as Nym says, "is the humour of it."

They were going to get up a dance in the cabin during the evening, but the young ladies could not agree to turn out; and the fiddler, an amateur Englishman, at last got sulky, after tuning up invitingly once or twice, and put up his fiddle; but I do not think, after all, the girls were in fault; it was the men who held back, stood shilly-shally, or showed the most stoical Red Indian indifference—a quality considered of the first excellence in every thing. As a rule, I should say, the Americans never talk till excited by anger or some self-interest; and then it is an interminable set speech, and thus their cleverest people grow into bores of the first magnitude.

Cincinnati is in the south-west corner of the state of Ohio, about fifteen miles from the border of Indiana; so that quitting the city we soon leave the state of Ohio at the river Miami and its rich bottoms. Generally it is a flat wheat-growing state; but its banks all down the stream are finely undulated; conical, well-wooded hills forming the banks of the river, with many agreeable openings of meadows and small valleys, "bottoms," with their attendant great and small streams all swelling this most bold and beautiful Ohio, which takes its rise, as the Alleghany, near the

shores of Lake Erie in its north branch, and from the south-west as the Monongahela, in Pennsylvania.

In a peculiar, wild, bold river beauty, nothing can exceed these scenes right and left as you descend ; it seems only a little hurt where man has been chopping and digging ; still, in our civilised sense, it is all the more cheering, and makes a rich variety—cities, villages, farms, factories, steamers—and the human race is getting multiplied. I find a hundred things unsaid of this city, and indeed of all the country on the track of the river, with twenty fine streams which pour in on both sides, besides the great and little Miami joining the Ohio, twenty miles apart, above and below the town, each watering superb and extensive valleys—one stretching to the capital, Columbus, in the centre of the state. But to attempt any further notice of what I leave behind me would fill a volume or two ; already I find myself bewildered by fresh objects and new settlements, every day planting, building, and increasing on the banks. We pass the Miami a few miles below, forming here at its mouth, the dividing line ; and the state of Indiana is now on our right, while Kentucky keeps on below the junction with the Mississippi, and for a hundred and thirty miles on the left to their largest city, Louisville, at the falls of the river ; and where a stupendous short two-mile canal is cut through just below the town, to clear this great rapid (for it is not exactly a fall) of the river. This rapid is always the one great point of anxiety, and forms a kind of barrier, beyond which, upwards, the larger class of Mississippi steamers cannot come, except occasionally, when the river is very high ; so that there is always a great gathering of boats at Louisville, at the town wharfs, and below the canal at Shipping Port, where the great mail and passenger steamers lie.

All the smaller steamers which pass the canal up and down are for cargo and passengers jointly ; their cabins and tables on a less scale, and so are their fares. I paid only fifteen dollars all the way to New Orleans from Cincinnati, whereas these great mail-steamers charge twenty-five from Louisville down. They were very liberal to us, allowing the passengers who preferred it to leave them at this point, and go on board the finer boats ; but, though we were detained half a day at the canal, I thought it best to remain quietly on board, as most of my fellow-passengers did ; but of this when we do get so far, for the ice is seriously troublesome, and we are not at all sure we may not be stopped by it.

I see the exact distance is 460 miles by the river from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and 494 miles to its mouth, making in its whole length 954 miles, without reckoning its branches above Pittsburg. In all this length it appears a greater river than the Mississippi itself ; it is, indeed, often wider. The great difference lies in the greater depth of the latter, which it is lost in at the junction at Cairo, where the Mississippi, even after receiving the Ohio, looks much narrower than the Ohio.

I do not often venture on statistics, as too dry and uninteresting to the readers of magazines ; but I am tempted, while yet near Cincinnati, to put down a few items, which should by rights have been mentioned before, had I more room to enter into details. Thus, it is situated in a valley forty or fifty feet above the river at its medium height, the Ohio cutting this valley in half, the southern circumference of the surrounding hills being (behind Covington and Newton) in Kentucky. The town was laid

out by Messrs. Denman and Patterson, in 1788, and was first called Losantiville, on the site of Fort Washington, then one of the far-west military stations of the infant republic, from whence the Indian wars were carried on.

The first purchase of 311,000 acres here of the Indians, stretching along the right bank of the river, was by an Honourable John Symmes. There were two or three settlements of a few hunters at this time, one at North Bend, fifteen miles below it; but in '89 Government fixed on its present site, changed the name, and ended the petty rivalry of these early squatters, for already business was looked to up and down the river. The place grew rapidly. The first church was built in '92; in '93 they published a daily paper; in '94 two "keel boats" were built, with bullet-proof covers and port-holes, armed with guns and rifles, to run upwards as far as Pittsburg and back once a month. Drinking and gambling were then the chief feature in these new settlements. The population in 1795 was but five hundred, with a small detachment from the army.

Early in this century their progress was very rapid; thousands poured in from the eastern states, attracted by the richness and cheapness of land. The trade with New Orleans, carried on with keel-boats, which got down in a month, and up again in about three months, was found very lucrative, making amends for its risks and tediousness, having often to fight their way up and down, sometimes against the Indians they had made their enemies, or against their own robbers and pirates! In 1819 it was first made a city, and contained 10,000 souls; the progression, in 1830, 25,000; 1840, 46,000; in 1848, 100,000, and at this moment 160,000. It has 15,000 houses, ranging in regular streets, at right angles, towards and to the hills at the back two miles, and on its river's face three miles. It has seventy-four churches, three colleges, four medical and one law; one female college, several seminaries for young ladies; four grammar-schools, and twelve popular schools of five thousand pupils; six banks, eight large public halls, a court-house, town-hall and gaol, three civil courts, sitting the whole year, an exchange, a mayoralty and mayor's office; several public libraries belonging to societies; sixteen insurance offices, a post-office, three theatres (but only one open this winter), a museum, waterworks, gasworks, two hospitals, four orphan asylums, one lunatic; a great many foundries, cotton and woollen factories, and many others; mills of all kinds; and lastly, the great pork-killing and packing warehouses on the canal, which I have spoken of. Upwards of two hundred steam-engines are in constant activity, "driving" the machinery of planing-mills, foundries, flour-mills, saw-mills, rolling-mills, furniture factories, &c. They estimate invested capital in this every-day stir at twenty-five millions of dollars.

But the press is perhaps the most remarkable feature in this activity—no less than thirteen daily and twenty-five weekly newspapers! four monthly periodicals. They count, too, seven turnpikes, two great canals, a railroad to Sandusky on the lakes, another to Columbus, and a general telegraph; two great cemeteries, four miles off—that of Spring Grove containing a hundred acres. Grapes succeed very well all over this country, and a good deal of tolerable claret-like wine is made. I find these are but a few of the noticeable things, but I must stop; besides, all this so changes and so increases with every new year, that it would

be absurd to dwell on it; it may, however, interest a momentary curiosity. Not that I think one need be so much in love with the dry or wet goods of this world, in extending streets, the multiplicity of shops, or the endless struggles of trade and manufactures—all showing the increase of the human race, and the contrivances to feed and amuse them—if that were but the one end and aim!

Already in this fine valley, these charming hills and streams, some of the beauty is gone for ever. The wild and beautiful denizens of these woods and plains—the deer, the Indian—the clearness of the skies, the aroma of the flowers on these wild banks—all gone! Man jostles man, ruts disfigure the earth, and stench fills interminable streets, where a dense population drink whisky, feed pigs, and higgles over European frippery. How many hateful passions and things are here engendered, the concomitants of all populous cities; not to mention the extraordinary swarms of rats! The very atmosphere at times is as dense in clouds of smoke as London itself, and this must come of meddling with the bowels of the harmless earth, as well as that “saltpetre” of our dear bard’s scented lord.

Some men are lost in the greatness which looms afar in other centuries to come; we may, indeed, take it any way, just as one is in the humour. For my part, I do not see that the earth being more peopled is any great blessing to the human race. What is China better for her three hundred millions, close packed, to the exclusion of all other animals? They must eat rats and dogs, even as dainties beyond the reach of the half-starved multitude. As to the astonishing power and glory of this race or that, and the superior enlightenment, science, and arts, and superior mode of killing each other in greater numbers, what a melancholy farce it is! It adds nothing to all the happiness we are susceptible of—not a jot. We English are very proud of spreading the Anglo-Saxon race, the most inquisitive, meddling, and destructive on earth. We alter or destroy everything not squaring with our very limited ideas! We make killing all the lower creation our amusement! Soon, soon there will be no beautiful animals left; in these woods and plains the bear, the deer, the buffalo, the beaver, most wantonly destroyed; as if God had not made these things—the lion, the ostrich, nor beasts nor birds can escape the destroyer man. To be sure there is some hope for the rattlesnakes of Wisconsin, for rats, and for the fishes of the deep sea; but, alas! for the beautiful beasts and birds, not the most entangled forests can conceal them, the most remote island, in its own savage virtues, innocence, and happiness. A whaler comes, or a meddling Puritan preacher, or a protectorate! and all the vice and misery of us Europeans, conspicuous in the Anglo-Saxon race. I am going down the Ohio; but a clever, gentlemanly fellow, a lieutenant-colonel, who writes a pleasing book, puts me in mind of this destroying propensity.

He takes a run down by the lakes and these rivers, chiefly to kill all the unfortunate birds, prairie cocks and hens (grouse), he can bring his dog and double-barrels to bear on, in pure wanton amusement. Strange, that men should thus cultivate a taste for cruelty, and run about the world destroying everything, and boasting of their game-bags and battues. What can be more detestable than those wanton slaughters, whether in our own fields or west of Chicago? Another set of rational

persons gallop all day after a poor fox. Yes, and a Mr. Cumming, *par excellence*, goes slaughtering by wholesale in Africa—highly amused!—and here we have these poor, withered skin trophies at Hyde Park Corner. Ay, conceded, the more risk the more manly the sport: and why not hunt and shoot each other, at an increased risk, at which we have such a pious horror? Can we wonder at a taste for war? Oh, no; the pious raise their eyes and their voices, and chatter of wickedness and sin, but not a word of our eternal cruelties to the lower creation; to shed their blood, or worry them to death, is voted a manly amusement, is cultivated, is lauded!—even our priests dare to kill and destroy for amusement; worry a poor fox or hare all day, and boast of it over their claret, in the teeth of our humane societies! But I shall only whisper these heterodox and most outlandish notions to the ice-vexed Ohio. By the way, all down the river, sea-going ships are built and cleared, even to farther Inde, from Pittsburgh, Marietta, Cincinnati, and many other towns on its banks. When the river is high, a frigate might sail right down, over the rapids and all, to sea, and now-a-days may be towed up again by a steamer; not that it is done, as it wouldn't pay; so they remain attached to their various seaports, built somewhat cheaper than in the yards on the Atlantic.

In the descent of the Ohio many beautiful islands are passed; sometimes they are still quite wild, sometimes with farms on them. "Blennerhassett's" has a curious story attached to it; once owned by a citizen of that name, who was ruined by being connected with Aaron Burr; the ruins of his once fine mansion are still to be seen, I believe; he himself dying in Germany thirty years ago.

After all, how unsatisfactory it is hurrying down this unique river in this way; to see nothing of the islands, caves, salt springs ("salines"), iron mines, and coal, exquisite streams and valleys opening out on us every twenty or thirty miles on both sides. Then, again, those Indian mounds, which are so impenetrable to our puzzled archæologists and antiquaries, speaking of some departed race, it may be, old as the "Iliad." The largest of these barrows or mounds, like all of them, overgrown by immense forest trees, is on "Big Grave Creek," thirteen miles below Wheeling, at Elizabeth Town; but as we passed, and are now passing, so many objects of great interest, everything is so cold, so frozen up, that one is glad to sit crouching over the stove, and give the whole river, banks, islands, and all, to the sharp winds.

. I have been lucky enough to get a cabin to myself, with nobody sleeping over or under me (all the cabins have double berths). In the mornings there are the usual ablutions at the one comb and jack-towel (I never saw the one tooth-brush) in the barber's shop, where, too, the *bar* deals out its fire-water; the bar-keeper adding a private spec of very insipid apples. Piccayunes rain on his counter for the fruit in its innocent shape; but he has a good store of it condensed in the shape of apple-whisky, strictly guarded at a whole *dime* a small glass, showing an imperturbable love of morality—and dimes. The barber, a young, handsome mulatto man, had music in his soul, and when his chair was not filled by any of his numerous helpless victims, would teach himself music on that most cantankerous of viols, the violin; but he had heard of Paganini, or "Old Dan Tucker, way down in Old Virginia!"

All our cabin servants at table were smart, handsome, saucy young citizens, who treated us all very much *de haut en bas*, and cleared us out of the way of their dinner-table cloths and midnight mattresses, when they spread them on the floor about the stoves, without ceremony. The porter, however, was a real, virtuous Uncle Tom, who kindly polished the boots at a dime (5d.) a pair, and to whom all portmanteaus and bags paid toll for lifting them in and out of your cabin, at a dime a-piece; it was imperative, but enforced with an obsequious flourish, and display of white grinders and laughing whites of eyes—"Well, sa, dat's de way we fix it down dis way anyhow." There was but one more bit of ebony, in the shape of a very tall, dry creature, and excessively dignified and serene, in the shape of a cabin stewardess. The ladies were often irate at her excessive tyranny and sauce; at which she looked down on them with an expression of mild contempt, when they ventured to remonstrate at anything very audacious—not often, for no people in the world display a more stoical indifference for small annoyances: perhaps, indeed, they do not feel them at all, as there is no great nicety anywhere in this young country. I followed this plan, and, however vexed, never said a word, but fixed my mind on the stern Indian under torture, and the great spirit! I have said nothing of the big bones found, and now mostly gathered up, at Big-bone-lick-creek, in Kentucky. But we have got the mastadon and Arctic elephant, I think, in Great Russell-street. The oft-recurring word "lick," marks all those spots where the wild or tame quadrupeds licked the salt oozing from the many saline springs along the tributaries to the Ohio. We pass the Kentucky river—a stream, in grandeur, said to be nearly equal to the Hudson; but all these great tributaries have their peculiar beauties—sometimes running for hundreds of miles through a succession of delicious valleys, with fifty or a hundred mills already on their banks, or rushing through glens, having eaten their way down through the hard limestone hills for hundreds of feet, with their deep, narrow beds unfathomable. How exquisitely romantic must a ramble be amidst these scenes in summer—the Indian summer at any rate—for I should not like to trust massa mosquito, and one ought to be well shod for rattlesnakes.

Fine marbles, coal, and iron, abound all over this country in grand profusion; but, indeed, so does every rich and good thing in nature—in water, earth, and air. In these rich valleys ("bottoms") and plains wheat and Indian corn is raised in immense quantities, and forms the great staple of the west; millions of bushels are destroyed to make burning whisky, which, coloured, &c., is the New England rum, another of their great staples.

I find I must avoid digressions, and get on faster; or would I paint the kickings of the poor horses—the horrid screechings of the brutal animals in charge, knocking them about—the constant ringing of the engine bells (everything is expressed to and from the engineer and the helmsman and pilot by certain strokes and ringings of the bells on board all the American steamers)—the dead pluff sound of the poor dead turkeys as they were thrown over—the harsh grating of the snags and logs as they rubbed along our sides, or, stuck in the floats, were hurled on the guards, together with floes of the floating ice—the incessant cavernous howling whistle of the waste steam-pipe, and the occasional unearthly

scream of the whistle—the rounding to at various towns to get wood or coal, take in or send out passengers—all this made an incessant uproar, which defied sleep. Besides, I could not help thinking of our being loaded to the last half inch of floating capacity; and how the least hitch—a small snag, a plank cut through, or any trifle (if only decently loaded), might send us all down on the instant. The boilers blowing up quite a secondary consideration—not worth considering at all.

Well, I shut my eyes all night. We arrived all safe at Louisville early next day, and made ourselves fast to an outside steamer lying at the wharf—the *Greek Slave*! She has already found her way here. What a California is fame! but surely never was there such a piece of humbug as that much ado about nothing Greek slave in Hyde Park! there were fifty statues at our Exhibition of greater merit, particularly in the Austrian marble court.

The Ohio here at Louisville is particularly wide and grand; passing over a wide ledge of rocks opposite the town, it forms these rapids for about two miles. The canal of two miles is cut through the solid rock, in some places forty feet deep; the first steamer passed through in 1816. There is an island near the town, which stands on the higher bank of the river, and commands a fine view of the country, and Indiana opposite. The place is full of factories, foundries, and building yards; and is, though not the capital, the largest town in Kentucky, going ahead extremely of late years.

Some boats were before us in the canal, so we waited our turn, and many of us passengers went on shore across other steamers and hundreds of cotton bales scattered about the strand and trod on by anybody. Its population is 60,000 or 70,000, and they have all sorts of halls, theatres, institutions, asylums, &c., to be found in all their cities, no matter how new; all well built too, mostly in brick, but of grand proportions, and always well fitted for their purposes. Here, too, they have four daily and twelve weekly newspapers! and killing and curing pork one of the many great speculations. Here, too, they build steam-boats, and make vast quantities of iron machinery for the steamers on all the western waters. On these rivers, six years ago, they reckoned no less than 1800, valued at 16,000,000! and 4000 keel and flat boats; the total value even then of all the products floated on these waters, 260,000,000; of the whole commerce (inland joined) 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 (dollars), double the amount of the foreign commerce of the whole United States! The average of steam-boats lost, sunk, or blown up, about fifty per annum.

The river is full of snags, logs, and ice, here very conspicuous in their accelerated motion. Several log and timber fishers dart out in their canoes and dingies, in spite of the ice, and catch any plank or log straying within safety distance of the rapids.

In a fit of pity and disgust at being forced to see all our live cargo suffering, I went on shore resolved to change my steamer; but after I had got across all the cotton and all the mud, I could find no steam-boat-office, and nothing but dirty grog-shops and hucksters all along the front street. One man told me I had better get a hackney-coach to go down to Portland, or Shipping Port—but where get one? We were not told at what moment our steamer might let go the *Greek Slave*, and enter the



canal, so that I was afraid to go up and find one, or look about the town; besides, my trunk was on board, and we were told we should be off directly; a dodge of the captain's, who, though a fine looking fellow, was over taciturn to us men, and over talkative, I thought, to the ladies; but both he and his clerk (who took the head of the table and fair sex by turns) were *smart* men, and particularly gallant—indeed they were the greatest beaux on board. Altogether, I thought it best to put up with the ills we had; every mile below this town, on to Cairo (near 500 miles), most things would be easier—the weather warmer—less ice in the rivers—and even the poor turkeys, I hoped, rejoice in a little sun, to dry them and their wretched coops. In short, by sunset we entered the canal, and by midnight found ourselves below, clear of the last sluice-gate, at Shipping Port, among the grand Mississippi steamers. The charge is no less than 150 dollars per steamer; if by the river down the rapids, 45 dollars to the pilot.

We did not find less but more ice as we progressed; and, 'out of the sun next day, the air so cold as to freeze on the shady side of the boat. Now began our wooding, every few hours, at the wood depôts on the wild forest banks, where the wood-cutters have it corded ready, or placed corded in scows fast to the banks, so that the steamer rounds to beside them. The bargain is made (from two to three dollars the cord), and the crew soon throw it on board, where it forms a great pile, with coal, and hay for the horses, in the bow of the boat, at the mouth of the fire-grates.

Next day, we pass many spots, all of more or less interest, impossible to notice—Salt river—Sinking creek, where there is a cave, a wonderful cave, with basins of pure water on its floor, confined by natural sides of stone "as thin as the blade of a knife."

Lady Washington rock, standing out boldly; Bonharbor coal-mines; Green river, in Kentucky, famous for its Mammoth Cave. This river is navigable to the cave, 165 miles. It is almost incredible that stupendous cave should be known to extend eighteen miles, and is supposed but a small part of it! with more than 200 avenues, forty-seven domes, eight cataracts, several rivers. The mouth of this wonderful cave is on a plain; entering its mouth by a romantic dell. The first vestibule is 200 feet long by 150 wide, and 60 feet high, as smooth as a plastered wall; but the wonders increase, and I must cease.

Gothic halls, cathedrals, star chambers; the temple, with a roof 120 feet high, covering an area of two acres—here, indeed, man may ruminate on his insignificance—all this, and eighteen miles more of it, far underground! Some day we shall, nay, we should have, travels in the Great Mammoth Cave, in three volumes.

Half-way down the Ohio nearly, we come to the mouth of the Wabash (Indiana), which is navigable for river craft for four hundred miles, running through the centre of the state. A hundred miles up it is the notorious Harmony, bought in 1824 of the German Harmonites by our Robert Owen, of Lanark, to try his *social system*, which, as it deserved, soon broke up.

Lower down, at "Cave in Rock," Mason and his gang of river pirates hung out, and plundered the loaded boats on the river. He was shot at length, and his gang dispersed. Then we pass the Cumberland river on

the left; below this comes in the Tennessee river, the largest tributary, a river of 1200 miles long, and navigable for boats for a thousand miles. At its mouth is the town of Paducah. Here the Ohio is very wide and wild, the shores getting lower, with rarely any of those hills on its banks seen higher up, but everywhere dense forests, where not cleared in patches by farms, or in semicircles round towns and villages near the water.

I forgot to mention Evansville, two hundred miles below Louisville, in Indiana, a smart, fast-increasing town, quoted as one of the most trading, enterprising places on the river. We put into the boat-office for a moment, though the ice resisted us a good deal; but our boat behaved nobly, and cared nothing for snags, nor ice, nor anything, and took us on at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour through all obstructions. I felt sorry when at last we arrived beside one of the old steam-boat floating "hotels," at the muddy flat bank in the wild woods of the far-famed Cairo. If it is not Dickens's "Eden," it deserves to be—a desolate group of board houses at the junction of these mighty rivers. Here all is level forest swamp. They have raised a kind of ditch, called a *levée*, to keep out the rivers from the little patch of land they have cleared behind these dreary-looking habitations. A few idle, sickly-looking men lounged on the guards of their floating stores and hotels' decks. (Old worn out steamers are thus employed at various places up and down these rivers.)

An English and American company have alternately tried to *settle* this pestiferous spot. Our company made it a monopoly in worthless land, over-built, and ruined themselves.

About a hundred people still vegetate here—they cannot be said to live, for they look half dead, and seem to long to escape. The miasma must be terrible indeed to deter desperate men from attempting to settle in so eligible a spot for trade. People are never agreed as to the particular complexion of this fever, from which none escape—a sort of yellow fever and ague, common to all this country in a milder form.

And now comes that stupendous dead level, stretching along the wide plain of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico; nothing but wild forests and flats, with just a strip on each side of the river of a mile wide, cleared by the planters, from within 150 or 200 miles above, to New Orleans, cultivated in cotton, sugar-cane, Indian corn, rice, and tobacco. Another, the only source of wealth higher up and hereabouts, is firewood, cut and corded along the banks, for the steamers. At these depôts live a few miserably sickly wood-cutters in as miserable plank shanties. They put one in mind of plants under a board, or shut out from the sun and light. Long, thin, feeble; never well, never ill; not ill enough to drop their axes and take to their beds—if they have any, doubtful. Even these men do not own the wood they sell. The owner, some planter, employs them, and himself rides a long way through the woods to look after them occasionally, see what they are at, and collect his dollars. We saw several specimens of these wood proprietors—"half horse, half alligator"—all wild originals to a man, and in the most odd-looking garments—loose boots, with red tops, dragged over loose trousers, with a sky-blue coat, or grey, and a felt hat of every possible shape, serving as a parasol or umbrella, as the case might be. These dollar-making individuals we hailed as we approached their depôts.

"How's your wood?"

"Two-and-a-half—no drift."

"Two-and-a-quarter?"

"No."

The skipper, maybe, thinks the wood looks rather queer, too rotten, or mixed with too much drift-logs, so on we go; perhaps goes from Indiana bank over to Kentucky bank, or from 'Kansas to Tennessee—hails another:

"What's your wood?"

"Three—first-rate. Hickory and oak real, and no mistake."

"Round to."

A young wood-meter jumps on shore, measures off (for they don't trust to *soi-disant* measurements), and in half an hour we have the wood, about eight or ten cords at a time, and off again. Cash is always paid.

The sort of wood and price are placarded on boards—generally chalked up—at these spots, but not often to be clearly made out. I observed both parties are extremely laconic—no questions asked, no talk—and here, cut off from the rest of the world, from everything supposed to interest human beings, they never make the smallest request for news of any sort, or even look at us or our pretty girls (who show their faces at their cabin-windows) with the least curiosity or interest whatever.

In our course downwards we pass some few cotton-loaded steamers, a shade slower than ourselves, and some of the mail-steamers passed us; now and then a Yankee pedlar's floating store of notions, or, like Banvard's beginning, loaded with "calico for bees'-wax." They drift along with the current, with a long oar to steer by, that is, to put their floating shantie on shore, where they can make bargains. All down we took in passengers; among others, a party of young fellows, well dressed, with small waggons and horses, carrying some thousands of fruit-tree slips for grafting peach, cherry, and apple orchards. They landed, I think, at Memphis, and thus traverse various states; grafting *insured* at a *dime* a tree. Surely an admirable plan for all parties.

But one word *en passant* of the Upper Mississippi, which, from its source in the small lake of Itasca to Cairo, where the Ohio joins it, innumerable noble rivers pour into it, not to mention the grand Missouri; its upper course above the falls of St. Anthony is said to be 1100 miles, where it is 600 yards wide, falling over a limestone ridge seventeen feet.

For 700 miles farther down to St. Louis, its features are everywhere magnificent. Beautiful islands, limestone rocky bluffs of 400 or 500 feet perpendicular on the river in some places; distant and proximate mountains; noble rivers, and their opening valleys; its rapids at the junction of Rock river and Des Moines—must make this scene for variety and grandeur quite unique, even in this magnificent western world.

All this kind of beauty, however, ceases before it reaches Cairo; we see nothing but an island off the point, and must imagine the rest. In its onward course the great Mississippi has nothing but its deep, boiling, whirlpool, sullen, turbulent grandeur, as it rolls silent and dangerous to the ocean.

It is low just now, and may be from half to a mile wide or more ; but when swollen in the spring, it rises, at a medium, fifty feet, floods the great forest plains on both sides, and rushes on, in some places thirty miles wide, through the woods, a waste of terrific muddy waters. Still the channel can be traced by the eye to those navigating the stream, no farther than the wall of forest-trees which follow the course of the river on either hand.

It is a curious fact that this prodigious rise is so lowered and absorbed by its spread, and into innumerable channels, that in the course of 1000 or 1200 miles, at Natchez, it is lowered to thirty feet, and at Baton Rouge, above New Orleans, to ten or twelve. I confess I was not sorry to go down it in its more quiet state. We often see its sandbanks bare, and can mark the new growth of young timber nursery-grounds, where it has quitted one side for the other, and where it has made its "cuts-off" across its earlier windings. We followed the main stream through some of these new cuts ; at others we were forced to follow the bayou round, often almost in a complete circle, for it is singularly tortuous all the way down.

Leaving the Ohio, the weather grows colder ; it rains first, then snows, and the woods are covered with a white mantle, so we have not at all got rid of the winter, though some of our days, descending, were sunny and pleasant.

We find a great deal of loose ice coming down from the Upper Mississippi ; it makes our situation more critical, and in some of the wide reaches the waves make a complete breach over the boat's deck ; but as we are something less oppressed with load by the ordinary consumption each day, we can afford to dash through waves, snags, and ice. During the day it is but pleasantly exciting, and relieves the monotony of the scene, for one can see nothing from the roof of our boat but the far-stretching turbid river, and interminable forests, and so on to each town.

We pass New Madrid, in Missouri state, on the right, the scene of a very severe earthquake in 1811 ; it raised some neighbouring lakes and drained others, so that corn is grown where they once were, while the banks of the river were for hundreds of yards swallowed up in the stream. The town itself was sunk twenty feet ; but this is an old story, and a mile or two, more or less, of mud bank is not missed.

Memphis is very pleasantly situated on one of the Chickasaw bluffs, but they should be called gentle hills—they are nothing like the grand limestone perpendicular bluffs above. Government have established a navy yard here, and there is an active commerce up and down the river, being the only point fit for it on either side for 600 miles, down to Vicksburg. It is backed by a great cotton-growing country ; 120,000 bales are said to be annually sent on board here. Population about 12,000. The mouths of large rivers coming in right or left are barely perceptible. The Arkansas river, in its state, now on our right, is one of these, inferior only to the Missouri ; its course said to be 2000 miles.

I will mention a few other names as singular. We pass the Yazoo, which is joined by the Yellabusha and Tallehatchee, 160 miles above its mouth ; all these rivers, great and small, send dozens of cotton-loaded steamers down the great stream. Keeping on the even tenor of

our way, we arrive at Vicksburg, famous for its gamblers and Lynch law; but all this is changed. It is now a very quiet, respectable place of many factories, and much trade in cotton and dry goods, and on the most beautiful spot I have yet seen, called a bluff, rising grounds, and pretty hills.

We stopped here an hour or two for goods and passengers. A Vicksburg loafer, with his great beard, came, towel in hand (he was dressing), out of his room at the old steam-boat (hotel) as we sidled up to it, and I, jumping on the hotel deck, ran up the bank to get a paper at the *Press* office, but I was told none were out yet, as the president's speech had taken extra hours to strike off.

By this time our milk was exhausted, and we were in hopes of a fresh supply at breakfast; but the steward contrived not to get any—a small saving. Altogether, however, our table was not bad, considering the lowness of our fare (in dollars). Here we took on board a family going to Texas with their slaves. Poor things; the females excessively ugly, dirty, and ill-dressed. The master and mistress poorer than their slaves, but not in rags. Some looked serious, but not so deeply so as their master and mistress; some smiling and lively. But a party of lads who came on board somewhere lower down were as gay and nearly as well dressed as our gentlemen's sons; they had been hired somewhere, and had all the liveliness and easy assurance of boys leaving school. One can never judge, however, by appearances, either of happiness or misery; and I always suspect conversations got up by travellers by a set of pointed questions to any slave met in a steamer or hotel, or on his own master's estate!—"Would you like your freedom?" Of course—the bare word (as that of slavery is odious) is dear to us all, and yet how often does it mean nothing—sometimes, I am convinced, hunger, wretchedness, and despair. They may be free, when old, to starve; and as to a life of daily hard work on one farm, or in one village, what slave ever drudged in serious monotonous cheerlessness, from youth to old age, more hopelessly than our own farming labourers? The whole world is for ever disputing about words—shifting from facts to abstract ideas, backwards and forwards, to suit the momentary purpose.

Here is the Englishman's American lady thinks her slaves the happiest creatures on earth (and it is true of *house* slaves), but is very indignant at the idea of kissing the queen's hand! and yet she would go to court—she would, if she ever went to London.

"My dear, you'd have to," says the attentive husband, "when presented."

At which she looks awful daggers, with, "Well, I guess she'd never catch me a kissing her hand; no, I'd not demean myself so low—let her slaves do it."

I think there was nothing passed on board all the way down very amusing. I was in hopes to have seen more originals, and expected to see some turn-ups among a set of card-players among the loafers and sharpers, who were occasionally joined by a judge, a lawyer, and a planter, whose families were on board. They sometimes played all fours, sometimes the constant game of yutah; often sitting up till midnight playing for dollar stakes; but, except a little awful swearing at each other between two cronies, nothing occurred—no "difficulty," as

fight is called, nor any fun. There was no piano, so reading and cards prevailed among the ladies. There was, to be sure, one sudden Mississippi flirtation, however. A fine girl, a tall governess going to Natchez, took a violent fancy to a young fellow with lank, long hair, demure and soft spoken. For a whole week he never ventured near the fair, and sat far down the table among the hopeless bachelors, when all at once, by love's enchantment, we saw him seated at the head of the table next his innamorata! He was studious, and had lent her a book at some propitious moment. And now they were never a moment asunder; far in the night, by moonlight, as we ran into more pleasant weather south, they walked alone along the outer balconies (which are carried round these boats) in the most loving propinquity. The women whispered—the men winked—it was a match. No, she left us, and the gentleman did not follow. But these sort of flirtations are sudden, and very violent in the states; they may end in a day; nobody thinks anything of it.

The poor turkeys and poultry began to enjoy the sun a little; altogether about eighty died on the passage the first few days, from the wet and cold; their later sufferings came from the sun and thirst. I now and then helped the two men, their owners, to give them water, but there was no trough anywhere, and some of the poor things never got any.

The horses, too, got more used to the fire of the engine, the bells, the whistles, and the screeching brutality of their keepers. They plunged less, and submitted to their fate, tied up in the cold wind; for the deck is open all round at the sides. Grand Gulf is remarkable as being an ugly customer in snags, and whirlpools, and eddies.

But I do not mention all the towns, rivers, bluffs, and wooding stations along the river—alternately in Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana; it would be an unmeaning list of names—some of them curious and Indian, but the greater part incongruous or absurd. Palmyras, Carthages, and Brownsvilles, Simpsonvilles. Never surely was this French word *ville* so hacked and vulgarised—all over America; so that "cut-offs," and Bayou Atacafalaya, Big Black Creek, Horse-shoe Bend, Devil's Bake-oven, &c., are quite a relief.

As the sun was getting warm, and ice had nearly disappeared on our approach to New Orleans, I began to look out for alligators, and at Bayou Sara (Serée?) we saw a small one sunning himself near some large trunks of trees close to the town, and where we put in with the boat. It was but an infant, and slipped quietly into the river out of harm's way; "very likely its mother didn't know it was out!" the skipper suggested.

We pass Natchez, built on nice hills or bluffs, for every little elevation of the shore on either side is welcome in this thousand-mile dead forest level. Most of these towns and settlements were originally French; and there is a story here of horrid treachery and barbarity to the poor Indians in the eighteenth century. But, indeed, what is the whole history of us Christians, Spaniards, French, and English among these children of the New World, but a succession of robbery, treachery, and butchery! the catalogue is too black to venture on, filling one with disgust and anger, all in the name of God and Heaven!

We see a mail steamer going up the Red River, where we take an im-

mense circle, not venturing through the "cut-off." An old steamer at the bank did duty as a sort of store and *dépôt* at its mouth; below this the sugar cane thrives best. This is an immense river, rising in New Mexico, 1500, or 2000 miles off, running through dense tangled forests and sandy wildernesses; it is navigable for 700 miles, to where it runs under natural rafts of fallen trees, so deep and compact that it is crossed as on a bridge, on horseback, for miles, the overgrown mould moss and shrubs concealing the river beneath; this is above Nachitoches. Of late years the excellence and fertility of hills and valleys on this wonderful river begins to attract settlers, and several large towns have sprung up, far more remote and "out of the world" than here in savage Mississippi itself. It is not the novelty alone—all nature here astonishes in the gigantic span of her silent workings.

We rush through the *Racourci*, twice "cut off," and in half a mile save a twenty mile bend (*bayou*); but *bayou* means any winding side river, or inlet, as well as these multiplied serpentine vagaries of this father of waters. We have left the Mississippi state (at Bayou Sara), and are now entirely in Louisiana, and soon pass Baton Rouge, the capital. It is built on the last rising ground to be called a hill, even by courtesy. The town is small, and looks pretty from the river. Here the U. S., or Uncle Sam, has an arsenal, barracks—a fine building—and 400 soldiers, a hospital, a land-office, a state house, penitentiary, gaol, a college, and all the *et ceteras* of the capitals of each state, but it is known only to a few officials; all the world live at New Orleans.

I might have marked the phases of this unique river more vividly. At one place where we put in for wood in 'Kansas, at New Carthage, the proprietor lived on the spot in the woods, in not a bad frame-house. This was a stern original, the *beau idéal* of the "true grit," half horse, half alligator, as he sat and whittled on the top of his piles of wood. His slaves were employed about; and one old woman was driving a span of oxen in a cart loaded with wood. About fifty yards from his barn I admired a *slip* of his territory; undermined by the river, eight or ten acres had sunk thirty or forty feet; noble pines, oaks, hemlocks, at the bottom of this muddy crater, still kept possession of the soil, but all thrown into various angles, and some prostrate, while yawning mud-chasms, through which the river was stealing, wound about their lower upturn roots. This scene of utter desolation and engulfed wilderness he called Old Carthage! Shade of Scipio! here was a modern Marius sitting on his logs, but only ruminating tobacco and pouching his dollars. Nothing pays so well as wooding up and down this river. Our boat expends a thousand dollars each trip for wood alone. This severe 'Kansas colt was no doubt happy, the jingle of dollars sweet music. He defied fever and mosquitoes; and as for the sinking of Old Carthage at his door, or had it sunk house and all, it would not have moved his grim resolve to go on cording his wood. Hereabouts we first begin to observe the curious Spanish moss, which drapes and at length kills the forest trees. It is very singular; wafted by the air this parasite attaches itself to the branches, grows in long graceful festoons, and drapes the woods; but I think funereally; I do not like it; it looks melancholy; vampire-like it kills its victims. It is of an olive-greenish grey colour, and is converted, after being kiln-dried and broken

like flax, into mattresses; its inner texture being black, very much resembles horsehair.

In our winding course we have got to the west of New Orleans, so that the lower part of this river runs eastward from about Plaquemine, and so on to the Balize, in an E.S.E. direction, as if it came from Mexico; but such are the immense distances, that even this last change in its general direction comprises 200 or 300 miles. I have said nothing of the planters, their houses and sugar-cane mills, steam-engines, and negro-quarters, generally built in a street of small frame-houses behind the great house and garden. These sugar plantations begin below Red River, till beyond Baton Rouge they fringe both shores in Louisiana, to New Orleans; the wall of forest forming an unbroken line behind them, of from one to two miles width of fields from the river side. The great cotton plantations are more in the interior, and out of sight, and spread over the south through all the states.

We saw nothing of the sugar-cane, which, planted in the spring, is cut in the autumn, and the fields cleared; and as the Indian corn grows and ripens at the same time, the fields are everywhere quite bare; indeed, shortly after our arrival, they were covered with snow, an unheard of thing so far south; but this year is very severe, kills many indigenous flowers and shrubs, and nearly all their orange-trees, which are invariably the chief ornament of their gardens. But no more of the river.

On the tenth day, of a balmy afternoon, we pass round the crescent-bend in front of the great city of New Orleans, and after landing our seventy horses at the barracks below the town, we return, and take up our berth among the steam-boats: their wharfs, at what is called the levée, taking up one-third (in the centre) of the river face, which, from the upper to the lower tier of shipping, extends about five miles. These levées are no levées at all, as I expected; they are not a bit above the level of the streets, being merely broad, well-planked wharfs, sloping to the river, supported by strong piles, and about ten feet, at the highest part, above the current, which is now very low. I am quite disappointed with the first view of this much bepraised city of the south. I expected to find it more French, antiquated, picturesque in solid high-peaked roofed houses, and a French or Spanish air, but all is now monotonous American. I can only except the old cathedral in the middle of the town, still the French quarter; but now the great mass of the place, houses, streets, warehouses, cotton-presses, stores, language, dress, manners—all is wholly American, down to hackney-coaches, cotton-drays, and niggers.

No sooner do we touch one of the outer steamers (for there is no room to come quite inside the double, often triple, rows, forming bridges across each other's decks), than a troop of hacks gallop down the planks, draw up in files, and their drivers, chiefly Paddies, jump on board, whip in hand, and seize on us.

"You'll be going to the Verandah Hotel, sir? It's myself 'll take you there in no time."

"Ay, my man, anywhere."

We all shake hands, and bid a kindly good-by to each other, for ten days begets friendly nods and sociability, and more than one sincere and hearty invitation to plantations 500 miles off.



The great St. Charles Hotel, corner of St. Charles-street, had just been burnt down ; so the Verandah, close to it, became *the* hotel, though there are hundreds in the town ; and thither I betook myself, went through the usual registration, with the usual warning on the bedroom-door, besides the pleasure of being urbanely congratulated on my good luck in getting one of the two beds unoccupied. This is an immense hotel : hundreds of beds, hundreds at table, hundreds at the bar. At meals we sit in an immensely fine domed hall, in darkness visible, on exactly the same plan as the Astor, and all others ; but it is better, and the charge, including everything, three dollars a day.

The first thing which strikes one at New Orleans is the want of care and neatness in everything in-doors and out. The streets are miserably paved ; the only place to walk with any pleasure is on the planked levee at the water-side, among the cotton bales, casks, boxes, carts, hacks, and crowds.

I ranged on it along the whole extent of the river face, and could not but admire the numbers of fine ships in tiers above and below, where they face the succession of cotton-presses and yards, each with its curious steam-engine press, operating on thousands of bales, reducing them at a single squeeze (placed between two moving platforms) to half their plantation size, and ready for shipping.

Everything here is on a magnificent scale, as if this pestilent swamp and threatening stream disdained economies of space, thought, or action. Indeed, all that meets the eye whispers, "Be bold, be resolute ; gain your ends at any risk ; short is your time—be off—or die." The most prudent and richest merchants keep this in view. Why talk of your house, your means, your family, your friends, when everything shifts in a year or two, and swarms of new faces pour in and out ; where the police and the law stand for very little ; where there is no rule, no order—the very authorities set at defiance ; by their own motley citizen mob, or the mob of desperadoes from every state in the Union ! True, all this does not appear at first sight, and its worst features only break out at intervals. But all police, regulation, order, cleanliness, and obvious common-sense arrangements, are quite neglected by the mayor and municipality—as in most of their cities—or they dare not enforce them. Here they are in a dead lock, some parts of the city being beyond the centre (or one end) jurisdiction !

Their daily papers are loud against this mischievous and absurd state of things. Meantime, as every soul is busy, few or none hungry, though dirty and ragged enough, and all the world, like ourselves, used to a loose self-government, things go on somehow, the town increases, and its population swelled by Irish emigrants, who flock more and more each year to the south.

One hardly ever hears French spoken, except by the oldest negro slaves, and some few French new from France ; for the natives (they call themselves creoles) though they speak both languages, seldom have occasion to speak French, except to new comers, or, perhaps (if French), at home, in their families.

Fine buildings abound. The custom-house, in granite, now rising on the river side, near the centre, Canal-street, will be a noble edifice. The

whole town is on piles; and there are no cellars, nothing underground. The least hole dug, up rushes the water! In such a swamp, however the surface may be dry, paved, or planked, one wonders they venture to build anything solid or heavy, and yet the whole town is of brick, with many houses massive and of stone; the suburbs only in frame, fires are so frequent, so very often are houses burned on purpose!

The chief market-day is on Sunday, after morning mass at the cathedral close by (about the centre of the city, opening out on a square to the river). The market is a fine, ample building, open on all sides. Here all the work-a-day world may be seen—chiefly very ugly female negroes—squatting in rows along the sunny strand, with little picayune heaps of pot-herbs, vegetables, grapes, oranges, bananas, pepper, sugar and sugar-cane, pineapples, yams, sweet potatoes. This tropical fashion puts one in mind of the West Indies. I looked about for Indians, but only saw two or three half-starved creatures standing, cold, mute—statues in rags; yet did I look with interest on their wan faces—this was *their* land. But even the degraded remnants about the southern towns contrast favourably with the chattering monkey-antics of the restless negroes, who, forsooth, affect to despise them.

I one day crossed the boiling, rushing stream to the opposite shore, a kind of suburb called Algiers, where everything bears the marks of decay; muddy roads, broken wharfs, nothing neat or cared for; some few warehouses at the river side, where a few ships, not finding room at the city side, unload or load occasionally. Steam ferry-boats cross every half-hour from two or three of the city ferries, the fare a dime both ways. A Frenchman going over was loud against the knavery of his tenants, and everybody. He had made money in eighteen years; but to keep it, or get his rents, or get any one house repaired or painted, was hard work. He called on an independent operative at a store about some job, ordered for the twentieth time—"Mon Dieu!" said he, "quel pays!"

This side is fast washing away. A fine house in the best style—all their country-houses are large, square, with high roofs and dormant windows (mansards), with broad verandahs carried quite round them, or at least on two sides—this house and its ruined garden, all now in ruins, had been long abandoned by its owner to the devouring river. It was close to the floating ferry-office and platform. A few squalid squatters, negroes and Irish, had taken possession, ready to move when the premises began to move.

The city is full of exchanges, large saloons with bars. At some of them, the crowds who hang about them day and night have "cold cuts" and lunch gratis. Here most of the turns-up and scenes of violence occur; not that I saw one in the two weeks I remained. There were, however, two night assassinations, and people out at night always went armed; but these grog-shops below the cathedral, and in Lafayette suburb above, are the worst.

They may be said to have no outlet by land except the Shell-road, of five or six miles, straight as an arrow across the flat or swamp of Palmettos (ditched, and near the town lazily cultivated) to Lake Ponchartrain to the north-east. This, and a canal opening from basins in the eastern suburbs, and running south of the lake, and a railroad parallel, to Lake-

port on the lake, seem the only lines at all frequented. The Shell-road is exquisite in its smoothness, formed of the *gnothodon* shell (a giant cockle), an extinct species, found in masses about the Gulf of Mexico swamps.

This fine bit of road is the fashionable drive for their fast men and fast horses, in their spider-spoke-wheeled light waggons, common all over the Union. They drive out, smoke and drink at hotels on the lake, then they drive back, smoke and drink, sometimes racing all the way.

Walking out Canal-street, the widest, if not the best, in New Orleans (the canal filled up and planted with trees), just at the suburbs, a short mile from the river, the lazy ruffian cotton-draysmen are allowed to leave the dead carcasses of their poor horses and mules when worn out or killed. A horse and mule I saw by the road side infecting all the air; and so on in all the swamp Palmetto ends of the suburbs. This, too, in a town where the most exact care should be taken to prevent infections, where, from the inevitable summer miasma, the yellow fever too often decimates the inhabitants; but nobody cares.

What with returned or going Californians, rich planters once in ten or twenty years turning up from their far-off estates on the Red River, or the centres of these wild states, or suddenly-enriched artisans and tradesmen, &c., New Orleans is full of curious originals—some violent, some funny and harmless enough. About this hotel, where Common and Charles-street corner is crowded day and night, one of these odd creatures displays himself. He has made dollars, and now idles about from dram-shop to dram-shop (exchanges) in utter vacancy, dressed in superfine blue broadcloth, richly embroidered in oak-leaves (like a prime minister's), his buttons gold eagles and half-eagles, with an immense gold eagle and cockade in a broad-brimmed beaver white hat, his fingers in rings of price, and round his neck half a dozen massive gold chains; but all this is not rich enough—he stands in *silver shoes*! All the world know this crazy creature, and he chats, and drinks, and treats, and is treated, for ever. He is very political, and beats six acres of rattlesnakes and copper-heads in biting republicanism.

The fierce cold returns, the snow lies six inches on the ground, the orange-trees are killed, iron pipes split, and the whole town pelting each other with rare snow-balls; but such a winter is not in the oldest memory.

But I must cut this short; already, I fear, beyond the limits very obligingly consigned to my monthly ramble.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## BEWARE OF THE CHOCOLATE OF CHIAPA

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

### I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

A CENTURY had passed since Hernando Cortes accomplished his daring march across the mountains and rivers which intersect the wide tract of country that lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Honduras, and the civilisation of Europe was already widely spread over its surface, though it was more, perhaps, in externals than in reality: for altogether to infuse a new character into a people, demands more than the occupation of a hundred years.

The principle which Spain adopted at the very outset of her conquering career on the American continent, was to subdue as much by Religion as by the Sword; and the earliest efforts of the Christian missionaries, at the head of whom was the excellent Las Casas, had been directed towards the voluntary conversion of the natives. The success which they met with was proportionate to their zeal, and long before the period to which we have referred, the mass of the Indian population in all the transatlantic provinces of Spain had renounced the worship of their forefathers, and boasted themselves as good Christians as any amongst the descendants of their conquerors, in whose veins the "sangre azul" was flowing.

To a people accustomed, amidst many forms and ceremonies, to bend the knee and burn incense before their idols, the substitution for their own of a faith like that of the Roman Catholic Church, was far less difficult than it would have been had a simpler and severer doctrine called upon them to renounce the superstitions of their old religion. To transfer their allegiance from one visible object to another, was easy enough with the multitude: they might be slow to comprehend the mystical truths which their new teachers laboured to inculcate, but to do homage to a statue or a picture was little more than the extension of the principle on which they had formerly worshipped, and they yielded a ready assent to exhortations which, in their view of the case, merely required them to turn from the images of their two thousand fierce and sanguinary deities to adore those of the mild Virgin and a host of interceding Saints.

Outwardly, then, the Indian converts became ardent devotees of the new faith, but it was very long before they forgot or ceased to be influenced by Pagan traditions and observances; and it was not among the lightest of the toils of the Romish hierarchy to endeavour to eradicate those vestiges of the past. Neither was their ministration entirely free from care with respect to those of their flock who were Spanish or of

Spanish descent, for in a new clime they often claimed immunities and indulgences which in the old world they would never have attempted to prefer. A singular instance of the laxity of conduct which prevailed in religious matters, at the time we are speaking of, is recorded in the annals of Chiapa; and it is partly in illustration of its effects, and partly to show the mixed character of the religion of the Indian Roman Catholics, that the following narrative has been put together.

## II.

### THE CHOCOLATE SCHISM.

It was about the year 1626 that the episcopal sway in Chiapa, which had first been exercised by Bartholomew de las Casas, was placed in the hands of Bernardino de Salazar. He was a zealous churchman, austere in faith, and pure in morals, and, though not inaccessible to the promptings of avarice, had been induced to accept the bishopric of this remote province, as much from his desire to maintain the Romish ceremonial in all the strictness of its forms, as to benefit by the large revenues of the see. By temperament he was cold and haughty, and the school in which he had been trained, at the feet of the Dominicans, had not taught him the greater value of persuasion over compulsion. He chose to govern by the exercise of his authority, rather than trust to the efficacy of entreaty; the strict letter of the law was the rule which he took to guide him, and they who swerved from the path of duty while under his control, were never reclaimed by gentle expedients.

On the day of the great festival of Chiapa, which was celebrated in honour of Nuestra Señora de la Peña, Bernardino de Salazar presided at the high mass which was performed in the cathedral of that city. It was the first occasion on which the bishop had officiated in his diocese, and with a vigilant eye he watched every movement of his congregation. For a time everything went on exactly as he could have wished; the genuflections were made at the right moment, at the appointed signal heads were bowed and hands lifted in token of attentive worship, and all the forms of devotion were ceremoniously observed; but at the expiration of about half an hour a sudden change came over the scene.

It was during a period of almost total silence, when the loud organ had ceased to peal, when the voices of the choristers were hushed, when the golden bell no longer tinkled, and the words of the ministering priest ascended only in a faint whisper, that a strange and unusual noise attracted the bishop's attention. It was like the pattering of feet, the rustling of garments, the clashing and clinking of metal, and with it there spread through the cathedral an odour very different from frankincense. The bishop, from the high altar where he knelt, threw a searching glance along the nave of the cathedral, and to his horror and dismay perceived approaching through every portal a host of female servants, bearing in their hands small silver trays, on which were cups of filagree and china, and tall silver vessels steaming with some fragrant beverage. Astonishment prevented him from speaking, but he rose to his feet that he might better observe what this strange incursion signified.

The girls, as they entered, spread themselves through the sacred edifice,

each directing her footsteps to where her mistress was kneeling; and on their approach the ladies got up and, with looks of great satisfaction, laid by their books of Offices and Orisons, seated themselves quietly in their chairs, and prepared in the most comfortable manner to enjoy their chocolate and sweetmeats.

The bishop stood aghast; he could not believe his eyes, but thought his senses had left him, or that some hideous spell had been wrought by the Evil One. He had come to a land in which Paganism still lingered, and he was not amongst the churchmen of his time who had freed themselves from the trammels of superstition. The Pagan deities were, in his eyes, the yet unexpelled Devil and his bad angels, and for a while he was under the impression that, like the possessed herd of swine, they had entered into his whole congregation.

But whatever the nature of the possession, it had no effect in distorting or disfiguring the countenances of the ladies, who, smiling and conversing in the most complacent manner, continued to sip their chocolate and munch their sweetmeats with as much ease as if, instead of being in the body of the cathedral and in the midst of divine worship, they were enjoying themselves in the patios of their own houses. Nor was the interruption apparently heeded by the officiating clergy; with their breviaries before them, they still continued in prayer, though now and then a clerical head was turned, and an expression depicted on clerical features, which savoured rather of a desire to join in the refecton than prevent its continuance.

The bishop mused within himself as to the course he ought to take to suppress so scandalous a desecration of the rites of the Church; had he obeyed his first impulse, it would have been to have instantly driven forth the offenders, but he reflected that this would have at once deprived him of more than half of his congregation, and he resolved, therefore, to abide the issue of the scene and afterwards take such measures as should prevent its recurrence.

By the time he had arrived at this conclusion, the ladies had finished their chocolate—the cups were replaced on the salvers of the attendants, who retired as they had entered—the fair devotees again became devout, fell on their knees, took up their Offices, crossed their breasts and foreheads with great fervour, and, perfectly refreshed by the agreeable interlude, resumed their prayers at the point where they had left off, and raised their voices in most appropriate unison with those of the priests, who thus chanted the Cantic of Lent:

Audi, benigne conditor,  
Nostras preces cum fletibus,  
In hoc sacro jejunio,  
Fusus quadragenario.  
Scrutator alme cordium,  
Infirma tu scis virium.  
Ad te reversis exhibe  
Remissionis gratiam.

The Mass then proceeded as it had begun, with due reverence and solemnity, and out of the number present there was only one who entertained the opinion that it had been conducted throughout in the most orthodox way possible.

That one, however, was the bishop, who, after he had preached a most edifying sermon on the especial subjection of all good Christians to the ordinances of Mother Church—(a sermon which he had been engaged in composing all the way from Spain to Mexico, and whose efficacy the *contrite* he had witnessed only served to improve)—took advantage of the occasion, before he pronounced his Benediction, to address the faithful multitude on the subject that so engrossed his thoughts.

Bernardino de Salazar had eloquence, and was, moreover, vastly indignant, not only at the profanation of the cathedral, but at the outrage on his known austerity, which he looked upon as an open act of rebellion against his authority; the terms, therefore, in which he denounced this great scandal, were of unmeasured severity; he reproached his congregation with lusting after the flesh-pots of Egypt, with making unto themselves belly-gods, with offering unclean sacrifices; and, exhibiting the sinfulness of the act that had been committed, exhorted his hearers to two-fold abstinence and double mortification, and concluded by expressing his hope that it would be enough for him to have pointed out the abyss on the brink of which the people of Chiapa were standing, more dangerous to their eternal welfare than were to their worldly safety the fiery mountains that rose in the midst of their land.

Like the whirring of a thousand wings, when a flight of birds is suddenly set in motion, arose the loud whispers of the ladies of Chiapa as they huddled together at the close of this address, and betrayed an astonishment scarcely less than the bishop himself had exhibited when the High Mass was interrupted; and as they flocked out of the cathedral, the whispers, rising into shrill exclamations, proclaimed that their astonishment, also, had deepened into indignation.

Assembled in groups of four or five, now moving rapidly onwards and all talking together, now pausing for the expression of some individual opinion more forcible than the rest, the ladies of Chiapa gave vent to the feelings which the bishop's denunciation had excited.

"Ave Maria purissima!" exclaimed Doña Jacinta Valdez.

"Concebida sin pecado!" chimed in the devout but irritated listeners.

"Holy Virgin!" continued Doña Jacinta—she was a toothless old lady, who almost lived upon the condemned beverage—"heard any one ever the like! Not take a simple cup, or an innocent *dulce*, to recruit exhausted nature during Mass—High Mass, too—which always gives me a pain in my back that lasts for a week,—the idea is too dreadful to think of!"

"It is an impiety," earnestly vociferated Doña Magdalena de Morales, a tall, pale, handsome young woman, whose eyes flashed fire as she spoke—"a manifest impiety! What is to become of our souls if we are not able to sustain our bodies? Reproach us with hankering after dainties—we, who ask for no more than a bare *xicara* of chocolate, which never yet has been denied us, and"—kindling as she went on—"Santísima Madre, never shall be!"

"Never!" cried half a dozen voices in chorus.

"It is our right," continued Doña Magdalene, "no less than our necessity. The late holy bishop, Don Melchior de Velasco, never dreamt of interfering with our privilege."

"He knew the nature of the climate and the weakness of our stomachs,"

observed Doña Caterina de Mendez, a stout lady of fifty, whose size implied anything but weakness, and whose appetite no climate could have affected. "He was a good man, and fond of chocolate; may his portion be with the Saints!"

"Domine exaudi!" piously exclaimed the rest of the ladies.

"I have seen him take a cup himself," mumbled Doña Jacinta, "and where could we look for a better example?"

"Where indeed?" screamed the chorus.

"Nothing shall ever make *me* submit to this tyranny," pursued Doña Magdalena. "Are we not old Christians—have we not blue blood—do we not go to mass regularly—are we not constant at confession? Shall *we* be treated like Jews, and Moors, and vile Indians?—no! Don Bernardino de Salazar will think twice of it before he attempts to invade our *fueras*. If he persists, let him look to himself!"

And as she said this, the haughty beauty clenched her little hand, and compressed her pale lips, with an expression of countenance that threatened deadly vengeance.

Not less violent and clamorous were her companions; and before they parted for their respective homes, each had registered a vow of opposition to the "wicked encroachment"—as they termed it—of the Bishop of Chiapa.

### III.

#### HOW THE BISHOP EXCOMMUNICATED THE LADIES OF CHIAPA.

ON his part, Don Bernardino de Salazar was equally determined to put down the irregularity which had so much shocked him. He summoned a chapter of his clergy, and having, with great seriousness, inveighed against the abuse which the laxity of former rule had permitted to grow into a custom, gave strict injunctions to them to visit their parishioners, and make known the firmness of his resolve to prohibit the practice in which they had hitherto indulged.

The priests accepted their mission with no very trustful reliance on its success, for they knew the nature of their Spanish countrywomen; nor were they surprised at its result. At every *tertulia* in Chiapa the chocolate question had been discussed, and not a dissentient voice was heard when open resistance was declared to the bishop's arbitrary decree. It was in vain that the ecclesiastical supremacy of the prelate was adverted to; in vain that the sinfulness of disobedience was pointed out; in vain that the spiritual risk which the fair offenders incurred was hinted at: no argument had any weight. Chocolate, they said, was one of the gifts of God to the country in which they dwelt; chocolate was necessary to their very existence; and wherever they wanted it—in church or field, at High Mass, or at the Juego de Cañas—chocolate they would have.

It might have been supposed, from the scene which we have described, that the chocolate question affected the ladies only; but this was not the case. Whether the sway of the Basquiña—which we call petticoat-government—was more potent in Chiapa than in Old Spain, or whether the Chiapanas believed themselves aggrieved by this attack on the comforts of their wives, is not exactly upon record; but, however influenced,



the fact remained the same—the ladies were in insurrection against the bishop, and their liege lords supported them.

When this manifestation of feeling was reported to Don Bernardino by his emissaries, he made little account of it. It was natural, he said, that the women should be vexed at the prospect of being deprived of their accustomed luxury; but that they should really intend to act in defiance of his will, was an absurdity too great for him to imagine. It might make him personally unpopular, he added; but he was prepared for that, having in view so great a good as the eternal welfare which their conduct had so nearly imperilled. He trusted in the Holy Virgin and the good Saint Dominick to bring his refractory flock into the right path, and to them he should pray for assistance, believing that by the following Sunday this stubbornness of heart would be wholly turned.

The bishop was mistaken. Sunday came: the customary crowd of devotees thronged the cathedral, and, as on the first occasion, paid a becoming reverence to the Church's forms, until the moment of "stomach weakness" arrived. Then again was heard the pattering of feet, the rustling of garments, the clattering of the chocolate-cups, and all the noisy developments of the prohibited breakfast—more noisy and more demonstrative than before, for it was not now a simple act of refectio, but the assertion of a principle.

The bishop did not wait, this time, either for the conclusion of the meal or the close of the service, but rising in anger, commanded, in a voice of thunder, that the profanity should cease.

He thundered to no purpose. The dauntless Chiapanas were unmoved. Whatever might be the bishop's religion, theirs was identified with chocolate. "Church and Chocolate" was their war-cry, and the war, if forced upon them, would be a *guerra à la cuchilla*; though the *cuchera* (the spoon), thought one of their party, might haply prove as dangerous as the knife. They accordingly went on sipping their chocolate, and the bishop, finding all remonstrance fruitless, put an end to the service by abruptly dismissing the congregation, who retired amid the greatest din and confusion, the ladies flattering themselves that they had gained the day.

It was their turn now to be undeceived.

Bernardino de Salazar, steady to every purpose, was inflexible in matters of discipline. He had been outraged in every point of view—in his personal attributes and in the high office which he held; and through these the Church herself had been insulted. To vindicate her position and his own, he took a decisive step. It was nothing less than the publication of a sentence of excommunication against all who should dare in future to eat or drink during divine service; and this sentence was, on the following morning, affixed, with the bishop's own signature, to the doors of all the churches in the city.

Great was the consternation of the people of Chiapa, who, in spite of their rebellious inclinations, held the spiritual weapons of Rome in too much awe not to tremble at the severity of the edict. Even the actual offenders, who had so openly braved the bishop's authority, were stunned by the force of the blow. That they should incur the penalty of excommunication had never once entered their minds. While this last resource of priestly power continued unappealed to, it had only excited a vague

apprehension; but when it was brought to bear directly upon themselves, its reality became terrible. Nevertheless, the fair chocolate-drinkers were by no means disposed to yield even to this formidable summons. They protested that if they might not eat and drink in church, as they had been accustomed to do, they could not continue in it to hear what they were bound to; and summoning their father-confessors, and such of the clergy as they were most connected with, the chiefs of the party sent messages to Don Bernardino, praying him to revoke the sentence of excommunication so heavily laid on them.

These emissaries performed their mission zealously, for there were many ties that bound them to the ladies of Chiapa, and said everything that could be thought of on behalf of their clients; alleging the custom of the country, the weakness of the sex whom the excommunication most concerned—also the weakness of their stomachs—and representing the many inconveniences which might arise if so violent a measure were persisted in. But none of these reasons moved the bishop, who made answer that he preferred the honour of God and of His House before his own life, and the emissaries returned dejectedly to their employers.

But it was not in a spirit of submission that the news of Don Bernardino's resolution was received. The rage of the ladies became concentrated on the prelate, and loud and bitter were the imprecations which they poured on his head; nor did they stop here, but in defiance of the Church's anathema, still thronged to the cathedral, and still persisted in their previous courses. On this, the bishop attempted to enforce obedience by the aid of the secular arm; but so strenuous was the resistance offered, that even swords were drawn, and blood spilt, within the sacred edifice, before he could accomplish his purpose.

When, however, the ladies found that a scene of tumult, endangering life, must be the consequence of a repetition of their act, they came to the determination, not of forsaking their chocolate—they would rather have lost their lives than that—but of withdrawing altogether from attendance at the cathedral, and betaking themselves to the cloister-churches of Chiapa, whose ministrants were nuns and friars, and who were not disposed to disturb the inclinations of the new comers.

The bishop might have borne the loss of his flock with comparative equanimity; but there was something that touched him more nearly than the departure of his congregation. The revenues of his see mainly arose from the offerings made at baptisms, confirmations, marriages, and other religious ceremonies; and these offerings had usually been of a very costly kind, the people of Chiapa being wealthy, and proud of an occasion to display their riches. Even the poor Indians were not behind-hand in their gifts, but made it a point of honour to present the heaviest wax candles that were manufactured, stuck all about with silver seals, and decorated with ribbons. The opulent citizens and magnates of Chiapa gave vessels of gold and silver, rich silks and velvets, magnificent candlesticks, embroidered altar-cloths, vestments of expensive lace, and also large sums of money.

But when the Chiapanas changed the scene of their devotions, they also changed the objects of their religious bounty, and the cloister-churches grew rich at the expense of the cathedral. Don Bernardino could not stand this; and resorting to his old armoury, fulminated an-

other excommunication against the recusants, by which he sought to compel the whole of the inhabitants of Chiapa to attend service at the cathedral.

This step was met by the ladies, who fought their battle gallantly, and contested every inch of ground, by a plea of illness, which confined them all to their houses; so that the renewed sentence of excommunication became perfectly inoperative.

Such was the condition of this singular controversy, when a new element found a place in the warfare, and brought it eventually to a close.

#### IV.

##### THE PENITENCE OF DONA MAGDALENA.

AT the commencement of the feud between the bishop and his congregation, none had manifested more violent animosity towards the prelate than Doña Magdalena de Morales.

Though still very young, having barely passed her twentieth year, she was a widow, and one of the richest in Chiapa. Her rank, her beauty, and her wealth, attracted numerous admirers, and had she chosen to say the word, there was no *hidalgo* in the country who would not have been proud to call her his bride. But Doña Magdalena was of a strange, imperious disposition, and having once endured the fetters of matrimony, though but for a brief period, seemed not at all disposed to wear them again, and haughtily rejected every offer that was made her.

It was well, perhaps, that none of her many suitors ever found her in a relenting mood; for long before the honeymoon was over, he would have found that instead of a husband he had become a slave. To govern all who approached her, to exercise her uncontrolled will over every person and circumstance, constituted the chief desire of her existence; to thwart her in anything was to rouse a spirit of enmity in her bosom, whose consequences could scarcely be less than dangerous to the individual who provoked it.

It may, therefore, readily be supposed that Don Bernardino de Salazar did not stand very high in the good graces of Doña Magdalena, after the demonstrations he had made against the society of which she was one of the leading members. But it was observed as a singular circumstance, that after the first outburst of passion to which she had given way on the day of the festival of Nuestra Señora de Peña, she took no prominent part in the mutinous proceedings of the *chocoladeras*. A new spirit, indeed, appeared to have fallen upon her, and instead of being haughty, arrogant, and impatient, as had been her wont, she was now quiet, sedate, and even pensive; nor was she ever heard to declaim with the rest of her friends against the tyranny of the bishop. None, however, were bold enough to remind her of the violence with which she had "pronounced," in the first instance, for there was something in the expression of her countenance that was still to be feared, notwithstanding her seeming calmness. Her conduct, however, was closely watched, and gave matter for increased surprise.

She became, in fact, a seceder from the schism which separated the bishop and his flock, and, returning to service at the cathedral, rendered

herself remarkable there for the length of her devotions and the steady endurance with which she remained to the end, without any appeal to chocolate or sweetmeats.

The bishop was not slow to notice so striking an exception to the conduct of the rest of the ladies of Chiapa, and, highly gratified that it should have been made in the person of one who occupied so conspicuous a place in society as Doña Magdalena de Morales, expressed his paternal desire to cultivate a better acquaintance with one so exemplary and devout. His wishes were acceded to with the extremest humility, and frequent were the religious conferences that followed the longest masses and his most eloquent sermons, till by degrees Don Bernardino found that there was nothing so attractive in all Chiapa as the gentle accents of Doña Magdalena, when she murmured her obedient assent to the doctrines which he took so great a pride in expounding.

That it was not altogether safe for him to admit the existence of this sensation may be questioned; for, although the worthy bishop was one of the most zealous members of the Church, he was not so far advanced in years, or had so utterly subdued the feelings common to man, as to render a daily interview with a beautiful woman a thing of no more dangerous consideration than the intercourse between Saint Francis and his bride of snow. From being interested in the tones of her voice, Don Bernardino became solicitous to behold, unveiled, the features of her to whom that voice belonged—of course for no other reason than to have the opportunity of forming a conclusion, derived from the study of physiognomy, as to the sincerity of her religious sentiments. Of this sincerity he entertained no doubt when his glance met that of Doña Magdalena; her large dark eyes were so full of fervent piety that he could not mistake their expression. Then the troubled state of mind which she avowed, lest she had imperilled her soul by sharing in the outcry against the bishop, and the desire she manifested to obtain absolution for that sin from himself, personally, were further reasons why Don Bernardino felt satisfied it was his duty to establish her in the right path; and he very consistently argued, that if he undertook this work of charity, he must omit no opportunity of seeing her.

It was, therefore, not only in the chapter-room and the confessional that the bishop gave encouragement to his earnest disciple, but the mules which drew his carriage were soon seen toiling every day up the precipitous Calle de los Angeles, where Doña Magdalena dwelt; and the length of Don Bernardino's visits to her house was a convincing proof to all Chiapa how zealously he was labouring in the endeavour to prepare another saint for the calendar.

Excellent Don Bernardino! Did it never for an instant cross your mind that there may sometimes be affinity between celestial and terrestrial love?

And Doña Magdalena de Morales! Has pure religion so suddenly humbled that proud heart?

If not, what is the secret thought that makes those dark eyes gleam and those pale lips tremble?

## THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

"HEROES and Hero-worship"—a subject chosen by Mr. Carlyle, when *he* arose to discourse before the sweet-shady-sidesmen of Pall Mall and the fair of Mayfair—is not at all the *res vexanda* one would predicate for a course of lectures by Mr. Titmarsh. If the magnificence of the hero grows small by degrees and beautifully less before the microscopic scrutiny of his valet, so might it be expected to end in a *minus* sign, after subjection to the eliminating process of the "Book of Snobs." Yet one passage, at least, there is in the attractive volume\* before us, instinct with hero-worship, and, some will think (as coming from such a quarter) surcharged with enthusiasm,—where the lecturer affirms, "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face." At which sally, we can imagine *admirari* folks exclaiming (if they be capable of an exclamation), "Oh, you little snob!" Nevertheless, that sally will go far to propitiate many a reader hitherto steeled against the showman of "Vanity Fair," as an inveterate cynic—however little of real ground he may have given for such a prejudice. Many, we believe, who resorted to the lectures when orally delivered, were agreeably disappointed in finding so much of genial humanity in the matter and manner of the *didaskalos*—

— the best good Christian he,  
Although *they* knew it not.

And the vastly enlarged circle of observers to whom this volume will make the lectures known, will find in it clear if not copious proof of the man's fine, open, loving nature—its warmth, and depth, and earnestness—not to be belied by an outward show of captious irony, a pervading presence of keen-witted raillery. There seems a ludicrously false notion rife among not a few, that Mr. Thackeray's creed is of close kin to that of our laureate's "grey and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death, who slowly rode across a wither'd heath, and lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said"—*inter alia*—

Virtue!—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

Fill the can, and fill the cup :  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

Let any infatuated sufferer under such obstinate delusion at once buy and study this series of lectures, and learn to laugh and love with the

\* The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century : a Series of Lectures delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America. By W. M. Thackeray. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

lecturer, and so satisfy himself that although ever and anon *medio de fonte leperum surgit amari aliquid*, there is heart as well as brain in the writer's composition, and that simplicity and sincerity and faith are ever revered, and unhesitatingly preferred to the loftiest intellectual pretensions as such.

As with clerical sermons, so with laic lectures, there are few one pines to see in print. In the present instance, those who were of Mr. Thackeray's audience will probably, in the majority of cases, own to a sense of comparative tameness as the result of deliberate perusal. Nevertheless, the book could be ill spared, as books go. It is full of sound, healthy, manly, vigorous writing—sagacious in observation, independent and thoughtful, earnest in sentiment, in style pointed, clear, and straightforward. The illustrations are aptly selected, and the bulky array of foot-notes (apparently by another hand), though not drawn up to the best advantage, will interest the too numerous class to whom "Queen Anne's men" are but clerks in a dead-letter office—out of date, and so out of fashion—out of sight, on upper shelves, and so out of mind, as a thing of nought.

If we cared to dwell upon them, we might, however, make exceptions decided if not plentiful against parts of this volume. That Mr. Thackeray can be pertinaciously one-sided was seen in his "Esmond" draught of the Duke of Marlborough. A like restriction of vision seems here to distort his presentment of Sterne and of Hogarth. We are ready to recognise with Lord Jeffrey\* the flaws of ostentatious absurdity, affected oddity, pert familiarity, broken diction, and exaggerated sentiment, in "Tristram Shandy;" nor have we any delight in the Reverend Lawrence, whether regarded simply as a man, or as a man in cassock and bands. It is indeed as men rather than authors—it is indeed biographically rather than critically, that Mr. Thackeray treats the English humorists who come before him. But his dislike of the "wretched worn-out old scamp," as he calls Sterne, extends fatally to the old scamp's literary as well as social characteristics. We are told how the lecturer was once in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing "French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present," and who, having finished these, began a sentimental ballad, and sang it so charmingly that all were touched, and none so much as the singer himself, who was "snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears" before the last bar. And such a maudlin ballad-singer we are instructed was Lawrence Sterne. His sensibility was artificial; it was that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings, to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. "He used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, he utilised it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains." And so again with the reverend gentleman's jests. "The humour of Swift and Rabe-

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\* See his review of "Wilhelm Meister."

lais,\* whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry, too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience to repose: when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it." Sterne is properly rated for whimpering "over that famous dead donkey," for which Mr. Thackeray has no semblance of a tear to spare, but only laughter and contempt; comparing the elegy of "that dead jackass" to the *cuisine* of M. de Soubise's campaign, in such fashion does Sterne dress it, and serve it up quite tender, and with a very piquant sauce. "But tears, and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Psha! Mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!" This, and similar passages in the lecture, will jar somewhat on the judgment of those who go only part of the way with Mr. Leigh Hunt, in *his* affirmation,† that to accuse Sterne of cant and sentimentality, is itself a cant or an ignorance; or that, at least, if neither of these, it is but to misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there, while the matter always contains the solidest substance of truth and duty. Such readers will probably be unshaken in their allegiance to one of proven sway over their smiles and tears, and murmur to themselves the closing lines of a sonnet in his praise, by the rigorous, keen-scented censor‡ who exposed, unsparingly, his plagiarisms from old Burton and Rabelais:

But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile,  
In sudden pause or unexpected story,  
Owns thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes,  
Maria's wanderings, and the Prisoner's throes,  
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory.

As for Hogarth, perhaps the most emphatic characterisation he meets with from the lecturer lies in the remark: "There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire: if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off." No man, we are assured,

\* This comparison of Sterne with Rabelais reminds us of what a distinguished French critic has said, in allusion to the well-known story of Sterne's apology to a lady for his objectionable freedoms in composition—most offensive we aver, and quite without excuse, but mere bagatelles when the enormities of the Gaul are considered. "Une dame faisait un jour reproche à Sterne," says M. Sainte Beuve, "des nudités qui se trouvent dans son 'Tristram Shandy;'" au même moment, un enfant de trois ans jouait à terre et se montrait en toute innocence: 'Voyez!' dit Sterne, 'mon livre, c'est cet enfant de trois ans qui se roule sur le tapis.' Mais, avec Rabelais, l'enfant a grandi; c'est un homme, c'est un géant, c'est Gargantua, c'est Pantagruel ou pour le moins Panurge, et il continue de ne rien cacher." That Sterne, nevertheless, was inherently a purer-minded man than Rabelais, it might be rash to assert.

† "Table-Talk."

‡ Dr. Ferriar.

was ever less of a hero ; he was but a hearty, plain-spoken fellow, loving his laugh, his friends, his glass, his roast beef of Old England, and hating all things foreign—foreign painters first and foremost. The tender, the touching, the imaginative—never mention anything of *that* sort in connexion with his name. Another scandal, to those who respond to Elia's estimate of William Hogarth—to those who, like Southey, make bold to imparadise, in the seventh heaven of invention,

——Hogarth, who followed no master,  
Nor by pupil shall e'er be approached ; alone in his greatness.\*

There still survive sturdy Britishers who persist, like Hartley Coleridge,† in setting him high above every name in British art, or rather who would separate him altogether from our painters, to fix his seat among our greatest poets.

Swift, who comes first in the series, is the humorist upon whose portraiture most care seems to have been bestowed. He at least meets with his full deserts, so far as admiration is concerned. Some pretty hard hits are dealt him, notwithstanding. Mr. Thackeray would like, as we have seen, to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack and errand-boy—to have "kept" on the same staircase with Harry Fielding, to help him up to bed if need be, and in the morning shake hands with him, and hear him crack jokes over his mug of small-beer at breakfast—to hob-a-nob with Dick Steele—to sit a fellow-clubman with brave old Samuel Johnson—to go holiday-making with Noll Goldsmith. But Swift?—what says the lecturer to "hail fellow" intimacy with the dean? Why, this. "If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you ; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you ! and made fun of the Opposition ! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence ; he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronising you ; and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo." Excellent is the conduct of the metaphor by which the dean is made to stand out as an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains ; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets ; these I'll turn into gold,"—and who takes the road accordingly, like Macheath,

\* "A Vision of Judgment," pt. 10.

† "Essays and Marginalia : Ignoramus on the Fine Arts."



and makes society stand and deliver, easing my lord bishop of a living, and his grace of a patent place, and my lady of a little snug post about the court, and gives them over to followers of his own. "The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crozier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country." A bold but strikingly significant figure of the clerical polemic—the restless, scornful *heautontimoroumenos*, whose youth was bitter, "as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence," and whose age was bitter, "like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile."

Mr. Thackeray holds that Swift's was a reverent and pious spirit—the spirit of a man who could love and pray. We incline to think, with Mr. de Quincey,\* that Swift was essentially irreligious, and that his rigid incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of spiritual themes, is signally illustrated by his astonishment at Anne's refusing to confer a bishopric on one who had treated the deepest mysteries of Christianity, not with mere scepticism, or casual sneer, but with set pompous merriment and farcical buffoonery—who, in full canonicals, had made himself a regular mountebank—who seems to have thought that people differed, not by more and less religion, but by more and less dissimulation. But Mr. Thackeray *does* recognise in his clerical career a "life-long hypocrisy"—he *does* see that Swift, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was!—what a lonely rage and long agony!—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant!" And it is good to read the comment on the fourth part of "Gulliver," and the denunciation of its "Yahoo language," its gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind,—“tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.” Well may it be called a "dreadful allegory," of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, with passions so monstrous, and boasted powers so mean, that he is, and deserves to be, the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. "A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift." And a bitter reaction on himself was the penalty of his misanthropic wrath—as was said to the Greek tyrant,

Ὅργη χάριν δούς, ἣ σ' αἶε λυμάνεται.

The lecture on Congreve is Titmarsh all over. The dramatist's

\* See his review of Schlosser's "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century." *Tait*. 1847.

comic feast is described as flaring with lights, with the worst company in the world, without a pretence of morals—Mirabel or Belmour heading the table, dressed in the French fashion, and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Mascarille. The young sparks are born to win youth and beauty, and to trip up old age—for what business have the old fools to hoard their money, or lock up blushing eighteen? "Money is for youth; love is for youth; away with the old people." Then comes the sigh we all know so well: "But ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it, and lonely blank headaches in the morning." The banquet is, to this observer, but a dance of death: every madly-glancing eye at that orgy is artificial—every tint of bloom is from the rouge-pot, and savours of corruption—

Every face, however full,  
Padded round with flesh and fat,  
Is but modell'd on a skull.\*

With that graphic emphasis which makes him at his best so memorably impressive, the lecturer likens the feelings aroused by a perusal of Congreve's plays to those excited at Pompeii by an inspection of Sallust's house and the relics of a Roman "spread"—"a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!" How tellingly expressive, and how like the moralist, whose brightest sallies so often speak of saddest thought!

Addison meets with warmer eulogy than might have been anticipated. He is invariably mentioned with loving deference. He is pictured as one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw—at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm—admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man he met with—one who could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought—and as for that "little weakness for wine"—why, without it, as we could scarcely have found a fault with him, so neither could we have liked him as we do. The criticism on his papers in the *Spectator* is delightfully genial and true; and the peroration of the lecture has a sweetness and natural solemnity of affecting reality, where

\* Tennyson: "Vision of Sin."

allusion is made to Addison's heavenly ode ("The spacious firmament on High"), whose "sacred music," known and endeared from childhood, none can hear "without love and awe"—verses that shine like the stars, "out of a deep great calm"—verses enriched with the holy serene rapture that fills Addison's pure heart and shines from his kind face, when his eye seeks converse with things above: for, "when he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer." We have not the heart to inquire, here, whether the portrait, as a whole-length, is not too flattering in its proportions, and too bright in colouring. But doubtless the lecturer might, and many, we surmise, expected that he would, take a strangely opposite view of Pope's "Atticus."

Steele is one of Mr. Thackeray's darlings. We have an imaginary record of Corporal Dick's boyhood—his experiences at the flogging-block of Charterhouse School—his everlastingly renewed debts to the tart-woman, and I. O. U. correspondence with lollipop-vendors and piemen—his precocious passion for drinking mum and sack—and his early instinct for borrowing from all his comrades who had money to lend. In brief, "Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto* I beat, *tuptomai* I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain." His recklessness and good-humour to the last, are fondly dwelt on—his cordial naturalness is eagerly appreciated—his tenderness and humanity gracefully enforced. "A man is seldom more manly," we are well reminded, "than when he is what you call unmannered—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A., because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors." In the same manner that sad rake and spendthrift, Henry Fielding, is sure of a kind word. The great novelist is not made a hero of, but shown as he is; not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in a heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat—but then we are bid observe on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care; and admonished, that wine-stained as we see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. Among them, an admirable natural love of truth, and keenest instinctive scorn of hypocrisy—a wonderfully wise and detective wit—a great-hearted, courageous soul, that respects female innocence and infantine tenderness—a large-handed liberality, a disdain of all disloyal arts, an unselfish diligence in the public service. And then, "what a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck!

It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse, which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered." Goldsmith, again, is reviewed in the same spirit—"the most beloved of English writers"—"whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather"—"never so friendless but he could befriend some one, never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion"—"enlivening the children of a dreary London court with his flute, giving away his blankets in college to the poor widow, pawning his coat to save his landlord from gaol, and spending his earnings as an usher in treats for the boys. "Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. . . . Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it." Yet is Mr. Thackeray cautious not to dismiss the Steeles, and Fieldings, and Goldsmiths, and kindred literary prodigals, without a renewal of his much-discussed protest against the license claimed for them as such. For reckless habits and careless lives, the wit, he insists, must suffer, and justly, like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt, and moreover, must expect to be shunned in society, and learn that reformation must begin at home.

Prior, Gay, and Pope are classed together in one lecture—a highly piquant and entertaining one, too. The ease and modern air of Mat Prior's lyrics are happily asserted, and Mat himself pronounced a world-philosopher of no small genius, good nature, and acumen. John Gay is a favourite, as in life, and enjoys a good place. Such a natural good creature, so kind, so gentle, so joocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others—lasy, slovenly, for ever eating and saying good things; a little, round, French *abbé* of a man, sleek, soft-handed and soft-hearted. Honest John's pastorals are said to be to poetry "what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture—graceful, minnikin, fantastic, with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribands to their crooks, and waistcoats, and boddices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbour of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot."

To Pope is freely conceded the greatest name on the lecturer's list—the highest among the poets, and among the English wits and humorists here assembled—the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen—the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men. Of course (and there is a warm compliment in this of course) Mr. Thackeray dwells admiringly on Pope's filial

devotion, on that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life. The closing lines of the "Dunciad" are quoted as reaching the very greatest height of the sublime in verse, and proving Pope to be "the equal of all poets of all times." But the satire of the "Dunciad" is charged, on the other hand, with generating and establishing among us "the Grub-street tradition;" and the "ruthless little tyrant," who revelled in base descriptions of poor men's want, is accused of contributing more than any man who ever lived to depreciate the literary calling. Grub-street, until Pope's feud with the Dunces, was a covert offence—he made it an overt one. "It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule," so that thenceforth the reading world associated together author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and gin, tripe, cowheel, duns, squalling children, and garret concomitants.

Smollett is assigned a place between Hogarth and Fielding, and is honourably entreated as a manly, kindly, honest, and irascible spirit; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune—of a character and fortune aptly symbolised by his crest, viz., a shattered oak-tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. Without much invention in his novels, but having the keenest perceptive faculty, and describing what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humour, and, indeed, giving to us in "Humphrey Clinker" the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began, and bequeathing to the world of readers, in the letters and loves of Tabitha Bramble and Win Jenkins, "a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well."

But here we must close these desultory notes, and commend our readers to the volume itself, if they have not forestalled such (in either case needless) commendation. They may stumble here and there—one at the estimate of Pope's poetical *status*, another at the panegyric on Addison, and some at the scanty acknowledgments awarded to Hogarth and to Sterne. But none will put down the book without a sense of growing respect for the head and the heart of its author, and a glad pride in him as one of the Representative Men of England's current literature.

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## TURKEY AND RUSSIA ; THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AND SYRIA.

In discussing the question of the oft-repeated aggressions of Russia on Turkey, and the renewal of which excites so much interest at the present moment, the fact should never be lost sight of, that in Turkey in Europe and in Turkey in Asia there are other nationalities besides those of the Turks—a semi-barbarian race of Muhammadans, who have been now for five centuries rather encamped than truly settled in the richest and most fertile, as well as commercially most advantageously situated, provinces of Europe—to the almost total exclusion of civilisation and Christianity.

In the case of the crumbling to pieces of the ill-constructed empire of Osman—a power now for a long time past confessedly upheld only by the rivalry of European powers—the distinctive features of the Christian races ought always to be first considered. The Tsar of Russia has no more right, under the pretence of protecting one of these Christian populations, to establish his dominion over the crumbling empire of the East, than France would have to do the same, under pretence of enforcing the dominion of the Pope, over the ancient churches of Jerusalem and of Antioch, the seven churches of Asia Minor, and the churches of Alexandria and Constantinople. The nationality of Servians, Bulgarians, Wallachians, Moldavians, Albanians, Armenians, Chaldeans, Druses, Maronites, Montenegrins, and a host of others, must be considered without reference to the predominance of one church, one denomination, or one hierarchy, be he pontiff or Cæsar.

It is in the presence of these nationalities that the different theories broached, of a division or partition of the vast realms of the Osmanli among European nations, stand in reality as mere political phantoms of the brain. Slavonia to Austria, the Danubian provinces and Persia to Russia, Asia Minor to Prussia, the African coast and part of Syria to France, Egypt and Mesopotamia to England, or other modifications we have seen proposed, sound well enough on paper as a solution to the great Eastern question, but they fail in not having any regard to the claims of the natives themselves. It were far wiser and more political on the part of European governments, to ensure the independence of the separate nationalities, than to endeavour to bring their discordant elements into fusion by foreign dominion. The states that would arise under such a common protectorate would possess that which the republics that were founded on the breaking up of the Spanish Empire in Central and Southern America never did possess—a thoroughly distinct religious and social existence, to which that of a political recognition is alone wanting to be superadded. It would in most instances only be the revival of the great nations of antiquity—the Assyrian, the Syrian, the Greek, the Armenian, the Macedonian, the Slavonian, the Bulgarian, and the Dacian.

If any provision should remain to be made by European nations in reference to the future progress and civilisation of the nations of the East, it would be to ensure, under a common guarantee, the advantages of railway communication and open sea and river navigation. We are particularly concerned in such an eventuality, but nothing also would tend so much to assist in the revival of the great nations of antiquity ; nothing would tend so beneficially to turn the teeming produce of the finest lands

in the world to useful purposes and the advantage of all people, as increasing the facilities of intercommunication; and it is a remarkable fact, that it would only require one great and central artery from Constantinople to Peking or Nankin, to open all Western, Central, and Eastern Asia to commerce and trade, and to the blessings of civilisation.

The necessity of upholding the integrity of the Turkish Empire, hitherto imposed upon the European powers by the ambitious aspirations of the Tsar, is the most gigantic humbug of the present century—a disgrace to Christianity. The Turks are incapable of real improvement, their faith is opposed to all intellectual aggrandisement or progress of any kind. Witness, for example, in the present crisis, they have openly appealed for aid to their Christian allies, while they have secretly and in greater sincerity aroused the bigotry and fanaticism of the Muhammadan populations, Egyptian, Syrian, Arab, Turkman, and Kurd. The Turkman horsemen are gathering together in their hordes of thousands of irregular and rapacious warriors. Everywhere they are letting loose the bloodhounds of Christianity. Paahas, dyed by crimes of deepest hue, are recalled from island banishment or dragged from dungeon depths to head the fanatic population; their bigotry and intolerance have now become virtues in the eyes of their terrified khalif. The terrible Badir Khan Bay, he who massacred the Nestorians—men, women, and children—and whose crimes have been so often denounced in these pages, has been permitted once more to put himself at the head of his fanatic mountaineers. Europeans must not misunderstand the nature of the feeling with which the Turks receive their succour and aid—it is as a sad necessity, but as a thing totally opposed to their feelings and sentiments, and at the best looked down upon with arrogance and contempt. Any one who is seduced by a gracious-smiling Turkish diplomatist to imagine the contrary, knows nothing of the Turkish character, still less of the true spirit of Islamism.

It is not to a partition of the Turkish Empire that Europe should direct its attention, but to the emancipation and protection of its Christian populations, not disregarding the rights of those of other denominations, whether Turks, Turkmans, Arabs, Kurds, Druses, or Albanians. If the Tsar will persist in over-running the rich and fertile territories that adjoin his own, and that are ruled by a decrepit power only upheld by foreign aid, the smouldering embers of war will never be extinguished, but will be ever ready to be fanned into a flame upon the most paltry and frivolous pretences, as in the present instance. It is, then, of the utmost importance to put a stop to such a perilous state of things; it cannot be done at once, but the seeds of a safe and promising future might be laid by inducing the autocrat of Russia to join in recognising the claims of all the Christian denominations, as well as those of the "Orthodox Eastern Church," and the rights of all the separate states which constitute the "integrity" of the Turkish Empire. Any aggressive movement that the Tsar might be forced to take by the obstinate perverseness of the Ottoman Porte (and the demands of the Russian government have in the present instance been far more reasonable than other nations in their dread of Russian aggrandisement have been ready to admit), as well as any sudden or accidental breaking up of the Ottoman government within its own territories, would be anticipated in a way to put an end to any possibility of a general war. For example,

the Russians may enter and occupy the cis-Danubian provinces for the fourth or fifth time—a feat of no great military importance, as their influence has been for a long time paramount there. It is unjust to the rest of Europe that these provinces should follow the fate of Bessarabia, and be united to an already overgrown European empire; it is particularly unjust to Austria, Hungary, and Servia, for, already occupying the mouths of the Danube, Russia would then command the whole lower course of the great artery of Central Europe. Yet Great Britain and France cannot easily interfere in any aggressive proceedings adopted in that quarter—Austria and Hungary could alone do so; but Austria will not—she is too insecure in her own possessions, and she owes Russia a debt for aiding her to bring Hungary under her sway, as she will also have the aid of Russia in the still disturbed Slavonian and Transylvanian frontier districts. The population of the cis-Danubian provinces, Moldavia and Wallachia, is peculiar: with a language made up partly of a Celtic source, with the Roman engrafted by conquest, these corrupt descendants of the antique Dacians still possess sufficient elements of civilisation and progress to form an independent Dacian or Roman government, under the protection of the European powers. Under such an arrangement there could be no excuse for wars, and the example set by the Romanic states would undoubtedly be soon followed. With Servia already independent, Bulgaria is far too mindful of its once distinguished race of independent sovereigns not to await with deep anxiety the moment of emancipation from Mussulman rule. So it would be with the other countries, the independence of which might be awaited for with all the calmness of a great pacific revolution; and the revival of many—nay, of most, comprising as they do some of the most ancient and most interesting populations on the face of the earth—could not but be hailed with applause by universal Christendom. The false position of Christianity towards Muhammadanism, originating in a real comedy of political errors, would then cease for ever, and with the rise of the Slavonian, Bulgarian, Greek, Armenian, and Assyrian kingdoms, Europe would hail the advent of a new era to those very countries which were the cradle of the human race, the birthplace of arts and science, the seat of all that is holy and beloved, and that have been so long lost to civilisation under the sway of a barbarous, an alien, and an unchristian power.

The occupation of the Danubian principalities by the Tsar can scarcely be considered as a *casus belli* by the Sultan, still less so by the allies. The treaty of Balta Liman, as well as that of Adrianople, provide that the troops of both powers should remain sufficiently near to the said principalities to re-enter immediately in case grave circumstances arising in the principalities should require the adoption of that measure. The Tsar can insist that the rejection of his ultimatum is a sufficiently grave circumstance to authorise the occupation of the principalities pending negotiations, which such a demonstration ostensibly influences. It has been argued that the demands made by the Tsar for a convention in favour of the Greek subjects of the Porte were a mere pretext for annexing the principalities to his own dominions. That he knew they would be refused, and that they were put forward cunningly to provoke refusal. This is absurd; the religious zeal of the Tsar is well known to be perfectly sincere; his interest in the "Orthodox Eastern Church"



has been constant and unceasing, and cannot be for a moment questioned; albeit it is made to serve political purposes. As to the principalities themselves, they were virtually his already: he could at any time have found excuse sufficient to authorise their occupation; as to their annexation, it is not yet shown that such is his intention. Such a proceeding would, indeed, be more hurtful to Austria than to Turkey, which has no steamers and little trade on the river.

On the other hand, it cannot for a moment be conceived that the Tsar has so far matured his projects as to be ready to go to war with all Europe for the annexation of Turkey, or the foundation of a Greek Slavonic Empire. This would be an imperial movement transcending all political foresight. Colossal as is the power of the Tsar, great as are his resources in men, backed by the wealth of the Ural, still a contest with all Europe could only end in the most signal discomfiture and disgrace. The two fleets of the Baltic and the Black Sea, strong in numbers and weight, and efficient in discipline, are yet not equal to the allied fleets that could be opposed to both. A diversion effected by landing some 50,000 or 100,000 men on the eastern coast of England or Scotland, or by embroiling Prussia or Austria in a quarrel with France on the banks of the Rhine, would increase disasters without affecting the results of such a desperate game. The resources even of Russia are far from inexhaustible; with trade crippled on all sides, even that great country would shortly stand in a very different position, and with the latent hostility of the serfs and nobles, such a position could not fail to be followed by internal dissensions and convulsions. Even the alliance of Austria would not enable the Tsar to triumph over the rest of Europe, and, as Napoleon is said to have predicted, make England and France tributary to the Cossacks. For Russia must conquer both before it can subject Turkey; and as for Austria, the seeds of revolution are so broad-cast over her widespread dominions, that it only requires the commencement of a general war for the breaking out of revolt in a dozen different quarters. There will, then, be no war; such a thing is quite out of the question. The Tsar may occupy the principalities, and overawe the Porte; new negotiations may be entered into; to avoid war England and France will make greater concessions; the Tsar will put his demands in another form, preserving the substance, altering the tone; there will be objections and further concessions; until at last the Tsar gains his object. This has been the history of every past political aggression of Russia on Turkey, and it will be the fate of this. The fault is in the European states not being prepared to meet these difficulties in a different way. "We are," as one Anglicanus wrote in the *Times*, "throwing the Greek Christians, unconsciously on our part—unwillingly on theirs—into the arms of Russia. They wish independence; they wish a Panhellenic union; they wish a free government. We, with our 'integrity of the Turkish empire' forbid it."

The author of a work now before us\* has been qualified by ten

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\* Mount Lebanon: a Ten Years' Residence from 1842 to 1852, describing the Manners, Customs, and Religion of its Inhabitants, and containing Historical Records of the Mountain Tribes, from personal intercourse with their Chiefs, and other Authentic Sources. By Colonel Churchill, Staff Officer on the British Expedition to Syria. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

long years' residence to take up the subject of the nationalities of Mount Lebanon—the much talked of, but not well understood, Druses and Maronites. The principles which have guided him in his inquiries have been of a practical and well-timed character. "As the time is probably fast approaching," Colonel Churchill remarks, "when Syria, instead of being merely the land of dreamy and luxurious travel, of exhilarating emotions, and fascinating, though transient, delights, will have to become one of sound practical legislation, of resuscitating institutions, of vigorous and comprehensive government." So he considers, "that whatever might tend to throw a light on the present, or antecedent existence of any portion of its population, would prove an acceptable addition to the general, though it must be confessed meagre stock of information, which the British public as yet possesses regarding that highly important country."

That the picture thus presented to us is gratifying cannot be conceded. We have most beautiful scenery, and one of the finest climates on the earth, pure and abundant waters, and a diversified and rich vegetation; but we have a population of hostile creeds, the Lebanon having been from time immemorial a sure and ready resort for the fugitives of one sect from the persecutions of another, in a country where forms of belief are as various as the configuration of the land, and as fast in growth as its rankest weeds. We have poverty in every shape united to the utmost religious pride and intolerance, as we have also pauperism carried on as a trade where there is not much real want.

There are two villages, Shenaneer and Murtaba, entirely colonised by professional mendicants. Living in their homes in comparative luxury, the men, at certain seasons in the year, assume the garb of beggars, and wander all over the country, but more particularly resorting to the towns, and solicit charity.

A Beyrout merchant once happened to alight at Murtaba, and was looking about for a night's lodging, when he was accosted by a respectable-looking and well-dressed individual, who kindly invited him to his house.

The general appearance of the apartments into which he was ushered, and the prompt and well-trained attendance of the domestics, gave assurance of the ease, and even affluence of their proprietor; and the traveller congratulated himself on his good fortune in having made so desirable an acquaintance.

At the close of the evening, the Maronite quietly asked his guest if he had not already recognised him—a question which naturally excited feelings of surprise and curiosity, and which were not quelled, until the traveller found, upon a minute examination of features, that his worthy host was the very identical mendicant to whom he had constantly been in the habit of giving a trifling relief, and whose greasy pallet he had often filled with the crusts and leavings of his kitchen.

The wealthy beggar, not in the least abashed, but rather glorying in his own voluntary exposure, asked his friend to step with him to an adjoining apartment, which, on being opened, was found to contain nearly one hundred bales of the finest silk.

The Maronites excuse themselves for this singular and unwarrantable imposture on the public, on the score of religion, and declare they should not be putting the seal and confirmation to their faith, unless they in this manner followed the example of our Lord, who went about from place to place depending for his means of existence on the voluntary contributions of the people.

The superstitions of the Maronites rival, for folly and credulity, those

of the most zealous Romanists of our own, or medieval times. In the chapel of the convent of St. George, near Haitat, for example, there is a picture of that warrior, with a little cup below it, into which the drops from the canvas are said gradually to distil. The Greek Christians greedily purchase this inestimable ichor, at any price which the officiating priest may demand for its medicinal properties.

But to say that the Christians of the Lebanon believe in the most rhapsodical stories about the marvellous interference of the whole company of saints in worldly affairs; that they burn lamps night and day, and offer up incense before their pictures, both in the public churches and in their private habitations; that they sacrifice an unlimited quantity of their hard-wrought earnings in votive and propitiatory presents and offerings to the various chapels and convents which the saints are supposed more especially to patronise; that they are, in fact, the unresisting dupes of priests, who are themselves dupes to the system of Christo-Paganism, which prevails over the mountain; it is but to say, in other words, that they are still under the yoke of a system of fraud and deception, which as wisely estranges them from the true consolations of the religion which they profess, as it robs Christianity itself of that moral influence which the sublime simplicity, and the noble and elevating tendency of her doctrine, if fairly put forth in all their heavenly purity, could not fail of commanding, even amongst populations to whom the Cross is still "a stumbling-block," and "its preaching foolishness."

Some American missionaries having proposed to themselves, two years ago, to pass the heats of summer in the mountain, they were thrust out of their house amidst the direst imprecations, and hurried away to the plains. So much for the tolerance of Christian sects in the East! The monks of St. Anthony, at Kushaya, drive a lucrative trade in exorcising demons by means of an iron dog-collar, in which the patient is made to sleep, and which St. Anthony himself unlooses in favourable cases. Others are thrust headlong into a wide, damp, dismal, subterranean cave, where they are pinioned down, with a heavy iron chain round the neck, to await an interview with the great antagonist of devils.

In the year 1755, a Maronite girl, Hendia by name, founded the convent of Kurhat, or Bekerke, celebrated for its iniquities, which were discovered by an incident of a romantic character.

A factor, travelling from Damascus to Beyrout in the summer, was overtaken by night near this convent; the gates were shut, the hour unseasonable, and as he did not wish to give any trouble, he contented himself with a bed of straw, and laid himself down in the outer court, waiting the return of the day. He had only slept a few hours, when a sudden noise of doors and bolts awoke him.

From one of the doors came out three women with spades and shovels in their hands, who were followed by two men, bearing a long white bundle, which appeared very heavy. They proceeded towards an adjoining piece of ground, full of stones and rubbish, where the men deposited their load, dug a hole into which they put it, and covering it with earth, trod it down with their feet; after which they all returned to the house. The sight of men with nuns, and this bundle thus mysteriously buried by night, could not but furnish matter of reflection to the traveller. Astonishment at first kept him silent, but to this, anxiety and fear soon succeeded; he therefore hastily set off for Beyrout at break of day.

In this town he was acquainted with a merchant, who some months before had placed two of his daughters at Bekerke, with a portion of about four hundred pounds. He went in search of him, still hesitating, yet burning with impatience to relate his adventure.

They seated themselves cross-legged, the long pipe was lighted and coffee brought. The merchant then proceeded to inquire of his visitor concerning his journey, who answered, he had passed the night near Bekerke. This produced fresh questions, to which he replied by further particulars, and at length, no longer able to contain himself, whispered to his host what he had seen. The merchant was greatly surprised; the circumstance of burying the bundle alarmed him, and the more he considered it, the more his uneasiness increased. He knew that one of his daughters was ill, and could not but remark that a great many nuns had died.

Tormented with these thoughts, he knows not how either to admit or reject the dismal suspicions they occasion; he mounts his horse, and, accompanied by a friend, they repair together to the convent, where he asks to see his daughters. He is told they are sick; he insists they shall be brought to him; this is angrily refused, and the more he persists the more peremptory is the refusal, till his suspicions are converted into certainty. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he went to Deir el Kammar, and laid all the circumstances before the Kehîé of the Emir Yoosuf Shehaab. The Kehîé was greatly astonished, and ordered a body of horse to accompany him, and if refused admission to force the convent.

The Kadi took part with the merchant, and the affair was referred to the law; the ground where the bundle had been buried was opened, and a dead body found, which the unhappy father discovered to be that of his youngest daughter; the other was found confined in the convent, and almost dead. She revealed a scene of such abominable wickedness as makes human nature shudder, and to which she, like her sister, was about to fall a victim.

The pretended saint being seized, acted her part with firmness, and a prosecution was commenced against the priests and the patriarch. The affair was referred to Rome in 1766, and the society "De Propaganda," on examination, discovered the most infamous scenes of debauchery, and the most horrid cruelties. It was proved that Hendia procured the death of the nuns; some to get possession of their property, and others because they would not comply with her desires; that this infamous woman not only communicated, but even consecrated the host and said mass; that she had holes under her bed by which perfumes were introduced at the moment she pretended to be in ecstasy, and under the influence of the Holy Ghost; that she had a faction who cried her up and published that she was the Mother of God returned upon earth, and a thousand other extravagancies.

The principal scholastic establishment among the Maronites is kept by French Lazarists. The chief embellishment of this school is a representation of the Virgin appearing to a nun. The latter is kneeling in a chapel; the Virgin is seen over the altar, with arms extending downwards, and rays of light emanating from the fingers of her open hands. Underneath is written, "These rays are the symbol of grace which Mary obtains for mankind, and the point of the globe where they fall in more abundance than on any other is France!"

So much for the benign enlightenment diffused by the Latin Church among the descendants of the oldest nations of the world; nations that still possess some of the great mystical secrets of antiquity, as Warburton propounded of mesmerism as practised by the Egyptian Arabs, and as Colonel Churchill has shown with regard to the supposed American discovery of table moving, a phenomenon which has evidently, from the following extract, been long familiar to the learned in the East:

Sheik Bechir is one of the best informed of the Druse Sheiks, and has acquired a store of history and literature, which makes his conversation in every way superior. He has, for some years, devoted his time, singular as it.

may appear, to the cultivation of magic, and the stories he relates of his interviews with immaterial beings are novel and startling.

At times he will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, when, after the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, it will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of the holders. A stick, at his bidding, will proceed unaided from one end of a room to the other. A New Testament, suspended to a key by a piece of string, will in the same way turn violently round of itself. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one being empty the other filled with water, the empty jar will, on the recital of certain passages, move across the room; the jar full of water will rise of itself on the approach of its companion, and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the same manner that it came. An egg boiling in the saucepan will be seen to spring suddenly out of the water and be carried to a considerable distance. A double-locked door will unlock itself. There cannot be a doubt that an unseen influence of some kind is called into operation, but of what nature those may conjecture who like to speculate upon such matters.

The claims to precedence at the Holy Sepulchre of the Greek, or, as the Russians term it, the "Orthodox Eastern Church," over the Latin Church, revived in the present day, and upheld by force of arms, presents a singular picture of ever-recurring causes and effects. We are transported back in a moment to the scene of early strife and animosities amongst even the first followers of Christ, while the struggle on the part of the Tsar of Muscovy, as spiritual as well as temporal head of the Russo-Greek Church, to establish his supremacy over the whole Oriental Church, whether Syrian, Greek, Armenian, Chaldean, Jacobite, or Latin, presents a more formidable front than did ever schism between Greek and Roman bishops; the power and means at the command of the new hierarchy of the nineteenth century exceeding aught presented to us by a Boniface or a Gregory, when, some three centuries after the dignity of a bishop of Rome had been acknowledged by a First General Council to be equal to that of other Christian bishops, the successors of St. Peter set, a similar example of anti-Christian arrogance and assumption in battling for dominion over all the Churches of the world.

That the Tsar, as the existing great political power of the East, should assert the claims to supremacy of the Greek Church, is not to be wondered at. Let its history and antiquity be compared with that of the Latin Church; let its fathers be brought to mind, and where they taught—in all the primitive Holy Places of the religion of Christ—and the strength of the claim will be felt to be incontestable. But to establish upon that claim a right to protect or assimilate the whole Greek Church, whether Turkish, Syrian, or Hellenic, with his own, is an act of politico-theological ambition for which we can only find parallels in the history of the past.

In the circular note addressed by Count Nesselrode to the ministers and diplomatic agents of the Tsar, that minister says:

You are sufficiently aware of the policy of the Emperor to know that his Majesty does not aim at the ruin and destruction of the Ottoman Empire, which he himself on two occasions has saved from dissolution, but that, on the contrary, he has always regarded the existing *statu quo* as the best possible combination to interpose between all the European interests, which would necessarily clash in the East if a void were actually declared; and that, as far

as regards the protection of the Russo-Greek religion in Turkey, we have no necessity, in order to secure its interests, of any other rights than those which are already secured to us by our treaties, our position, and the religious sympathy which exists between 50,000,000 Russians of the Greek persuasion and the great majority of the Christian subjects of the Sultan—influence immemorial and inevitable, because it exists in facts, and not in words—influence which the Emperor found existing in full force when he ascended the throne, and which he cannot—out of deference to the unjust suspicions which it awakens—renounce without giving up the glorious inheritance of his august predecessors.

This open declaration of a political and religious influence, founded on *position* primarily, and religious sympathy secondarily, and handed down hereditarily from Tsar to Tsar, is the most serious feature in the Turko-Russian embroilment. The Tsar is made in the same breath to disavow aiming at territorial aggrandisement, or the ruin and destruction of the Ottoman Empire, and yet to assert his glorious inheritance of political and religious influence over the greater number of the Sultan's subjects in Turkey in Europe. All history tells us how closely war follows upon the track of religious fanaticism.

Resolute, in the face of whatever suspicions may be awakened, not to renounce "the glorious inheritance of his august predecessors," the Tsar is prepared, in the words of his minister, "to think of the means of obtaining, by a more decisive attitude, the satisfaction which he has in vain sought to obtain by *peaceable* means." The decisive attitude is here contrasted with peace. It is in vain that the Sultan issues at the same time an edict granting immunities to his Christian subjects generally, equal, if not superior, to those demanded in the ultimatum of Prince Menschikoff. Such an act of toleration is disregarded by the Tsar. The real question lies in the rivalry of the Greek and Latin Churches. The Tsar is, in reality, more irate at the "evident partiality of the Porte for the Latins," and "the delivery to the Latin patriarch of the key of the principal church at Bethlehem," than at all the breaches of faith and infringements of treaties on the part of the Porte; and he is not prepared to receive in the spirit of friendliness any edict that provides for immunities and privileges to the Latin and other Christian Churches similar to what are demanded for the "Orthodox Eastern Church." Hence the real danger of war, and hence the false position of Great Britain, which, in combating for an imaginary integrity of a Mussulman Empire, is in reality fighting the battle of the Latin Church, and acting in hostility to the true interests of the Eastern Christians generally.

If we turn to the pages of Gibbon—a writer so unbiassed on religious questions as to have been stigmatised as worse than latitudinarian by the ultras of all parties—we shall find that the aversion of the Greeks for the Latins has been visible and conspicuous from the earliest periods. "In every age," says this cynical but truthful historian, "the Greeks were proud of their superiority in profane and religious knowledge. They had first received the light of Christianity; they had pronounced the decrees of the seven general councils; they alone possessed the language of Scripture and philosophy; nor should the barbarians, immersed in the darkness of the West, presume to argue on the high and mysterious questions of theological science."

This aversion of the Greeks and Latins was nourished and increased,

instead of being allayed by the three first expeditions to the Holy Land, while in Europe the same aversion was fanned by the struggle for supremacy between the two Churches, and the practice of that mutual intolerance so inconsistent with the dogmas of the faith they pretend to uphold. "The tradition," says Mr. Spencer, speaking of the Slavonian mountaineers, "transmitted from father to son, of the same persecutions they suffered from the intolerance of the Latin Church, is still preserved, and the same deadly hatred exists now as formerly. Consequently no other creed is regarded with such abhorrence as the Latin. Whether we commune with the simple mountaineer, or the more enlightened denizen of the town, we unhappily find them all entertaining the same want of charity, the same aversion. The churches of the rival creed, ornamented with statues, are condemned as temples of idolatry, the service of the mass as a drama acted by the clergy, forgetting that while they forbid the homage to the graven image, they render to their own painted saints a reverence equal to any offered by the most ignorant and bigoted Roman Catholic to his miracle-working image." That this ancient and enduring hostility of the two Churches tends to throw the Greek Church of Greece, and of the provinces of European Turkey, more or less under the influence of the Tsar, there is no doubt, and Russia takes every means of increasing the *prestige* by subsidies to native chiefs, dotations to churches, and presents and favours of all descriptions to priests and elders; but still the predominant sentiment is firmly fixed on the Patriarch of Constantinople, who is regarded as the true head of the Church. The possession of Constantinople by the Tsar might give greater weight to his politico-religious aspirations, but the Greek Church without his empire is no more ready to accede to his religious supremacy than the various populations who have embraced that faith, with a certain political emancipation before them, are prepared to hand over their personal liberties to the tender mercies of an autocrat of serfs.

The sanctity of certain places in Syria, consecrated by the memory of events of the deepest interest to the follower of the Messiah, as well as to the Jew, has given to that country a religious prominence from all times, and to no one of these places has greater importance been attached than to the tomb of our Lord. From the day when the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was founded, to the present time, on each anniversary of the Saviour's death, crowds of anxious and zealous pilgrims flock to the sacred shrine, fondly believing that each object they see around them is hallowed by the Saviour's touch; that here exist the evidences of all that they have once been taught; that to stand within the Holy Sepulchre is to be in communion with their God; and thinking that not to have seen Jerusalem, they had almost not known the Lord.

The religious tolerance of the Muhammadans, not unmingled with contempt, opened the approach of the Holy Sepulchre to Christians of all denominations, but aware of the dangerous hostility of sectarians, the time for worship was appointed not to be the same. Thus, during the Holy Week, the Roman Catholics represent on the anniversary of the Crucifixion of Christ the various events that preceded and followed that tragedy in extraordinary scenic style. An image of the full size of a man, crowned with thorns and nailed to a cross, is borne at the head of a long train of ecclesiastics, monks, and pilgrims, to a succession of sanc-

tuaries, built according to tradition, upon the spots rendered holy by the transactions which the altars commemorate—to the Altar of Flagellation—of the Prison—of the Division of Christ's Garments—and, finally, to Calvary, where the cross is erected with the image affixed to it; and after due time has elapsed, the body is taken down, embalmed, and deposited in the Sepulchre. Religious services are performed appropriate to the several parts of this drama—prayers, sermons, and chanting; the torches are extinguished, to represent the darkness which was “over all the land;” and the well-trained monastics sustain every change of the exhibition with the looks, gestures, sobs, and groans, adapted to give it the greatest effect.

The Resurrection is celebrated by the Greeks—the Armenians, Copts, and native Christians taking part in the services. Upon this occasion a gross and palpable fraud is practised upon the ignorant, to the disgrace of Christianity. A fire is pretended to be miraculously kindled within the Holy Sepulchre, whilst the crowds of spectators, provided with torches, wax candles, and tapers, rush with frantic eagerness to light them at the celestial flame. The confusion and tumult that ensue at this anniversary are indescribable, and the Turkish police are on the alert to restore order, by the usual expedient of beating the people over the head and shoulders with fists and clubs. But such measures do not always prevent accidents; and the Hon. Robert Curzon describes, in his “Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant” (1849, p. 215), one of perhaps the most extraordinary scenes that ever occurred in the Holy Sepulchre, in which he had to make his way out trampling on dead bodies, black with suffocation, in which he was engaged in a life-struggle with an Egyptian colonel, from which the latter never rose; in which “the soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets;” in which all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest, and in which Ibrahim Pasha himself, who fainted more than once in the struggle, was only rescued by his attendants cutting a way for him with their swords through the dense ranks of the frantic pilgrims.

Such are the scenes enacted at “the Sepulchre of that Man,” as our Saviour is called in the Talmud, and which is spoken of by Benjamin of Tudela, as being on a spot anciently appropriated to the execution of malefactors, and, as old Maundrell has it, “shut out of the walls of the city, as an execrable and polluted place.” The same miracle which Bernard the Wise describes as “an angel coming down and lighting the lamps,” was also, it may be observed, the cause of the persecution of the Christians in the Holy City, and of the destruction of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, by the Khalif Hakem, in A.D. 1008 or 1010.

“What a disgrace to Christendom,” exclaims a recent writer, “that a Turkish Pasha should feel it requisite to address the following exhortation to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Christians of Jerusalem! ‘Seeing the anniversary of your Founder's death draws nigh, when pilgrims from all parts of the world are expected, I entreat you to live peaceably and harmoniously together, and approve yourself as worthy examples to the various sheep which come under your care. I summoned



you on purpose to this place, that this tomb—which, you say, once contained the body of your Lord and Master—may testify against you. Jesus, the son of Mary, enjoined peace upon all his followers. Follow ye, therefore, the path He appointed you.”

After referring to the protection afforded by the Turks to the Christians at the Holy Sepulchre, Neibuhr justly remarked: “Were Jerusalem in the hands of the Christians, they would probably not allow the members of other communions to practise openly their religious rites. Indeed, this is attested both by the history of the past and the example of the present. The Holy Places have once more in our own day become the theatre of political intrigue and of political ambition, disguised under the flimsy veil of religious equality. It has been but too justly remarked, that if Russia be allowed to extend her ‘protection’ to the Christian population of the Asiatic portion of the Mussulman dominions, as Austria has succeeded in doing in the west, these vast countries, which by the liberal policy of the Ottoman Sultan, now afford free religious opinion to the native Christians, will render them irrevocably subject to the despotic yoke of Mariolatry; the rapidly increasing and important body of Armenian Protestants, lately emancipated by the Turk, and put upon an equality with the other Churches, will again be brought into subjection to the Armenian patriarch, and all hope of effecting the conversion of the Mussulman, by the exhibition of the moral influence of Protestantism, will be destroyed. If the papacy of Rome and the hierarchy of Russia be allowed to divide among themselves the countries of the East, our newly-founded Church of Jerusalem will be rooted up, and her bishop, and clergy, and missionaries sent out of the country.” We have only to read the reports of missionaries in these countries to perceive the truth of this fact. “In the Turkish Empire may the missionary enter at every point, and labour among them with no Turkish ruler disposed to hinder him so doing. Only from the Christians may opposition be expected to originate.”—(Smith and Dwight, “*Miss. Res. in Armenia*, 1834,” p. 460.) In 1821 and 1822 the Rev. Mr. Blythe, of the Scottish mission, laboured among the Caucasians, and was listened to with great interest, but the Russian government ordered him away, upon the principle, that where the Established Church has begun to baptise it allows no other denomination to establish a mission. The Russian mission, which succeeded, were once driven from the country by the provoked natives. An ukasse, bearing date July 5th, 1835, prohibits all missionaries, dissenting from the Greek Church, from exercising their calling in Russia. The hostility, indeed, of the Russo-Greek Church to all other denominations of Christians is manifest in the revived struggle for supremacy at the Holy Sepulchre, and for “protection” throughout the Turkish dominions in Asia; it attests that what others have averred of former times holds true in the present day, that but for Muhammadan rule at Jerusalem only one denomination of Christians would insist on ruling there, and religious feuds and wars would be inevitable.

“Could such crimes, such contentions and quarrellings, such lies and carnality be possible,” inquires Tobler, the able author of “*Golgotha*,” “in this church of the sepulchre, if the edifice really stood upon the spot where Christ was crucified and buried?”

And this leads to the inquiry whether, after all, the monument to which such fierce and unchristian-like rivalry attaches itself, that the form in which its cupola should be repaired has with the precedency of the Greeks over the Latins in the grotto of Gethsemane, the possession of the key of the church of Bethlehem, and the *status quo* of the Muhammadan star placed over the Altar of the Nativity, become sparks to light up a general war, is a real memorial of the event that it assumes to record? In such an inquiry we must hold in mind, in the words of Dr. Robinson, that for the lapse of more than fifteen centuries Jerusalem has been the abode, not only of mistaken piety, but also of credulous superstition, not unmingled with pious fraud. During the second and third centuries after the Christian era, the city remained under heathen sway; and the Christian Church existed there, if at all, only by sufferance. But when, in the beginning of the fourth century, Christianity became triumphant in the person of Constantine; and at his instigation, aided by the presence and zeal of his mother Helena, the first great attempt was made, in A.D. 326, to fix and beautify the places connected with the crucifixion and resurrection of the Saviour; it then, almost as a matter of course, became a passion among the multitudes of priests and monks, who afterwards resorted to the Holy City, to trace out and assign the site of every event, however trivial or legendary, which could be brought into connexion with the Scriptures or with pious tradition. The fourth century appears to have been particularly fruitful in the fixing of these localities, and in the dressing out of the traditions, or rather legends, which were attached to them. But the invention of succeeding ages continued to build upon these foundations, until, in the seventh century, the Muhammadan conquest and subsequent oppressions confined the attention of the Church more exclusively to the circumstances of her present distress, and drew off in part the minds of the clergy and monks from the contemplation and embellishment of Scripture history. Thus the fabric of tradition was left to become stationary as to its main points; in much the same condition, indeed, in which it has come down to our day. The more fervid zeal of the ages of the Crusades only filled out and completed the fabric in minor particulars. Some few minor legends, such as those relating to the place where Peter's cock crew, the houses of the Rich Man and Lazarus, and the Via Dolorosa, were got up since the time of the Crusades.

Under such circumstances of antiquity, of tradition, and infinite awe for the sanctity of the spot, we cannot wonder at the wrathful feelings which its first calling into question would excite. Yet such questionings may be said to have existed so long as to be almost coeval with the tradition. As early as 1600, we find Pope Gregory implying the difficulty of the site. So, too, other writers in the subsequent centuries. Monconys, in 1647, speaking of the Gate of Judgment, so called, says it is the gate by which Jesus Christ went to Calvary; if so, it ought to be outside the city; which is difficult to conceive, for at present it is in the middle, although the town is now much smaller than it was then. In modern times Mr. Cox Dautrey, in a paper read before the Syro-Egyptian Society, adduced the same in corroboration of other arguments, for the site of Golgotha being at some distance from the present city.

These, however, were rather objections which an obedient son of the  
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Church would easily gulp down, rather than serious difficulties. The first determined charge was made by Korte, a Saxon schoolmaster, in 1741, the dream of whose whole life had been to visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land.\*

Among other objections which the veteran pilgrim adduces, are those of population. He asks how the city, restricted in the manner insisted on by the advocates of the sepulchre, could have contained the population specified by ancient historians; and this, in a land where the houses are seldom of two stories in height? Impolicy: How could the Jews have built their wall in a situation by which the city would be exposed to the superior position of Mount Calvary, while the western valley was so near to them? Want of correspondence with Scripture: The Evangelists say nothing of Golgotha being on a mount, but rather lead us to infer that it was in a valley; and Probability of Deception: He objects the frequent recourse to rocks and caves. Indents in the rock are pointed out as caused by Stephen when he fell; and impressions in the rock are shown at Gethsemane, as proceeding from the feet and hands and one knee of the Saviour.

Korte's unacquaintance with the dead languages deprived him of the power of following up the deliberate convictions at which he had arrived; to supply which defect, Plessing, another German writer, resolved to strengthen and support his arguments, to set them in a stronger light, and to supply what the want of reading had denied him. Plessing strengthened the arguments of "the worthy Korte," more particularly by insisting upon Golgotha having been the place of public execution, answering to the Sestertium of Rome; by showing that the place of Christ's burial was held in no esteem by the Apostles and early Christians; that the finding of the Holy Sepulchre was a matter of worldly polity, and by other objections to the received tradition, among which the destruction of the city by Hadrian and the forgery of the cross.

The first in this country to question the reality of the Holy Sepulchre was the learned traveller, Dr. Edward Clarke. The doctor is, however, now known to have gone too far in his scepticism. Overwhelmed with the conviction that the traditions referring to the Holy Sepulchre were monkish fables, he was content to take nothing upon trust, and extended his disbelief to other portions of the city as to Mount Zion, respecting which there can be no doubt. He was ably answered in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1813, in an article generally attributed to Bishop Heber.

The most decisive blow to perhaps the greatest of all superstitions upheld by Christianity, may, however, be said to have been dealt by the Americans, Dr. Robinson and the Rev. Eli Smith, whose work, "*Researches in Palestine*," before alluded to, is justly considered to be the most authentic, impartial, and compendious account of the Holy Land yet published. These two able Biblical scholars proceeded to examine the "sacred places" of the Holy City by confronting the traditions and legends connected with them with the unimpeachable testimony of the

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\* See an able article "On the True Site of Calvary," in the *Museum of Classical Antiquities*.

Bible, the lamp of history, and the light of reason. Not only did they state their conviction that the church of the Holy Sepulchre did not represent the place of Christ's burial, but they supported their argument with topographical proofs as new as they were unexpected.

Dr. Robinson concludes the consideration of this question by observing :

Thus, in every view which I have been able to take of the question, both topographical and historical, whether on the spot or in the closet, and in spite of all my previous prepossessions, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion, that the Golgotha and the tomb now shown in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, are not upon the real places of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. The alleged discovery of them by the aged and credulous Helena, like her discovery of the cross, may not improbably have been the work of pious fraud. It would perhaps not be doing injustice to the bishop Macarius and his clergy, if we regard the whole as a well laid and successful plan for restoring to Jerusalem its former consideration, and elevating his see to a higher degree of influence and dignity.

Another circumstance also engaged their attention ; Cesarea was at this time the metropolitan see of Palestine ; and that of Jerusalem, which formerly had sunk so low, was now pressing its claims and striving to regain its ancient pre-eminence. Even so early as at the Council of Nicæa in 325, its claims had been presented ; and they were then acknowledged and affirmed, saving, however, the dignity of the metropolitan see. *It is worthy of notice, that the discovery of the sepulchre took place the very next year.*

The totally fatal effect of this last blow was attempted to be averted by the Rev. J. H. Newman, who, in his "Essay on Miracles," asserted that "the greater part of the miracles of Revelation are as little evidence for Revelation at this day, as the miracles of the Church are evidence for the Church," i. e., that the miracles of the Bible have equal, but no more credibility, than the miracles of the Church. Of these, he asserts nine to be fully conclusive in his mind, the fifth of which is that of the discovery of the Holy Cross by Helena. Mr. Newman, who is a believer in the miracles of the middle ages, accuses Dr. Robinson with fixing upon the Fathers and Church of the fourth century the imputation of deliberate imposture, and that for selfish ends. "It stands to reason," he adds, "which party is *more likely* to be right in a question of topographical fact, men who lived three hundred years after it, and on the spot, or those who live in 1800, and at the antipodes." We can scarcely credit our senses when we read so silly an argument brought forward to support so serious a subject. "The reality of our Lord's tomb was," says Mr. Newman, "attested by a miracle ; and Eusebius alludes to the occurrence of miracles at the Sepulchre. Nay, the very fact that a beam of wood should be found *undecayed* after so long a continuance in the earth, would, in most cases, be a miracle." This is about as philosophical a view of the subject as that entertained by some of our modern superficial writers, as by the author of "Nozrani in Egypt and Syria," who says, "If this is what we wish to believe, we may believe it." The same sentiment is expressed in nearly similar terms in Leeman, "Palästina," and in Ida Hahn Hahn, "Letters of a German Countess." Chateaubriand propounds, in a true poetic spirit, that "Le seul moyen de voir un pays tel qu'il est, c'est de le voir avec ses traditions et ses souvenirs." Prokesch consoles himself by saying, "I will not allow myself

to be led into a controversy on the identity of the Holy Places. Faith here is the most essential ; and a few ells to the right or left are of no consequence." Von Raumer confesses : " Were I even fully persuaded that the true sepulchre were a quarter, or half a mile from the present site—it can hardly be more—I would kneel down in entreaty to the objector, but not take him by the shoulder, and would say, ' You are mistaken, this is not the site.' " Another writer gets over the difficulty by affirming of Macarius and his colleagues, " Je répondrai, qu'ils étaient dirigés par l'Esprit de Dieu ; " while another asserts that " there is one passage of Scripture, and it is one of the most important in the New Testament, which explains this whole mystery, and proves the miracle beyond dispute : ' The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall tell you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance which I have said unto you.' " Another writer is quite touching upon the miseries to be entailed by scepticism and disbelief. " In wandering," he writes, " into the pathless and desolate wilderness of doubt, never more will the lips of the wearied pilgrim be refreshed with the living fountain, never more will his sight be gladdened by the palm-tree of joy."

Dr. Robinson answered Mr. Newman's objections in his "*Bibliotheca Sacra* ;" and after accusing the reverend gentleman of *suppressio veri* and of *suggestio falsi*, he adds : " Indeed, I can hardly expect to find my own views subjected to a severer scrutiny by any future antagonist more able, nor probably by any one more disingenuous."

The learned doctor was, however, mistaken. The Rev. George Williams, who accompanied the late lamented Bishop of Jerusalem to his see, as chaplain, embraced that opportunity of, as he hoped, exposing the fallacy of a work, the ill-disguised object of which he averred to be to bring discredit on the early local traditions of Palestine, so as ultimately to involve the venerable Fathers of the Church in the charge of dishonesty, or unaccountable ignorance.

My only desire (he says) is to act as a humble man-at-arms in the attempt to " tear from the unbelievers the precious Tomb of the Captain of our Salvation," and in common with all engaged in the " Holy War," I must feel grateful to a generous adversary for placing me under such a glorious banner, thereby, I trust unwittingly, arraying himself with the disciples of the Koran and the Crescent, the avowed enemies not of the Sepulchre alone, but of the Holy Church Catholic.

It is necessary to understand the principles by which Mr. Williams is actuated as an author, to know that he is an advocate of the Catholic Church and a supporter of the prescriptive rights and dignities of the priesthood, and he was prepared to give credence to all the one-thousand-and-one fabulous traditions of the Holy Land that have accumulated since the crucifixion, even to the tree that caught Abraham's ram by the horns. He describes himself as having felt it a pleasure to sojourn, and a privilege to suffer in the house of Saint Veronica. He believes the Greek Church to have been remodelled after the pattern of the primitive and purest ages of Christianity, and deprecates any interference with that Church which might tend to a schismatical separation from those who are " over them in the Lord."

A reviewer of Mr. Williams's work, in the *Dublin University Maga-*

zine, quoted the testimony of Bishop Arculf, who travelled towards 700, and some account of whose travels are given in Mr. Wright's "Early Travels in Palestine," to the effect that even the Holy Sepulchre, as described by his penman, Adamnanus, Abbot of Iona, was not the same as that for which the title of Holy Sepulchre is now contested. The cave visited by Bishop Arculf was round; the existing one is square; it was a circle of about twelve feet in diameter, and could hold nine persons; the existing Holy Sepulchre is, according to our friend Mr. Scoles, an unquestionable authority, 6 feet 8 inches by 6 feet 1 inch, and it can only hold five persons. The present sepulchre is open at top, Arculf's was arched; it is of grey limestone, Arculf's was of mottled stone, red and white. It bears from Calvary north-west; Macarius's sepulchre, as shown on Arculf's plan, bears due west. Every circumstance, says the reviewer, shows it to be supposititious—a forgery of a forgery, fabricated in an impossible place.

Two years after the publication of the Rev. Mr. Williams's "Holy City"—that is to say, in 1847—appeared "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem, by James Fergusson, F.R.A.S."—a gentleman eminent in art, and who does not content himself with showing that the present church of the Holy Sepulchre is not the true one, but attempts to show that the rock Sakhra—the dome of the rock—in the Mosque of Omar, enjoys that enviable distinction. Mr. Fergusson is very strong in his architectural portion of his argument. He attests satisfactorily that, whoever it was built for, the dome of the rock was evidently built by Christian workmen, however it might subsequently have been encrusted with Saracenic detail; but we must refer those interested in the inquiry to the original work, illustrated as it is by beautiful drawings of Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Arundale, and for the objections that exist to the proposed site, to the *Museum of Classical Antiquities*.

Mr. Fergusson's Essay was answered in a second edition of Mr. Williams's book, wherein that gentleman, still declaiming against the *un-Catholicity* of all who differed with him, associated Professor Willis to his labours; and the professor endeavoured to dispose of the argument derived from the non-identity of the Holy Sepulchre visited by Bishop Arculf, and that which is the object of pious pilgrimages and impious contests in the present day, by arguing that the bishop described the outer portion of the rock, and not the cave within! Truly, it is only in matters in which religious prejudices are concerned that reason and science are prostituted to uphold error.

Such is the state of the question as to the authenticity of a Holy Place, for the possession of which, and even for the form in which its cupola is to be repaired, Christian nations are actually on the verge of war, in our mis-called days of enlightenment. There is scarcely an argument in its favour; there is Scriptural evidence combined with all the facts of the case—historical, archæological, and topographical—against it. It is a pompous piece of priestly imposition..

## THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

## AN UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN the year 1821, during a tour I was making in the north of Germany, an accident introduced me to a clergyman, who invited me to spend a few days with him in the country. The second day of my stay was to be devoted to an excursion in the neighbouring mountains, whence a glorious view could be enjoyed of the Frische Haff and the littoral of Pomerania.

We had, however, scarce quitted the rectory, when my new friend attracted my attention to an old man who was sitting on the root of a tree, and smoking his pipe with apparently the greatest contentment, while his geese were feeding on the grassy borders of the wide village street.

"Look there," the clergyman said; "that old man is the only living witness of a trait of iron justice in the life of Frederick the Great which but very few are acquainted with. Halloh! Father Frank, do you remember bringing the baron home from Stettin?"

"How could I forget it," the old man replied, as he doffed his cap reverentially; "I was a young fellow of about twenty-five at the time."

"Did he swear at all?" my friend asked further.

"I should think so," the old man said with a laugh; "he raved furiously the whole distance, especially when the carriage drove over the pine-roots on the heath."

"Yes," my friend replied, "you may laugh now, Father Frank, but in truth you ought to have shared the baron's punishment, for I can never forgive you for helping to carry my poor predecessor out of his house in his dying moments, and placing him in the glaring sunshine."

"I was forced to do so," the old man answered; and as he pointed with his staff to a neighbouring garden, he continued: "The baron was standing behind that walnut-tree with his telescope, and if we had not placed the old gentleman on the exact spot he ordered, he would have beaten us to death. Still I shall feel sorry for it as long as I live, and cannot look at the spot without sighing. His chair was just at the very place where you are now standing, and there he died within a quarter of an hour."

The reader may fancy that these remarks caused me to feel considerable curiosity, and we had scarce left the old man, when I begged the rector to tell me the story. He did so in the following terms:

The Baron von L——, of whom our old friend was talking, was formerly owner of this estate, and a favourite of Frederick the Great. The nearer circumstances of his introduction to the king are sufficiently remarkable to induce me to mention them. Frederick had come to inspect a morass that had been lately drained by the baron, and while waiting for fresh horses at P——, he talked with the land-agent, and as he saw some gentlemen in military uniform at a little distance, he asked him, "Where have those gentlemen served?"

The agent, who knew that the king liked a quick and ready answer,

replied, with a deep bow, "In your majesty's army;" to which the king rejoined, with equal quickness,

"Sheephead! I am well aware that they have not served as labourers on your estate. But where is the baron?"

The latter, however, had been delayed, and arrived just as the king was asking for him, in such a hurry that the coachman drove against a tombstone, which had been brought the day before for the grave of a lately deceased clergyman, and had been placed temporarily by the side of the road. The carriage was overturned, and the baron as well: a terrible prognostic, for he was fated to owe his ruin to the tombstone of a clergyman, though it did not occur on this occasion. On the contrary, he managed to acquire the king's favour in such a degree, that his majesty was continually sending for him to be present at the reviews in Stargardt, and eventually invested him with the then highly distinguished order, "*Pour le Mérite*."

Through this, however, the baron's arrogance waxed incredibly. He was not merely a tyrant whom every one in the neighbourhood feared because they knew the favour in which he stood with the king, but a still greater tyrant to all the clergy. For while he usually called the landed gentry, when speaking about them, "uncultivated clods," he also, after the fashion of the great king, termed the clergy "unreasoning brutes," and displayed his enlightenment on every occasion in a manner as ridiculous as it was insulting: for education and respect could not be counted among our baron's virtues.

But of all the clergymen, his own, Thilo by name, my poor predecessor, fared the worst. He was an old man, modest in the highest degree, and put up with anything from his patron. His only daughter, Sophie, was, however, one of the most energetic women I ever saw, and even at the advanced age when I first formed her acquaintance, bore evident traces of her former beauty.

She was attached to the son of the royal forester Weiher, who lived in S—, and used to visit the old pastor when he came to church. The affair was, however, not known for a long while, as Sophie always received the young fellow's ardent declarations of love with great though pretended coolness. Besides, the young man was nothing, and had nothing, and it was very doubtful whether he would succeed his father in the forestry. Such being the case, there was little to be done in those days, and it is much the same now. But it is equally true that a lover never did, and never will, trouble himself about such paltry details. It was the same with our Fritz. On one occasion, when he had brought the old pastor, or rather his daughter, a brace of wild duck, and the latter gave him a rose in return, for she had nothing else to offer, Fritz regarded it as a declaration of her love, and begged her to give him her hand and heart. The sensible girl naturally tried to persuade him of his folly, and asked him how he could support a wife.

But Fritz had his answer cut and dried.

"I have a little," he rejoined, "and you, too, my dear girl, could have three times as much as myself, if you only wished."

"I am curious to know what you mean," Sophie remarked.

"Well, your father says that the baron owes him his dues for the last ten years. That would make, at the rate of sixty bushels per annum, 600



bushels, worth, at the present price of grain, about 800 crowns. With that, and my little savings, we could manage. We would take a farm in the neighbourhood if I was not made assistant to my father, as I expect, and could live happily."

But Sophie rejected this idea with a smile, and expressed her opinion "that the young man could sooner shake down wheat from his beech-trees than her father get his rye from the baron."

Still the plan continually occurred to her. She begged her father to make an earnest demand for his dues from the baron; for if he were to die, and she be left a poor unprotected orphan, the hard-hearted and arrogant man would not give her a shilling more in money or money's worth. Still the old man would not consent, though she renewed her entreaties repeatedly. The next Sunday, however, the forester turned the conversation to the same subject, whence it may be presumed that his son had opened his heart to him. But it was of no avail. The old man trembled even if he heard the baron's name, and said, earnestly and simply:

"It would be of no use; I have tried to no purpose every year. But the Lord is judge of all things."

"That's all very good," the forester replied; "but I don't see what your daughter will have to live on, if you were to quit the world this day or the next. Lay a complaint against the baron, unless he listens to your reasonable demands."

The old man shook his head and sighed, upon which the former continued:

"Well, then, I must reveal something to you, pastor; my Fritz is ashamed to do it himself."

At these words, the young folk turned as red as cherries, and Sophie ran out of the room. Fritz stopped, it is true, but did not dare to raise his head, when his father proceeded to say:

"My Fritz here and your dear daughter would gladly get married; but as they want the main thing, and I do not know whether the boy will succeed me, you could make the young couple happy if you would send in a complaint against the baron, and force him to pay you either the corn or the money. Then we would take a farm for them."

"I never heard a word of this before," my old predecessor here remarked, "and do not know a better answer to give you than one from the Bible: 'We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth.'"

Our Fritz now regained both his heart and his feet. He ran out of the room, and, on this occasion, his power of persuasion must have been very great, for he returned in a few minutes, hand in hand with the blushing girl.

"My daughter," the old man said to her, "what am I forced to hear? You never kept anything from me before, and now have made a secret of the most important thing—that you wish to be married. Is that really true, Sophie?"

"Yes, father," she replied, without affectation, "if we only knew what we should have to live on; for without some certainty, I have always told Fritz, the marriage cannot take place."

Fritz now gained heart too, and said: "But the pastor has our future

welfare in his own hands; for if you were to complain against the baron, it would be very strange if you did not get your own."

The old man, however, replied, after repeated representations, "I will sleep on it;" and would probably have done so for the rest of his days, if his daughter had left him in peace. But it seemed to him almost a crime to proceed straightway to a plaint, and an encroachment on the reverence he fancied he owed to his patron. He made one attempt more on the path of conciliation, and begged the baron, in writing, and most respectfully, to pay him the dues owing to him for nearly ten years, at the same time apologising very humbly for making the request on this occasion before Michaelmas, because his dear daughter designed to alter her condition of life.

Of course the latter knew nothing of this confidential remark, which afterwards cost her so many tears, or else she would have protested against it most solemnly. But the patron acted in the usual way; whether Michaelmas or not, he did not pay the slightest attention.

The old man was at length forced to bite into the sour apple, and yield to the repeated entreaties of his daughter. He sent in a complaint against the baron, and, by his daughter's special solicitation, not merely asked for his dues, but also complained about the wretched state of dilapidation in which the rectory was, about which repeated useless petitions had been sent to the harsh man, who allowed his preacher to live worse than his daily labourers. It is true that this was not done without a severe struggle; but as Sophie at length represented to him that the baron would be equally embittered whether he laid one or two complaints before the authorities, he seemed at last to allow the truth of this, and wrote, though not without begging the baron's pardon for each of his complaints. The result might be anticipated. The chamber, which signed itself at that day, to some purpose, "We, Frederick, by God's grace," entirely shared the king's contemptuous views of the clergy, but not his love of justice towards all—among them, consequently, the pastors. The baron, on being requested to answer his rector's plaint, denied everything, asserted that he had always paid his dues regularly, and that this highly insulting charge could only be explained or excused by the fact that the old man was quite childish, and did not know what he said or wrote. He ought, at any rate, to have produced his witnesses; but, far from doing so, or being able to do it, the old lackbrains had apologised to him, his patron, in a fashion that would furnish a very poor notion of the honesty of his fancied claim. His complaint about his house was equally false; for, though it was no palace, it was still habitable enough.

He had certainly some good reasons to regard his pastor's surprising demands from a much more criminal point of view; for it was shown by the annexed letter in his handwriting, that he wished his daughter to marry, and was greatly embarrassed about—the dowry. Still he would not carry out this idea for the pastor's sake, and would rather ascribe to his age and his forgetfulness, what others perhaps would impute to his villany. Still the authorities would perceive, without it being necessary for him to call their attention to it, that it was high time to dismiss the old man, and he would, therefore, present another candidate as soon as possible.

We may easily foresee the result of this reply. The old pastor was not only refused a hearing and threatened with an ungracious dismissal, but, besides, received some reprimands of the very coarsest style, as was the fashion in that day.

"I thought it would be so!" he exclaimed, in the deepest sorrow, "and for that reason I would not write, but you forced me to do so."

The consequence of this painful excitement was a severe illness, to which the old man yielded, not immediately though, but after the forester had come to him and told both him and his daughter, with unfeeling harshness, that all idea of a marriage with his son must be given up, whether he succeeded him or not, for his son could make no use of a portionless wife.

The old pastor only replied to this by a sigh; but his daughter answered instead of him, that this was quite natural, and that she was merely surprised that the forester had not said this only to them, but had before stated publicly in the village, "If she gets the 600 bushels of rye, my Fritz will take her; if not, the bargain will be off." This had annoyed her so much, that she had determined on not being mixed up in this corn transaction, had the result been favourable to her. So much the more she now requested that the whole affair should be broken off, and his son not annoy her again under any pretext.

"That you may be assured of," the forester replied, with equal roughness; "he shan't trouble you again, or, if he does, I'll break every bone in his body. Good-by! The Lord strengthen the old man!"

Fritz, though, did come again, and that too on the next night, as he did not dare do so by day. He knocked at his beloved's little bedroom window; she recognised him immediately in the moonlight, but would not open to him. At length she did so, however, and she now heard his complaints, which were accompanied by bitter tears, and with the entreaty that she would remain faithful to him, let things happen as they would.

But she replied boldly, "Fritz, our connexion is broken off for ever. Farewell, and do not dare to knock at my window a second time by night; I give you my word, that if you do, I will write to your father the next morning. So now, farewell, and may the Lord guide you, and preserve your father longer to you than He will mine to me."

With these words she sighed and closed the window, and spite of all poor Fritz's entreaties, could not be induced to open it again, but went into her father's room, whom she heard sighing and groaning.

On the next morning, however, she was destined to suffer still more. The baron no sooner heard of the old man's serious illness, than he spitefully sent a message to him: "He would have the goodness to leave his house next morning, for the rectory was going to be pulled down, and a new one built in its stead."

He naturally answered: "That it was perfectly impossible for him to do so, as he was very ill, and would hardly leave his bed again. He had lived so long in the old house, that he should like to stay in it till his death. The baron would surely be kind enough to let him die there."

But the first messenger was followed by another: "The matter could not be deferred: the pastor had made such serious complaints to the

Royal Chamber, that the baron could by no possibility delay in sending in carpenters and masons; the house must be given up the next day."

Sophie, however, did not suffer this second messenger to appear before the terrified pastor, but sent to tell the baron, that if he could answer it to God and man for driving a dying man out of his house, he might do it. If her father died, though, she would spend her last farthing in avenging his death, even if she had to beg her way to Potsdam.

Of course the baron was not induced by this to alter his views in the slightest; for what could appear to him more ridiculous than this threat? On the next morning a number of carpenters and masons came from the town of U——, climbed, in spite of all poor Sophie's entreaties, on to the roof, and tiles, beams, and spars soon fell down before the sick man's window.

Sophie attempted to calm her dying father as well as she could, and persuade him that the baron was going to have the house new roofed; but when the carpenters came in and sorrowfully stated that they must now pull up the flooring, she fainted with a loud shriek at the baron's barbarity, while the compassionate carpenters raised the dying man from his bed, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, placed him in his easy-chair, and carried him out and seated him in the full glare of the sun, by the side of the road. The baron stood with his telescope behind the walnut-tree; Sophie was still in a fainting fit; and only an old woman had the courage to approach the chair, and throw her apron over the head of the old man, who continually ejaculated, "My eyes! my eyes!" But almost at the same moment he breathed his last sigh; and when Sophie was at length aroused to life, and rushed towards her father with a cry of horror, she only held a corpse in her arms.

Although she asked the clergymen present at her father's funeral how she should act against the baron's unsupportable tyranny, they only shrugged their shoulders; and even if one offered her counsel, it did not appear to her good. But her determination—which the gentlemen disapproved—of going to Potsdam and telling her sorrow to the great king, remained firmer than ever, and was executed even before she anticipated.

She had, namely, been forced to take up her abode in the barn, into which she had carried her scanty furniture, and cooked her poor food in the garden. For, as she had a year of grace allowed her, and no other place of shelter could be found in the village, she was not able to quit the terrible spot. A few days later some butchers arrived, and she suddenly decided on selling her six sheep, in order to procure money for her travelling expenses to Berlin; a matter that had troubled her greatly. But when the maid opened the door of the dilapidated stable, all the sheep had found their way out, for the stables at the rectory had always been left by the patron in the same miserable condition as the dwelling-house. She therefore sent the maid along the road to look for the sheep, while she herself went in the direction of the baron's garden, to see whether they had found their way thither. The butchers followed her by some divine interposition, for unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the sheep had got into the baron's garden, and were cropping the grass along the flower-beds. Sophie was preparing to drive them out, and called the

men to her assistance, when the baron made his appearance, and, in his rage, attacked the poor girl with the lowest abuse.

"What! the infamous creature has the audacity to let her sheep enter my garden! If she dare do it again, I will demand the pound money with my hunting-whip!"

When she fell back at this coarse remark, and replied, "Is it not enough that your grace has robbed my father of his life, but you wish to deprive me of my honour before these strange men?"

The baron vociferated, with a contemptuous laugh, "Ha, ha! your honour! Your father wrote me himself that you had to do with the forester's Fritz, and the herd lately saw the young clodhopper climb in at your window. Your honour!"

Upon this she advanced boldly up to the baron, and said, in a loud voice: "You lie, you are a miserable calumniator, and if justice is still to be found on earth, I will seek it with my last farthing. God help me!"

The baron, however, could no longer restrain his anger; he rushed at her and struck her repeatedly, while assailing her with the coarsest invectives.

The poor ill-treated girl soon made up her mind, and said to the butchers, "You shall have the sheep for the price you offered, although it is very low, but you must come with me to U—, and bear testimony on oath to what you have seen and heard here."

The men consented, and after giving them something to eat, she tied up her best clothes in a bundle, gave the maid charge of the rectory, and followed the men a quarter of an hour afterwards to the neighbouring town. The burgomaster there was an old friend of her father, and, like all the rest, detested the proud and tyrannical baron. He gladly heard the testimony of the witnesses, and swore them to the truth, at the same time sent for the carpenters who were witness to her father's death, but expressed his opinion that the journey to Potsdam would be of little service to her, as the baron was an extraordinary favourite of the king, as all the world knew, and his majesty, through his increasing age and weakness, was not in the habit of receiving anybody—more especially women. He would advise her to commence legal proceedings.

This, however, she would not listen to, and only looked about for the herd, that his testimony might also be taken. Fortunately the baron had very lately discharged him on account of his age, and he had been at a neighbouring farm for the last month in the same capacity. It was not difficult, therefore, to obtain his testimony, which, besides, was perfectly consistent with truth; and he asserted that he had never mentioned the nightly scene of which he had been witness in any other way, and the baron lied in his throat if he said anything about climbing in at the window. In fact, he quoted all that Sophie had said on the occasion, before she shut the window in her lover's face as he expressed himself. Besides the herd, the sexton, several preachers of the vicinity, the forester Weiher, and others not immediately subjected to the baron's tyranny, gave their evidence about the owing dues, which at least proved thus much—that the deceased pastor had repeatedly asserted that the baron was indebted to him in the dues for the last ten years.

Several days were occupied in protocolling all this: but it was scarce

done before Sophie took her seat in the mail, accompanied by the heartiest wishes on the part of the burgomaster, and in six or seven days arrived safely in Potsdam.

But what to do then? She sat and told her landlord, with tears, how she had been treated, and begged his advice. He, however, only shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The old gentleman was growing far too peevish; he could not offer her any hope." But as suffering Beauty has always, up to the present day, maintained its power over every uncorrupted heart, the same occurred here. A guest, who was accidentally present, and had been sitting over his beer silently, and, as it seemed, without paying any attention, now asked, in a cordial tone, if he might look through mamsell's papers for a moment? Of course she gladly consented, and the man, after casting his eye over them, and finding they perfectly agreed with her statement, became quite the opposite of what he had appeared.

"The rascally baron!" he exclaimed; "it's hardly credible that such villany can take place! But, God willing, dear mamsell, I can help you. I am the brother of the royal gardener at Sans Souci, and will go there directly and see what can be done; and you will follow me boldly in an hour. His house is on the right hand side after you enter."

With these words the worthy man left the room, while Sophie dried her tears, and with longing eyes followed the minute-hand on the clock. The hour had scarce elapsed, when she entrusted her bundle to the landlord, and commenced her walk with the documents beneath her arm. She had but reached the street, when the clock struck the hour in the steeple of the garrison church, and the chimes commenced playing the melody of the beautiful hymn, "Who puts his trust in God alone!" This moved her to tears; and repeating the whole hymn fervently, she went along the road that was pointed out to her. In the gardener she found a man as well-meaning as his brother. "But," he said, "if the king is not in a good humour to-morrow morning when he visits the garden, you will have to wait several days, for it would be dangerous to speak to him before. He is accustomed to inspect the large orange and lemon-trees there on the terrace every morning about ten o'clock, when no one accompanies him except a little greyhound. You must conceal yourself somewhere in the neighbourhood, which I will show you beforehand, so that I may be able to make you a sign when it is time to appear. Be perfectly calm, and give short and bold answers: the king still likes to see pretty girls, although he is so old. Well, then, I shall see you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock by the latest, dear child!"

She took her leave: but it may be easily conceived that the poor village girl did not sleep. At the appointed hour she again went timidly to Sans Souci, and after being in some degree cheered and encouraged by the kind gardener, she hid herself behind a large myrtle-tree.

She had been standing there scarce half an hour, when the king, dressed in a plain blue coat, with the celebrated crutch-stick in his hand, and an old, shabby chapeau, à *tricornes*, upon his head, came out of a neighbouring *allée*, and stopped before a splendid orange-tree.

The gardener immediately approached him with great reverence: but while the king was addressing a few words to him, the greyhound had

seen the poor trembling girl, and ran towards her with such violent barking that the king noticed it, and cried to the dog, "Molly! Molly! qu'y-a-t-il?—couche mon chien!"

But fate willed it that, while he looked up, Sophie also peeped out from behind the myrtle-tree, and their eyes met. She thought that she would sink into the ground from terror; but this rencontre perfectly satisfied the king's poetical feelings.

"Diable, gardener!" he cried, with a loud laugh, "you hide your pretty girls behind myrtle-bushes?"

The gardener now had a famous opportunity. He imparted the poor girl's story to the king with brevity but great sympathy; and it was not long before Frederick pointed with his crutch to the myrtle, and called out, "She must come hither."

This naturally increased Sophie's terror: but she became still more alarmed, when the great king fixed his great eyes upon her, and said, in a rather harsh tone, "What does she want here?"

She turned pale, and was silent for a moment; but soon collected herself, and gave the reply, which seemed to please the king immensely, "What I, a poor orphan, can find nowhere else—justice!" for he smiled, and said:

"Well, we'll see: she can give me the papers, and come again to-morrow morning. I should never have believed it of the fellow; but several complaints have been already sent in about him. So, to-morrow, at this time!"

With these words the great man dismissed her with a kind nod, and on the next morning she did not think of concealing herself behind the myrtle. The king did not keep her waiting long. He approached her with the words:

"Why, these are terrible matters: but she can now go home; she shall have justice; and as regards the dues, she need only give the baron this letter. And now she must make haste home, or the bridegroom will find time hang heavy on his hands."

And as she blushed deeply, and received the letter with downcast eyes, the king added,

"Apropos, what is her bridegroom's name?"

"Ah! your majesty," she replied, as she became more and more embarrassed, "the marriage is entirely broken off. For, as the father is in doubt whether his son will be appointed his assistant, he'll not know anything about the marriage."

"What's the father's name, and what is he?"

"Weiher, most gracious sire, and he is a royal forester."

"Well, I will make some inquiries about him, and if he is an honest fellow, she can ask the folk to the wedding—does she understand me?"

Delighted, but at the same time ashamed, the poor girl did not know what answer to give, and commenced stammering, when the king laughingly helped her in her charming confusion, by saying,

"Well, well, she can go; or else, as I said, her bridegroom will be wishing her back."

It is not necessary to state that she did not delay a moment, but, after returning her sincere thanks to the generous gardener and his brother,

she commenced her journey home on the same day. But travelling in those days was a tedious and laborious affair. She required nearly eight days to reach her sequestered village again, and her first inquiry, after entering the rectory, or rather the barn, naturally was about the baron. But not merely the maid, but the whole village, informed her that he would certainly become a minister, as he had always said, for he had gone to Stettin that morning in his best equipage, by royal order, and all his household was full of joy and delight.

Sophie thought it advisable to keep silent, although the baroness, on hearing of her return, sent her compliments, and asked her "How old Fritz was, and what the young lady had obtained from him?"

She determined on awaiting the result, and informed no one of her success, not even the young forester, whom she saw the next day walking through the village and looking towards the barn, but who did not dare to approach her, and only met her, as it were, accidentally, on the third day. To his earnest entreaties about what she had done, and if she still loved him, he received the reply, "I cannot tell you, Mosye Fritz, till you are appointed assistant to your father."

"What, are you jesting with me?"

"No! but I trust it will soon happen."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"Take your time, dear Fritz."

"Well, then, what did you do about the baron?"

"All in good time, dear Fritz. Adye, forester, adye;" and she ran into the court-yard without another word.

Fritz did not dare follow her, for she had not recalled her orders; and he saw at the same time that such a proceeding would cause her great pain. He satisfied himself, therefore, with going at least once to the village to peep into the rectory, and, at the same time, inquire about the baron's return. And the latter really came back in a few days, but in what a condition? Groaning with pain, and invoking the most terrible curses on the king and the preacher's daughter, he was raised from his carriage by four servants, and carried into the house, while his family followed him with looks of horror—something different from the expected ministerial appointment.

The rumour of his terrible punishment in Stettin soon spread through the village, as well as the whole neighbourhood. For although he had ordered his coachman and servants, with fearful threats, not to say a word about the chastisement he had received, and of which they had been witnesses, still his continued imprecations on the king, whom he had formerly lauded to the skies, and the preacher's daughter, made the villagers half mad with excitement, and coachman and servants were compelled to tell, whether they liked it or not.

The following is old Father Frank's narrative, who, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, drove his master in the state carriage and gold livery to Stettin; the others are long since dead.

"We had scarcely," he stated, "driven in a sharp trot up to the gate-house at Stettin, and the baron had hardly mentioned his name, before two under-officers came out, one of whom entered the carriage, and sat by my master's side, the other mounted the box. The baron cursed and



abused like a sparrow, and called the gatekeeper to witness that a common fellow had dared to enter the Baron von L——'s carriage. No one took any notice, however, and it was not long before the under-officer by my side ordered me to drive straight to the main guard-house. The carriage had hardly stopped before it, when the guard assembled under arms, and the under-officer who sat in the carriage cried from the window, 'Lieutenant, I have the prisoner with me.'

"My master had a good deal to say, but the officer would not suffer him to speak, and ordered him to be taken to the guard-room, and spend the night there with the common soldiers. This did not at all please the baron, and he repeatedly cried, 'There must be some mistake; he was the Baron von L——, and a friend of the king. The devil might fetch officer and soldiers; he requested paper and ink that he might write to the governor.' This was allowed him, and Carl, his servant, hurried away to the president with the letter, but no answer was returned.

"My master stopped in the stifling hole till ten the next morning, when I received orders to put the horses to, and drive in front of the main guard. This was scarce done when the guard again assembled under arms, and soon formed a circle round the baron, whom two corporals now led out and placed before a bundle of straw that lay on the pavement. A government councillor soon made his appearance, and, after taking off his hat, read an order signed by old Fritz, in pursuance of which the Baron von L—— was to be stripped of his order "*Pour le Mérite*," before the guard-house of Stettin, and, in addition, receive forty blows with the hazelnut stick, for ill-treating the Pastor Thilo and his daughter.

"When my master was about to reply, the drums commenced playing the 'rogue's march,' by order of the officer on duty; the government councillor tore the order from his neck, two under-officers threw him on the bundle of straw, and two others began laying on to him. They were the same who had got into the carriage on the previous day, and received dog's thanks from the baron for it. This they now honestly repaid him. My master roared, so that it could be heard above all the drums; and when he had received his punishment, the two under-officers who had beaten him carried him to the carriage, placed him in it, and then said to me, with a laugh, 'Now, coachman, drive home.'

Thus old Father Frank told the tragical story at that day, and does the same now (my friend continued), and the news spread like wild-fire throughout the neighbourhood. No one pitied the baron, but all were delighted with the courageous preacher's daughter, who behaved, however, as if nothing had occurred, and remained quietly at home. When she heard, though, that the baron was growing daily weaker, she went to U——, and induced the burgomaster to deliver the royal letter personally to the unfortunate man. No one ever learned its contents, but the effect was so powerful, that the dying baron immediately sent to ask her whether she would have the 600 bushels in *natura* or in money, according to the average of the last six years? As she preferred the latter, he commissioned the burgomaster to pay her the money immediately, in the presence of witnesses at U——. The next day he expired.

But in this instance Sophie again acted very cleverly. She begged

the burgomaster to summon the forester Weiher as witness, under the pretence that he had lately sworn by all that was good and great that she would never get the money, and would not be satisfied unless his eyes told him the contrary. The real cause of this request lay deeper, for how the forester repented his sins, when, in a few days after, the hard crowns were counted out on the table in his presence, and Rector's Sophie, as he called her, received the money quite calmly, paid no attention to his grimaces, but made a low curtsy to him on leaving, and packed the heavy bags, one after the other, in the carriage, to deposit them with a clergyman, a cousin of hers, in the neighbourhood. At that day it was an immense sum, and many a gentleman would not have felt ashamed about doing a foolish trick, and courting Rector's Sophie.

But what were his feelings when, in a few weeks after, he received a letter from the chief forester, with the joyful news "that his majesty had been pleased, on the intercession of Sophie Thilo, the daughter of the Rector of S—, to appoint his son his assistant, as he, the chief forester, had represented him to his majesty as a good woodman, and at the same time trusted that his son, &c., &c."

Father and son were highly delighted, and all their anxiety was how to restore matters on the old footing with Sophie.

"You must go first, Fritz," the old man said.

"No, you must go first, papa," said the son, "for you alone broke the marriage off."

The old man scratched his head, and consented to do it, but first sent her a cartload of dry beech fire-wood, to get her in a good humour.

In short, the end may be anticipated. After Sophie had given the old gentleman a proper lecture, the blood rushed to her face when Fritz came creeping in half an hour later, and stood bashfully at the door.

"Nearer, nearer, dear Fritz," she cried, as she extended her arms towards him; and when their emotion had subsided, she told them circumstantially all that had occurred to her.

The merriest possible marriage soon followed, about which old Father Frank still has a good deal to say; for, after the baron's death, he immediately entered the forester's service.

"I never met," my friend concluded his narrative, "a more happy and contented couple than they were. They were growing old when I was appointed to the rectory here; but, let me visit them when I would, they were always cheerful, happy, and pious."

Thus much about Fritz the forester and Sophie Thilo, whose modest grave I visited during the afternoon with my friend, and regarded with much interest. They died fifteen years before, on the same day, and were buried in one grave. Fortunate beings!

## AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. IV.—HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE Muses, it was once alleged by Christopher North, have but scantily patronised sea-faring verse : they have neglected ship-building, and deserted the dockyards,—though in Homer's days they kept a private yacht, of which he was captain. "But their attempts to re-establish anything like a club, these two thousand years or so, have miserably failed ; and they have never quite recovered their nerves since the loss of poor Falconer, and their disappointment at the ingratitude shown to Dibdin." And Sir Kit adds, that though they do indeed now and then talk of the "deep blue sea," and occasionally, perhaps, skim over it like sea-plovers, yet they avoid the quarter-deck and all its discipline, and decline the dedication of the cat-o'-nine-tails, in spite of their number.

By them, nevertheless, must have been inspired—in fitful and irregular afflatus—some of the prose-poetry of Herman Melville's sea-romances. Ocean breezes blow from his tales of Atlantic and Pacific cruises. Instead of landsman's grey goose quill, he seems to have plucked a quill from skimming curlew, or to have snatched it, a fearful joy, from hovering albatross, if not from the wings of the wind itself. The superstition of life on the waves has no abler interpreter, unequal and undisciplined as he is—that superstition almost inevitably engendered among men who live, as it has been said, "under a solemn sense of eternal danger, one inch only of plank (often worm-eaten) between themselves and the grave ; and who see for ever one wilderness of waters."\* His intimacy with the sights and sounds of that wilderness, almost entitles him to the reversion of the mystic "blue cloak" of Keats's submarine graybeard, in which

— every ocean form

Was woven with a black distinctness ; storm,  
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar  
Were emblem'd in the woof ; with every shape  
That skims, or dives, or sleeps 'twixt cape and cape.†

A landsman, somewhere observes Mr. Tuckerman, can have no conception of the fondness a ship may inspire, before he listens, on a moonlight night, amid the lonely sea, to the details of her build and workings, unfolded by a complacent tar. Moonlight and midseas are much, and a complacent tar is something ; but we "calculate" a landsman *can* get some conception of the true-blue enthusiasm in question, and even become slightly inoculated with it in his own *terra firma* person, under the tuition of a Herman Melville. This graphic narrator assures us, and there needs no additional witness to make the assurance doubly sure, that his sea adventures have often served, when spun as a yarn, not only to relieve the weariness of many a night-watch, but to excite the

\* Thomas de Quincey.

† "Endymion," Book III.

warmest sympathies of his shipmates. Not that we vouch for the fact of his having experienced the adventures in literal truth, or even of being the pet of the fo'castle as yarn-spinner extraordinary. But we do recognise in him and in his narratives (the earlier ones, at least) a "capital" fund of even untold "interest," and so richly veined a nugget of the *ben trovato* as to "take the shine out of" many a golden *vero*. Readers there are, who, having been enchanted by a perusal of "Typee" and "Omoo," have turned again and rent the author, when they heard a surmise, or an assertion, that his tales were more or less imagination. Others there are, and we are of them, whose enjoyment of the history was little affected by a suspicion of the kind during perusal (which few can evade), or an affirmation of it afterwards. "And if a little more romantic than truth may warrant, it will be no harm," is Miles Coverdale's morality, when projecting a chronicle of life at Blithedale. Miles *a raison*.

Life in the Marquesas Islands!—how attractive the theme in capable hands! And here it was treated by a man "out of the ordinary," who had contrived, as Tennyson sings,

To burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.  
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise,—  
Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

"The Marquesas! what strange visions of outlandish things," exclaims *Tommo* himself, "does the very name spirit up! Lovely hours—cannibal banquets—groves of cocoa-nuts—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs, and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—heathenish rites and human sacrifices." And then the zest with which *Tommo* and *Toby*, having deserted the ship, plunge into the midst of these oddly-assorted charms—cutting themselves a path through cane-brakes—living day by day on a stinted table-spoonful of "a hash of soaked bread and bits of tobacco"—shivering the livelong night under drenching rain—traversing a fearful series of dark chasms, separated by sharp-crested perpendicular ridges—leaping from precipice above to palm-tree below—and then their entrance into the Typee valley, and introduction to King Mehevi, and initiation into Typee manners, and wily-nilly experience of Typee hospitality. Memorable is the portrait-gallery of the natives: Mehevi, towering with royal dignity above his faithful commons; Marnoo, that all-influential Polynesian Apollo, whose tattooing was the best specimen of the Fine Arts in that region, and whose eloquence wielded at will that fierce anthropophagic *demos*; Marheyo, paternal and warm-hearted old savage, a time-stricken giant—and his wife, Tinor, genuine busybody, most notable and exacting of housewives, but no termagant or shrew for all that; and their admirable son, Kory-Kory—his face tattooed with such a host of pictured birds and fishes, that he resembled a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illuminated copy of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature"—and whose devotion to the stranger no time could wither nor custom stale. And poor Fayaway, olive-checked nymph, with sweet

blue eyes of placid yet unfathomable depth, a child of nature with easy unstudied graces, breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer—whom, deserted by the roving Tommo, we are led to compare (to *his* prejudice) with Frederika forsaken by Goethe—an episode in the many-sided Baron's life which we have not yet come to regard so tolerantly as Mr. Carlyle.

"Omoo," the Rover, keeps up the spirit of "Typee" in a new form. Nothing can be livelier than the sketches of ship and ship's company. "Brave *Little Jule*, plump *Little Jule*," a very witch at sailing, despite her crazy rigging and rotten bulwarks—blow high, blow low, always ready for the breeze, and making you forget her patched sails and blistered hull when she was dashing the waves from her prow, and prancing, and pawing the sea—flying before the wind—rolling now and then, to be sure, but in very playfulness—with spars erect, looking right up into the wind's eye, the pride of her crew; albeit they had their misgivings that this playful craft, like some vivacious old mortal all at once sinking into a decline, might, some dark night, spring a leak, and carry them all to the bottom. The Captain, or "Miss Guy,"—essentially a cockney, and no more meant for the sea than a hairdresser. The bluff mate, John Jermin, with his squinting eye, and rakishly-twisted nose, and grey ringleted bullet head, and generally pugnacious looks, but with a heart as big as a bullock—obstreperous in his cups, and always for having a fight, but loved as a brother by the very men he flogged, for his irresistibly good-natured way of knocking them down. The ship's carpenter, "Chips," ironically styled "Beauty" on strict *lucus à non lucendo* principles—as ugly in temper as in visage. Bungs, the cooper, a man after a bar-keeper's own heart; who, when he felt, as he said, "just about right," was characterised by a free lurch in his gait, a queer way of hitching up his waistbands, and looking unnecessarily steady at you when speaking. Bembo, the harpooner, a dark, moody savage—none of your effeminate barbarians, but a shaggy-browed, glaring-eyed, crisp-haired fellow, under whose swart, tattooed skin the muscles worked like steel rods. Rope Yarn, or Ropey, the poor distraught land-lubber—a forlorn, stunted, hook-visaged creature, erst a journeyman baker in Holborn, with a soft and underdone heart, whom a kind word made a fool of. And, best of all, Doctor Long Ghost, a six-feet tower of bones, who quotes Virgil, talks of Hobbes of Malmesbury, and repeats poetry by the canto, especially "*Hudibras*;" and who sings mellow old songs, in a voice so round and racy, the real juice of sound; and who has seen the world from so many angles, the acute of civilisation and the obtuse of savagedom; and who is as inventive as he is incurable in the matter of practical jokes—all effervescent with animal spirits and tricksey good-humour. Of the Tahiti folks, Captain Bob is an amusing personage, a corpulent giant, of three-alderman-power in gormandising feats, and so are Po-po and his family, and the irreverently-ridiculed court of Queen Pomare. It is uncomfortable to be assured in the preface, that "in every statement connected with missionary operations, a strict adherence to facts has, of course, been scrupulously observed"—and the satirist's rather flippant air in treating this subject makes his protestation not unnecessary, that "nothing but an earnest desire for truth and good has led him to touch upon it at

all." Nevertheless, there is mournful emphasis in these revelations of *mickonaree* progress—and too much reason to accept the tenor of his remarks as correct, and to bewail the inapplicability to modern missionaries in general, of Wordsworth's lines—

Rich conquest waits them :—the tempestuous sea  
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high  
These good men humble by a few bare words,  
And calm with awe of God's divinity.

For does not even so unexceptionable a pillar of orthodoxy as Sir Archibald Alison, express doubt as to the promise of Missions, in relation to any but European ethnology? affirming, indeed,\* that had Christianity been adapted to man in his rude and primeval state, it would have been revealed at an earlier period, and would have appeared in the age of Moses, not in that of Cæsar :—a dogmatic assertion, by the way, highly characteristic of the somewhat peremptory baronet, and not very harmonious, either in letter or spirit, with the broad text on which world-wide missionary enterprise is founded, and for which Sir Archibald must surely have an *ethnic* gloss of his own private interpretation : Πορευθευσατε παντα τα εθνη.

But to Mr. Melville. And in a new, and not improved aspect. *Exit* Omoo; *enter* Mardi. And the cry is, *Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo*—

Alas, how changed from him,  
This vein of Ercole, and this soul of whim—

changed enough to threaten an *exeunt omnes* of his quondam admirers. The first part of "Mardi" is worthy of its antecedents; but too soon we are hurried whither we would not, and subjected to the caprices, *velut ægri somnia*, of one who, of malice aforethought,

Delphinium silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum—

the last clause signifying that he *bore*s us with his "sea of troubles," and provokes us to take arms against, and (if possible) by opposing, end them. Yet do some prefer his new shade of marine blue, and exult in this his "sea-change into something rich and strange." And the author of "Nile Notes" defines "Mardi," as a whole, to be unrhymed poetry, rhythmical and measured—the swell of its sentences having a low, lapping cadence, like the dip of the sun-stilled, Pacific waves,—and sometimes the grave music of Bacon's Essays! Thou wert right, O Howadjji, to add, "Who but an American could have written them." Alas, Cis-Atlantic criticism compared them to Foote's "What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber,"—with the wedding concomitants of the Picinnies and Great Panjandrum and gunpowder-heeled terpsichorics—Foote being, moreover, preferred to Melville, on the score of superiority in sense, diversion, and brevity. Nevertheless, subsequent productions have proved the author of "Mardi" to plume himself on his craze, and love to have it so. And what will he do in the end thereof?

In tone and taste "Redburn" was an improvement upon "Mardi," but was as deficient as the latter was overfraught with romance and adventure. Whether fiction or fact, this narrative of the first voyage of Wel-

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\* See "Alison's History of Europe" (New Series), vol. i., p. 74.

lingborough Redburn,\* a New York merchant's son, as sailor-boy in a merchant-vessel, is even prosy, bald, and eventless; and would be dull beyond redemption, as a story, were not the author gifted with a scrutinizing gaze, and a habit of taking notes as well as "prenting" them, which ensures his readers against absolute common-place. It is true, he more than once plunges into episodic extravaganzas—such as the gambling-house frenzy of Harry Bolton—but these are, in effect, the dullest of all his moods; and tend to produce, what surely they are inspired by, blue devils. Nor is he over chary of introducing the repulsive,—notwithstanding his disclaimer, "Such is the fastidiousness of some readers, that, many times, they must lose the most striking incidents in a narrative like mine:† for not only some, but most readers, are too fastidious to enjoy such scenes as that of the starving, dying mother and children in a Liverpool cellar, and that of the dead mariuer, from whose lips darted out, when the light touched them, "threads of greenish fire, like a forked tongue," till the cadaverous face was "crawled over by a swarm of worm-like flames"—a hideous picture, as deserving of a letter of remonstrance on æsthetic grounds, as Mr. Dickens' spontaneous combustion case (Krook) on physical.‡ Apart from these exceptions, the experiences of Redburn during his "first voyage" are singularly free from excitement, and even incident. We have one or two "marine views" happily done, though not in the artist's *very* happiest style. The picture of a wreck may be referred to—that of a dismantled, water-logged schooner, that had been drifting about for weeks; her bulwarks all but gone—the bare stanchions, or posts, left standing here and there, splitting in two the waves which broke clear over the deck—her open main-hatchway yawning into view every time she rolled in the trough of the sea, and submerged again, with a rushing, gurgling sound of many waters; the relic of a jacket nailed atop of the broken mainmast, for a signal; and, sad, stern sight—most strange and most unnatural—"three dark, green, grassy objects," lashed, and leaning over sideways against the taffrail—slowly swaying with every roll, but otherwise motionless! There is a spirited sketch, too, of the sailor-boy's first ascent to "loose the main-skysail"—not daring to look down, but keeping his eyes glued to the shrouds—panting and breathing hard before he is half-way up—reaching the "Jacob's ladder," and at last, to his own amazement, finding himself hanging on the skysail yard, holding on might and main to the mast, and curling his feet round the rigging, as if they were another pair of hands; thence gazing at length, mute and awe-stricken, on the dark midnight sea beneath, which looks like a great, black gulf, hemmed in all round by beetling black cliffs—the ship below, seeming like a long narrow plank in the water—the boy above, seeming in utter loneliness to tread the swart night clouds, and every second expecting to find himself falling—falling—falling, as he used to feel when the nightmare was on him. Redburn managed his first ascent deftly, and describes it admirably. Sir Nathaniel, indeed, never has been sedentary *dia vukros* on a main skysail; but he is pretty sure, from these presents, that Mr. Melville *has*.

\* The hero himself is a sort of amalgam of Perceval Keene and Peter Simple—the keenness strangely antedating the simplicity.

† "Redburn," vol. ii., ch. 27.

‡ See G. H. Lewis' Two Letters.

Equally sure, in his own case, is Sir N., that *had* he attained that giddy eminence, not only should he have expected to find himself falling—falling—falling, but would have found himself, or been found, fallen : which Redburn was *not*. Gallant boy—clear-headed, light-hearted, fast-handed, nimble-footed!—he deserved to reach the top of the tree, and, having reached, to enjoy the sweet peril, like blossom that hangs on the bough : and that in time he did come to enjoy it we find from his record of the wild delirium there is about it—the fine rushing of the blood about the heart—the glad thrilling and throbbing of the whole system, to find yourself tossed up at every pitch into the clouds of a stormy sky, and hovering like a judgment angel between heaven and earth ; both hands free, with one foot in the rigging, and one somewhere behind you in the air.

The crew, again, are sketched by a true draughtsman—though one misses the breadth and finish of his corresponding descriptions in "Omoo." There is Captain Riga, all soft-sawder ashore, all vinegar and mustard at sea—a gay Lothario of all inexperienced, sea-going youths, from the capital or the country—who condoles and sympathises with them in dock, but whom they will not know again when he gets out of sight of land, and mounts his cast-off clothes, and adjusts his character to the shabbiness of his coat, and holds the perplexed lads a little better than his boots, and will no more think of addressing them than of invoking wooden Donald, the figure-head at the ship's bows. There is Jackson—a meagre, consumptive, overbearing bully—squinting, broken-nosed, rheumatic—the weakest body and strongest will on board—"one glance of whose squinting eye was as good as a knock-down, for it was the most subtle, deep, infernal-looking eye ever lodged in a human head," and must have once belonged to a wolf, or starved tiger,—no oculist could ever "turn out a glass eye half so cold, and snaky, and deadly"—fit symbol of a man who, "though he could not read a word, was spontaneously an atheist," and who, during the long night-watches, would enter into arguments to prove that there was nothing to be believed, or loved, or worth living for, but everything to be hated, in the wide world : in short, "a Cain afloat ; branded on his yellow brow with some inscrutable curse ; and going about corrupting and searing every heart that beat near him." There is Jack Blunt, the "Irish Cockney," with his round face like a walrus, and his stumpy figure like a porpoise standing on end—full of dreams and marine romance—singing songs about susceptible mermaids—and holding fast a comfortable creed that all sailors are saved, having plenty of squalls here below, but fair-weather aloft. There is Larry, the whaleman, or "blubber-boiler," ever extolling the delights of the free and easy Indian Ocean, and deprecating civilised life, or, as he styles it, "snivelisation," which has "spiled him complete, when he might have been a great man in Madagasky." There is Dutch Max, stolid and seemingly respectable, but a systematic bi-(if not poly-)gamist. And there is the black cook, serious, metaphysical, "and given to talk about original sin"—sitting all Sunday morning over his boiling pots, and reading grease-spotted good books ; yet tempted to use some bad language occasionally, when the sea dashes into his stove, of cold, wet, stormy mornings. And, to conclude, there is the steward, a dandy mulatto, yclept Lavender ;



formerly a barber in West-Broadway, and still redolent of Cologne water and relics of his stock-in-trade there—a sentimental dandy, fond of reading “Charlotte Temple,” and carrying a lock of frizzled hair in his waistcoat pocket, which he volunteers to show you, with his handkerchief to his eyes. Mr. Melville is perfectly *au fait* in nautical characterisation of this kind, and as thoroughly vapid when essaying revelations of English aristocratic life, and rhapsodies about Italian organ-boys, whose broken English resembles a mixture of “the potent wine of Oporto with some delicious syrup,” and who discourse transcendently and ravishingly about their mission, and impel the author to affirm that a Jew’s-harp hath power to awaken all the fairies in our soul, and make them dance there, “as on a moonlit sward of violets;” and that there is no humblest thing with music in it, not a fife, not a negro-fiddle, that is not to be revered\* as much as the grandest organ that ever rolled its flood-tide of harmony down a cathedral nave! What will Mr. Melville think of our taste, when we own to a delight in the cathedral organ, but also to an incurable irreverence towards street-organ, vagrant fiddle, and perambulatory fife?—against which we have a habit of shutting the window, and retiring to a back room. That we are *moved* by their concord of sweet sounds, we allow; but it is to a wish that *they* would “move on,” and sometimes to a mental invocation of the police. Whence, possibly, Mr. Melville will infer, on Shakspearian authority, that we are meet only for

Treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

and will demand, *quoad* our critical taste,

Let no such man be trusted.

Next came “White Jacket; or, the World in a Man-of-War.” The hero’s *soubriquet* is derived from his—shirt, or “white duck frock,” his only wrap-rascal—a garment patched with old socks and old trouser-legs, bedarned and bequilted till stiff as King James’s cotton-stuffed and dagger-proof doublet—provided, moreover with a great variety of pockets, pantries, clothes-presses, and cupboards, and “several unseen recesses behind the arras,”—insomuch, exclaims the proud, glad owner, “that my jacket, like an old castle, was full of winding stairs, and mysterious closets, crypts, and cabinets; and like a confidential writing-desk, abounded in snug little out-of-the-way lairs and hiding-places, for the storage of valuables.” The adventures of the adventurous proprietor of this encyclopædic toga, this cheap magazine of a coat, are detailed with that eager vivacity, and sometimes that unlicensed extravagance, which are characteristic of the scribe. Some of the sea-pictures are worthy of his highest mood—when a fine imagination over-rides and represses the chaos of a wanton fancy. Give him to describe a storm on the wide waters—the gallant ship labouring for life and against hope—the gigantic masts snapping almost under the strain of the top-sails—the ship’s bell dismally tolling, and this at dusk midnight—the rampant billows curling their crests in triumph—the gale flattening the mariners against the rigging as they toil upwards, while a hurricane of slanting

\* No parallel passage is that fine saying of Sir Thomas Browne in “Religio Medici,” ii., 9.

sleet and hail pelts them in savage wrath: and he will thrill us quiet landmen who dwell at home at ease.

For so successful a trader in "marine stores" as Mr. Melville, "The Whale" seemed a speculation every way big with promise. From such a master of his harpoon might have been expected a prodigious hit. There was about blubber and spermaceti something unctuously suggestive, with him for whalerman. And his three volumes entitled "The Whale" undoubtedly contain much vigorous description, much wild power, many striking details. But the effect is distressingly marred throughout by an extravagant treatment of the subject. The style is maniacal—mad as a March hare—mowing, gibbering, screaming, like an incurable Bedlamite, reckless of keeper or strait-waistcoat. Now it vaults on stilts, and performs *Bombastes Furioso* with contortions of figure, and straining strides, and swashbuckler fustian, far beyond *Pistol* in that Ancient's happiest mood. Now it is seized with spasms, acute and convulsive enough to excite bewilderment in all beholders. When he pleases, Mr. Melville can be so lucid, straightforward, hearty, and unaffected, and displays so unmistakable a shrewdness, and satirical sense of the ridiculous, that it is hard to suppose that *he* can have indited the rhodomontade to which we allude. Surely the man is a Doppelgänger—a dual number incarnate (singular though he be, in and out of all conscience):—surely he is two single gentlemen rolled into one, but retaining their respective idiosyncrasies—the one sensible, sagacious, observant, graphic, and producing admirable matter—the other maundering, drivelling, subject to paroxysms, cramps, and total collapse, and penning exceeding many pages of unaccountable "bosh." So that in tackling every new chapter, one is disposed to question it beforehand, "Under which king, Bezonian?"—the sane or the insane; the constitutional and legitimate, or the absolute and usurping? Writing of Leviathan, he exclaims, "Unconsciously my chi-rography expands into placard capitals. Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand! Friends, hold my arms!" Oh that his friends had obeyed that summons! They might have saved society from a huge dose of hyperbolic slang, maudlin sentimentalism, and tragi-comic bubble and squeak.

His Yankeeisms are plentiful as blackberries. "I am tormented," quoth he, "with an everlasting itch for things remote." Remote, too frequently, from good taste, good manners, and good sense. We need not pause at such expressions as "looking a sort of diabolically funny;"—"beefsteaks done rare;"—"a speechlessly quick chaotic bundling of a man into eternity;"—"bidding adieu to circumspect life, to exist only in a delirious throb." But why wax fast and furious in a thousand such paragraphs as these:—"In landlessness alone resides the highest truth, indefinite as the Almighty. . . . Take heart, take heart, O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly, demi-god! Up from the spray of thy ocean-perishing—straight up, leaps thy apotheosis!"—"Thou [*scil.* Spirit of Equality] great God! who didst not refuse to the swart convict, Bunyan, the pale, poetic pearl; Thou who didst clothe with doubly hammered leaves of finest gold the stumped and paupered arm of old Cervantes; Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles; who didst hurl him upon a war-horse; who didst thunder him higher than a throne!"—"If such a furious trope may stand, his [Capt. Ahab's] special lunacy stormed his

general sanity, and carried it, and turned all its concentrated cannon upon its own mad mark . . . then it was, that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another ; and so interfusing made him mad."—" And the miser-merman, Wisdom, revealed [to a diving negro] his hoarded heaps ; and among the joyous, heartless, ever-juvenile eternities, Pip saw the multitudinous, God-omnipresent, coral insects, that out of the firmament of waters heaved the colossal orbs. He saw God's foot upon the treadle of the loom, and spoke it ; and therefore his shipmates called him mad."

The story itself is a strange, wild, furibund thing—about Captain Ahab's vow of revenge against one Moby Dick. And who is Moby Dick? A fellow of a whale, who has made free with the captain's leg ; so that the captain now stumps on ivory, and goes circumnavigating the globe in quest of the old offender, and raves by the hour in a lingo borrowed from Rabelais, Carlyle, Emerson, newspapers transcendental and transatlantic, and the magnificent poems of our Christmas pantomimes. Captain Ahab is introduced with prodigious efforts at preparation ; and there is really no lack of rude power and character about his presentment—spoiled, however, by the Cambyases' vein in which he dissipates his vigour. His portrait is striking—looking " like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness"—a man with a brow gaunt and ribbed, like the black sand beach after some stormy tide has been gnawing it, without being able to drag the firm thing from its place. Ever since his fell encounter with Moby Dick, this impassioned veteran has cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, frantically identifying with him not only all his bodily woes, but all his feelings of exasperation—so that the White Whale swims before him " as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them, till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung." The amiable cannibal Queequeg occasions some stirring and some humorous scenes, and is probably the most reasonable and cultivated creature of the ship's company. Starbuck and Stubb are both tiresome, in different ways. The book is rich with facts connected with the natural history of the whale, and the whole art and process of whaling ; and with spirited descriptions of that process, which betray an intense straining at effect. The climax of the three days' chase after Moby Dick is highly wrought and sternly exciting—but the catastrophe, in its whirl of waters and fancies, resembles one of Turner's later nebulous transgressions in gamboge.

Speaking of the passengers on board Redburn's ship *Highlander*, Mr. Melville significantly and curtly observes, " As for the ladies, I have nothing to say concerning them ; for ladies are like creeds ; if you cannot speak well of them, say nothing." He will pardon us for including in this somewhat arbitrary classification of forms of beauty and forms of faith, his own, last, and worst production, " *Pierre* ; or, the Ambiguities."

O author of " *Types* " and " *Omoo*," we admire so cordially the proven capacity of your pen, that we entreat you to doff the " non-natural sense " of your late lucubrations—to put off your worser self—and to do your better, real self, that justice which its " potentiality " deserves.

## REMINISCENCES OF PARIS.

BERTIN DE VAUX, whose name we mentioned in a previous anecdote, was the second brother of Bertin l'aîné, the ostensible editor of the *Journal des Débats*; and the mention of his name induces us to give some account of the rise and progress of that paper. Our authoress was a very intimate friend of Bertin de Vaux, and was, of course, initiated into all the mysteries of the family. We need only call over the Bede roll of the authors she met at the editor's house, many of whom were contributors, to show what that paper was in the palmy days of 1827. Guizot, Casimir Perrier, Sebastiani, Molé, Sequier, Pasquier, Dupin l'aîné, Lacratelle, St. Marc Girardin, Villemain, Martignac, Salvandy, Mauguin, Jules Janin, and Thiers (1830), formed the nucleus of this most illustrious circle.

Bertin l'aîné was one of the first originators of this paper, and carried on its management for more than forty years, though with various interruptions. He was intended for a priest by his father, who was secretary to the Duc de Choiseuil, but felt such repugnance against it that he could not reconcile it with his conscience. He determined to enter the Gendarmerie Royale, when the events of 1789 overturned Church and State at the same time. Bertin was led away by the current, but he turned from the tyrannical liberty, after he had been an eye-witness of the most horrible excesses. As soon as the press again acquired a slight appearance of freedom, he openly commenced war against the anarchical party, by publishing a newspaper called *L'Eclair*. In it he uttered his sentiments without reserve. At that time there was no actual law against misuse of the press, but through the unlimited power of the rapidly succeeding authorities, newspapers were frequently stopped, and the proprietors arrested. On the 18th Fructidor, on which day the Directory tried to assert its double power over the legislative assembly and the press, Bertin was in considerable danger. No less than forty-two proprietors and editors of newspapers were condemned to transportation, and Bertin l'aîné had great difficulty in escaping from the same fate. When the clouds had drawn over, he enjoyed peace for a little while. In a few years, however, fresh difficulties arose, for the press had now an equally dangerous and talented enemy in the hero of the 18th Vendémiaire, who was destined to become the mightiest of the mighty.

One morning the first consul announced, in a few words, by placards on the walls of Paris, that several journals were entirely suspended, among them being Bertin's *L'Eclair*. The blow was the severer, as Bertin now felt that the career of a journalist was the sole one that suited his wants and wishes. It was requisite, therefore, to look out for some other paper, and pre-eminently one that was little known, lest it might immediately excite unpleasant attention.

A few months later, about the close of the year 1799, Bertin, with his brother De Vaux and a few others, completed the purchase of a paper, which was founded in 1789, and confined itself to publishing the debates

and decrees of the authorities. The brothers Bertin, as well as their *associés*, considered it a very hazardous step when they purchased this paper for 20,000 francs. A word from the first consul, and the journal which, through the talent of its proprietors, soon gained the favour of the public, would have been suppressed. As it was, the journal was forced to exist for some time without its *chef*. Bertin was suspected of being implicated in a conspiracy in favour of royalty, and taken to the Temple. Although it does not appear that he was convicted of any actual crime, for he was neither tried nor was his imprisonment severe, still he remained in prison during the whole of the year 1800, which did not prevent him from exercising a moral influence on the literary portion of the paper, and feeling the pleasant satisfaction that this very part excited the most attention. It might almost be said that Bertin possessed a certain instinct in finding out useful talent for his undertaking, and this tact gained him, in the course of time, collaborateurs, who filled the world with their renown. The most celebrated among them were the geographer Malte Brun, the Hellenist Boissonade, De Bonald, Royer Collard, and, before all, Chateaubriand. They were all friends of Bertin, whose counsel they sought, and by whose taste they were guided.

Towards the end of 1800, when Bertin had been liberated scarce two months from the Temple, he was sent into exile. He was taken to Elba, and had great difficulty afterwards in obtaining permission to reside in Rome. Here he first made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, in 1803, who was then secretary to the embassy. Similar sentiments and taste led to a close friendship between them, which only death could interrupt. In 1804, Chateaubriand showed how faithfully and earnestly he regarded this union, for he gave his friend a passport, though he had not received permission to return to Paris. After a stay of two months in Paris, Bertin succeeded in obtaining his pardon.

On the night of March 20, 1804, the young Duc d'Enghien, that last and beloved descendant of the great Condé, was shot at Vincennes. No journal would have dared to utter any direct reproach; or, in truth, the censure which had been already brought into action, would not have permitted it to be published. The *Journal des Débats* dared to attack this deed under the cloak of a passage translated from the "Eleventh Book of Silius Italicus." Although a life was at that day of little account in France, still Paris could or would not suppress a certain sympathy, and clearly showed that it understood and approved the true meaning of the hidden allegory. The newspaper was not suppressed, but, from this time forth, had to suffer the most varying annoyances.

In July, 1805, the paper took the title of the *Journal de l'Empire*, which it afterwards altered into the present one. Bertin had again undertaken the direction, but, in spite of the 20,000 francs he had paid, he was often forced to put up with the annoyance of having the chief editorship taken from him, and satisfy himself with a very small share, which he entirely lost in 1811. The journal, which was in a very flourishing condition, was confiscated and incorporated with the state domains. The emperor divided the paper into twenty-four shares, eight of which were given to the general police, and the other sixteen shared among his most faithful adherents. Of course, through this, the brothers Bertin lost their profits and their political influence entirely.

In 1814 they had only to claim the property, in order to have it restored them. A decree of the provisional government, signed "Talleyrand," confirmed them in their rights of ownership.

Driven away, again, by the government of the Hundred Days, he afterwards undertook, in 1818, the entire management of the journal, until his death in 1841.

When Chateaubriand fell into disgrace under the government of Louis XVIII., a new and remarkable epoch commenced in the history of the *Journal des Débats*. Bertin *l'aîné* and the royalist poet had remained true to one another from the outset of their friendship, and endured much suffering together. Chateaubriand's brilliant pen, which was more admired then than now perhaps, had helped to raise the journal to its eminent position: and his friend Bertin would not allow him to be unjustly assailed. A new constitutional opposition now commenced, which increased in importance from 1824 to 1830. The exclamation, "Pauvre France! pauvre Roi!" which the talented collaborateur Etienne Bequet gave vent to on the appointment of the Polignac ministry, menaced Bertin *l'aîné*, as responsible editor, with six months' imprisonment, from which, however, he was saved by Dupin *l'aîné's* remarkable defence.

If journalism, again, gained power in France, which cannot be denied, the brothers Bertin may be regarded as the true founders of this power; and although mistakes and errors could not be guarded against during a public and dangerous career of fourteen years, and in a country where the supreme authority is so constantly changed, still so much talent, knowledge, cleverness, and patience, should meet with the praise they indubitably deserve.

On the 11th of August, 1829, our authoress reached Chalons sur Maine, on her return from Vienna, at that time a long day's journey from Paris. While waiting supper, with that impatience peculiar to travellers, they asked for news from Paris from the maid servant.

"Eh, don't you know," she replied, "that we have had a Polignac ministry since the 8th?"

On the 8th of August, Bertin de Vaux was the first to resign his situation as councillor of state, and on our authoress's return to Paris, almost the first remark that escaped him was, "In less than a year France will be covered with tricolor cockades."

The following account of the outbreak of the war with Algiers is, probably, not universally known:

Hussein Pacha, Dey of Algiers, had repeatedly, though to no purpose, complained to the French consul, M. Deval, about a complicated affair which he had to settle with the house of Busnac and Bacri, who had a claim of fourteen millions on the republic of 1792. Hussein at length determined on writing to the King of France on the subject. As he, however, waited in vain for an answer, the dey spoke to the consul on the subject at an audience, and in the presence of other accredited parties. The consul haughtily replied, "The King of France could not, without encroaching on his dignity, correspond with a pirate chief."

The dey, who was in a terrible rage, struck the consul in the face with his fan of peacock feathers, and added some insulting remarks about the king and the Christians.

Had not this event accidentally occurred, there would have been, in all

probability, no French expedition to Barbary ; and had not the conquest of Algiers increased the pride of Charles X. and his advisers, no revolution would probably have taken place in 1830. The more the king was annoyed by the result of the election, the more was he determined to conquer his opponents by means of the army, which he now fancied invincible. The events that were preparing revealed themselves in many unpleasant ways, among which we may quote the following :

In the spring of 1830 I was present, as usual, at one of the world-renowned Sunday concerts at the Conservatoire. I knew I was late, and heard, to my astonishment, upon my arrival, instead of harmonious tones, very discordant stamping, and cries of "Commence!" The director looked with embarrassment towards the empty royal *loge*. Immediately afterwards the Duchesse de Berri appeared with her parents, the King and Queen of Naples, who were paying a short visit to Paris, and had been detained on the road to the Conservatoire. This slight delay was greeted in the most insulting manner, which was the more to be blamed, as everybody knew that in Paris any unforeseen circumstance may impede persons in traversing the crowded and narrow streets, and the uncourteous behaviour of the public was an attack on the laws of hospitality. The royal family was positively hissed.

On the 27th of July the struggle broke out, and it is a difficult task for even the most experienced statesman to decide, whether France would have been more unfortunate if Lafitte had not rejected the wish of the royal family to proclaim the Duc de Bordeaux as *Henri Cinq*, with the few words, "Yesterday it was possible—now it is too late."

At the close of the struggle the court retired to Rambouillet, and a proclamation was posted up in the streets of Paris that Louis Philippe was the "coming man." Few thought at the time of this proclamation appearing, what share the French nation, in whose collective name it was drawn up, had in it. It was afterwards stated that it was drawn up by the leaders of the Left party, during their conferences at Lafitte's house. The poet Béranger was one of the most zealous partisans of the Duc d'Orléans, although the public assigned the chief activity to Thiers. Very well-informed persons assert, however, that Casimir Delavigne, then the duke's librarian, had more influence on the discussions than all the gentlemen publicly named.

In a very few days the rumour spread that the royalists at Rambouillet had not given up all hope of regaining the throne. Whether this report was founded on fact, whether it was purposely propagated by those who feared a reaction, or whether the ultra-liberals employed it to keep the people in a state of excitement, is one of those mysteries which will never be satisfactorily solved in France :

On the 3rd of August, the whole male population of Paris, armed in every possible fashion, streamed to Rambouillet, as it was stated, to terrify and drive away the Bourbons. It was a terrible sight, and though not a shot was fired, and not a person was injured, it had something more menacing about it than even the three days of July. Thousands and thousands had hurriedly seized every instrument of destruction, and poured through the streets like a raging torrent. The papers afterwards stated that the Garde Nationale, under the Generals Pajol and Exclmann, Colonel Jaqueminot and George Lafayette, had gone to Rambouillet to induce the royal family to quit the country ; but in the number of the troops they were stated to have led there was a slight mistake between 6000 and 60,000 men. This is a further proof that every exer-

tion was made to give an official character to the popular movement. Every variety of vehicle was laid under contribution ; and when fiacres, omnibuses, postchaises, court carriages, cabriolets, and carts were filled, when all the stables had been forcibly emptied, everybody who was taking a drive was politely, but seriously, requested to walk home. One of my friends met with the same accident. She had scarce stepped out of her elegant carriage when it was so crowded that the horses could not drag it along. A deputation, which preceded the mob, determined Charles X. on making his escape, by pointing out his danger. Elder persons remembered the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, and did not breathe freely till they heard at a late hour in the evening of the departure or the royal family.

Although Louis Philippe seemed to all appearance firmly established on the throne, various events proved that all was not so secure as his partisans desired. In June, 1832, a very serious contest took place near the Convent St. Mery, against the Republicans, and the conspiracy of the Rue de Prouvere was another very dangerous sign. The government was forced to act with excessive caution, even in such apparently trivial matters as the erection of Napoleon's statue on the column in the Place Vendôme.

The public awaited with impatience for the announcement that the statue would be raised to its destination, while, at the same time, reports were spread that the secret societies intended to employ this day in manifesting their political opinions. The close terms of intimacy on which I lived for many years with the family Le Pere, with the daughter and the son-in-law, the celebrated architect Hittorff, made me acquainted with the indecision the government displayed as to selecting the day for the ceremony. M. le Pere was a man of seventy years of age, but still very active, and, as it were, regenerated by the thought that, before his death, he should do his homage to his hero ; and his amiable wife was well aware that no power would prevent him from undertaking the management of the affair. The good lady was quite robbed of her sleep. At length, one night, there was great commotion in the small, retired house, in which the family resided alone. She guessed what was taking place, but was obliged to keep quiet, for fear of irritating the old gentleman.

The family assembled with beating hearts the next morning (July 20, 1833) ; all had heard the disturbance during the night, all suspected the cause, but none dared speak ; at length Le Pere and Hittorff entered the room, and announced that the statue of the emperor had been safely raised.

Such were the measures to which the government was driven at that day.

On June 10, 1837, Louis Philippe celebrated the restoration of the palace of Versailles with a magnificent festival. Two thousand persons of all ranks were seated at the tables of the king and the princes, and received in a most friendly manner.

This palace had undergone many melancholy changes since October 6, 1789. After all the furniture and ornaments had been carried off, the Republic tried to employ it as a branch establishment for the Hôpital des Invalides ; but when this did not succeed, it was proposed that it should be demolished. Napoleon's elevation saved the French from committing such an act of Vandalism. When the nation awoke from its terrible intoxication, the better part saw that it was necessary such memorials should be retained, in spite of the melancholy reminiscences attached to their walls.

In 1814, Louis XVIII. turned his attention, in the first place, to the



residence of his ancestors, and 2000 workmen were engaged in every variety of restoration; furniture and hangings were being made in the *ateliers* of Lyons and Paris, when Napoleon's return from Elba put a stop to these projects, which were never commenced again by the king.

The sumptuous apartment in which Louis XIV., that proudest of kings, was forced to wander in the way of all flesh, was restored by Louis Philippe in all its original splendour. As the king entertained the wish to awake historical recollections here as far as possible, he necessarily regarded the restoration of this room as a *genre* picture of the age, when the *nimbus* of majesty lay so heavily on the earth, and a single step more or less in this sanctuary of etiquette indicated to an individual his place in society.

It was found, from a MS. in the Royal Library, that the upholsterer Delobel had employed twelve years in making the bed and the furniture, so that they might not be unworthy of the other decorations. At that day, when the emblematical ornaments were entirely devoted to the triumphs of Venus, they must have flattered the vanity of a sensual king, who delighted to be honoured as a fabulous demigod in mythological festivals. Such was the case during the season of a La Vallière, Montespan, or Fontanges; but when Madame de Maintenon made her entrance into Versailles, the emblems of love were forced to give way to a serious but fanatic display of religion.

The *couvrepiéd* made by Delobel was exchanged for one worked by the young ladies of the Institute de St. Cyr, on which the sacrifices of Isaac and Iphigenia were represented. By the aid of reminiscences from his youth, and a picture, in which Louis XIV. is depicted knight-riding his sons at the *petit lever*, Louis Philippe was enabled to restore this room to its original appearance: for it had been maintained in all its splendour by the descendants of Louis XIV., though it had not been employed.

We must not neglect to mention the crown and sceptre, richly adorned with pearls and jewels, which lie on a gilded table near the bed, if only for the sake of telling our numerous readers who may pay Versailles a visit, and feel astonishment at the valuable jewels, that the stones—are not real.

"But where are all the real ones?" a *very* young man asked, naïvely; to which the guide replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Ah, Monsieur! cela ne se dit pas!"

The most remarkable thing in the small suite of apartments formerly occupied by Marie Antoinette, is the arrangement of the mirrors in the boudoir, in which the observer sees himself without a head. This deception was one of the chief amusements of the queen and her ladies, and they played with it till it became a truth.

The following anecdote, which our authoress introduces *apropos* of the marble stairs of the palace, will bear repetition:

The custom of walking down marble stairs may lead to a comical result. When Madame de Genlis paid a visit to the Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Louis Quinze, at the convent of the Carmelites at St. Denis, whither she had voluntarily retired, she found this lady, who had formerly been very weak and ailing, in a very improved state of health. She was busily

engaged in attending to the great wash, and came out of the laundry on the arrival of her visitor.

"What are the things," Madame de Genlis asked, "to which you have the greatest difficulty in accustoming yourself in your new mode of life?"

"You would never guess," the princess said, with a laugh: "it was, that I was forced to go down a little flight of stairs alone. At first I fancied that I must fall headlong down, and I often seated myself on the stairs and slid down, that I might get the affair over quicker."

"And, in fact," Madame de Genlis adds, "a princess, who was accustomed only to descend the great marble steps at Versailles leaning on the arm of her chamberlain, and surrounded by her pages, would necessarily feel terrified when she found herself for the first time alone on steep, narrow, winding stairs."

What a strange fatality it seems that since Louis XIV. no first-born has ascended the throne of France.

Louis XV. was the great grandson of his predecessor, and he was succeeded by his grandson, Louis Seize. The emperor's son died at Vienna, and the Duc d'Orleans on the pavement of Paris.

The pictures of all these, and many hundred others, may be seen on the walls of the picture-gallery at Versailles—the mighty ones of all countries and ages, kings and emperors, their courtiers, their adherents, and their creatures. They are all attired in the richest dress of their age, with the most contented glances, and with the most firm belief in the eternal duration of a throne on which a Louis Quatorze sits in a palace like Versailles.

Although these restorations at Versailles, and the other improvements made in Paris, did much to excite admiration and extend comfort, still the discontent felt at some very blamable actions could not be suppressed. It was not just, perhaps, to lay the fault of several errors on the ministers or the king alone; but the two most important faults were the increased pressure of taxation, and the immorality of various sorts, which was permitted if not excused. These are two points on which the prosperity of France has been frequently wrecked, and will be so, perhaps, again; at least, it was not a whit the more encouraging with the Provisional Government after 1848.

The Queen Amalie was, during her whole life, a pattern of all female virtue, and had the pleasure in her old age of seeing the example she rendered worthily imitated by her numerous young family. Of the many youthful princesses, who could not have wanted flatterers and tempters in Paris, there was not a single one on whose character there was the slightest stain. It would be unjust not to praise a royal family for virtues which are often undermined among less distinguished persons by idleness and independence. Although the princes enjoyed more liberty as young men, they never became wild or extravagant, as is so often the case.

As much respect as was paid to the royal family, equal contempt was felt towards women, who even felt proud of their vileness; and these, if not invested with situations at court, were ever received with the most unpardonable indulgence. It would have been difficult to repulse several of them, for their husbands held important offices, but no difficulties were raised, even if this were not the case. It may be possible that the queen

was unacquainted with the course of life of several ladies ; but in any case this *insouciance* on the part of the royal family had a very bad effect on the public. The reason of it was, probably, the wish to form a court as quickly as possible after the events of 1830 ; but this was a mistake at the outset, and was completely unsuccessful in the execution. Experience has irrevocably taught that no old long-established throne can be easily subverted, and raised again securely on a basis like that of the younger republics ;—too much of the glory of the past state is attached to every fibre, too much uncertainty as to the future hovers in the distance.

Beside these immoral women, many corruptible men were noticed, and it was again found in this instance that both these vices are generally united. The opposition was attentive and insisted on its right. It behaved politely towards the fair sex, and only now and then gave them a gentle lesson ; but attacked its own sex with more zeal, and, on the slightest suspicion, never suffered the accused person to escape without a severe and public examination. Whether the opposition was in the right in laying all the weaknesses, vices, and even crimes to the fault of the government, may be doubted ; but it did its duty, and displayed the leniency which was shown to those parties who ought to have been punished. Year by year the rumours about the criminal conduct of high functionaries became more widely extended. We need only mention the cases of the Marquis de B——, who counterfeited the marks employed by the Jockey Club, and who escaped with very slight, or rather no punishment ; then the Teste process ; and last of all, the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin, to show the horrible state of French society under Louis Philippe.

While the enemies of the throne sought every opportunity to accuse the government, the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier with the Spanish Infanta was a famous chance for them. This marriage was openly declared to be the most impolitic action France could commit, and war with England was prophesied as the inevitable consequence. As no threatening result has manifested itself, we may believe that the prophecy was rather employed as a pretext than that the danger was imminent. In any case, the young prince sought to maintain the popularity he had striven to acquire among the better class of citizens, and invited a very mixed company to a brilliant festival, where they might be permitted to salute his bride, and perhaps give her some idea of the popularity of the French court. The following extract will prove the mistake he committed :

The duke had inhabited for several years the fortified Château de Vincennes, behind which lies a wood of the same name. In this forest he selected an open spot, called Les Minimes (from a monastery in the neighbourhood), as the most favourable for his design of giving a *fête champêtre* : through the choice of this locality, he, however, clearly showed that he had no idea of the excitement prevailing at the time.

As the château and wood lie a good league without the Barrière du Trône, at the extreme north of Paris, they may be regarded as the frontier of the Faubourg St. Antoine. This great suburb is estimated to contain alone 150,000 men, who, with few exceptions, are artisans. Here many industrious, happy men live, whom their daily labour saves from idleness and ruin ; many

who, in this respect, regard work as the friend of man; but many also live here who, although honest and industrious, only yield with murmurs to necessity, and, while they declare work to be an enemy, console themselves by detesting the rich. There is no trace in the Faubourg St. Antoine of the luxury of other quarters. All the guests were compelled to traverse this awfully long road before reaching the Bois de Vincennes. It may be imagined that the young, beautiful women who were invited to this *fête*, did everything to display their brilliant attire and personal charms. The many hundred elegant equipages which moved slowly in file, to prevent any disorder, drew a curious mob into the road; they pressed closer and closer to the carriages, and the fair dames were compelled to hear many coarse jokes and threatening remarks.

The *fête* was brilliant; the prince and his young bride gracious and affable; but an uncomfortable feeling pervaded everybody; and I heard sensible and not easily frightened ladies openly state that they did not feel at their ease till they found themselves again beneath their own roof. It was evident that this *fête* had produced a very different impression from what was intended.

One of the surest proofs that the mournful or criminal events which occurred during the eighteen years' reign of Louis Philippe were more or less attributed to his mode of government, lies in the slight attention that was paid to the death of Prince Louis Henri de Condé, Duc de Bourbon, the last representative of a highly renowned family.

Had this catastrophe taken place but a few years after the family D'Orleans had acquired the throne, instead of occurring during the first four weeks, the most cruel suspicions, then only expressed by the Legitimists, would have been given to the world. Just in the same way as the opposition attacked the leniency of the king towards the actions of criminal and extravagant persons, the Legitimists were perfectly justified in also accusing the government for casting a veil over an event which they ought to have exerted themselves in unravelling.

The old Duc de Bourbon must certainly be judged kindly by every one who possesses human sentiments. From his earliest youth, outraged in his noblest, warmest feelings; then the plaything of unbounded misfortune; in his old age a certain coldness towards earthly affairs took possession of him, but generosity, charity, and true religion cannot be denied in him.

At the age of fifteen, inflamed with the most ardent love for the Princess Louise d'Orleans, who was then twenty-one, he fancied, in his childish inexperience, he had reached the height of happiness when Louis XV. consented to the union between the houses of Condé and Orleans. The king, however, acquiesced in this marriage, only on condition that the prince should return immediately after the ceremony to the Palais Bourbon, and the princess enter a convent. As an exceptional case, the purse of a prince served true love, though often employed at the court of Versailles for a different purpose, and the enamoured young prince saw not only the lofty doors of the palace, but the low gate of the convent, open through the power of gold. He carried off his bride a very short time afterwards. On the very next morning it was known at Versailles that he had acted against the king's commands, and he was summoned to answer for it.

The applause, however, with which Madame Dubarry received the news, and the presence of mind with which the young prince defended

himself, induced the king to forgive him. In ten months the duke had the good fortune to become the father of a son. This son was the unhappy Duc d'Enghien. He was the sole progeny of a marriage which degenerated from the warmest passion to the coldest estrangement, though the blame must be entirely thrown on the wife. In the bitterest sorrow at the coldness of the duchess, whom he could no longer honourably love, the prince hurried, at the commencement of the revolution, across the Rhine, and, with his son, placed himself under the banners of his father, the old Duc de Condé. With the news of the execution of the queen, the duke also received the information that the duchess had assigned her whole fortune to the French nation, which pained and outraged his royalist sentiments. Her hope of saving herself by this sacrifice was futile; after a long imprisonment in Marseilles her head also fell beneath the executioner's knife.

On the restoration, the duke, who was now aged, returned to France, and lived principally at his country seats of St. Leu and Chantilly. The lady of his heart, however, if such a term may be employed, was very far from causing respect, and the riches and titles he procured for her were not sufficient to legitimate her. No respectable lady, possessing position or morality, could easily overcome her feelings of repugnance when circumstances compelled her to approach the Baroness F—. It was known that Louis XVIII. would not allow her, on any condition, to appear at court, and she obtained this distinction only once, during the last years of Charles X.'s reign. Louis Philippe was more indulgent; but he was too much so, and excited the doubly dishonouring suspicion, that craving for money caused him to shut his eyes.

The Duc de Condé was the godfather of Louis Philippe's fourth son, the Duc d'Aumâle, to whom he, after being terribly robbed of his sole direct heir, left his very large fortune. This fortune was calculated at 125,000,000 francs, after all debts were paid.

The kind reception which Baroness F— always met with from the Orleans family, the remarkable politeness with which, during the restoration, the then Duc d'Orleans and his duchess treated this baroness, who was in every respect far below them, on their visits at St. Leu and Chantilly, excited attention. It was well known what influence the baroness exercised over the old Duc de Condé, and at that day it was whispered that a secret agreement had been made between the inamorata of Prince Condé and the Orleans branch, in accordance with which the latter agreed not to make any claim to the considerable sums which the favourite had in her possession, if she, for her part, promised to maintain the will the duke had already made in favour of the Duc d'Aumâle without alteration till his death.

It may certainly be a very agreeable feeling for a good father, as Louis Philippe undoubtedly was, to know his children's earthly prosperity increased; but public opinion would not forgive a poor man such a disgraceful proceeding, much less a prince already abundantly endowed with wealth.

The events of July, 1830, made a very deep impression on the old Duc de Condé. The experience of "anno '90" had taught him whence such convulsions derive their origin, and whither they may lead. It is

certain, that from the moment when he learned the Tuileries had been taken, and the elder branch of the Bourbons in flight, he gave way to the deepest despair, though he became calmer when he heard that the royal family had safely escaped.

Whether the persons in his immediate neighbourhood would or could quite speak the truth, when they asserted that his calmness was feigned, in order to carry out his intended plan of following the royal family, without being prevented from doing so by the objections of Baroness F——, is a question that cannot be answered. No one could know with certainty, what many insisted on knowing through party spirit, that the duke's connexion with the baroness had become a torment to him, from which he had long tried to free himself; or, what was of still greater importance in the affair, that he intended to partially alter his will in favour of the elder, expelled, and unfortunate line. It is a fact, that this last of the Condés was found at St. Leu, on the morning of the 27th of August, 1830, hanging by the window-cord, while the door of his bedroom was locked. The news of this event caused terrible excitement; for while one party asserted the duke was much too God-fearing, and at the same time corporeally too weak, to leave this earth in such a violent manner, and without receiving the consolation of religion; others declared that, after the way in which the corpse was found, the duke alone could have put an end to his life. The authorities interfered, the locality was most carefully examined, and suspicion officially removed from all the *personnel*. The public was less indulgent, and spoke of secret doors whose existence was only known to the most intimate friends of the duke. However, suspicion *never* rested on the Orleans family: their leniency was alone blamed.

After the body had lain in state for eight days, it was taken with princely pomp to the church of St. Denis. The much-revered Abbé Pellier, almoner to the Duc de Condé-Bourbon, raised the heart in a golden vase high in the air, and declared in a loud voice that, according to his firm moral conviction, and through his intimate acquaintance with the deceased, the latter most undoubtedly had not committed suicide. When the heart was taken to Chantilly, all the inhabitants went to meet it with great lamentation.

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## STATE AND PROSPECTS OF MEXICO.\*

It is the fate of old nations to be frequently placed in wrong positions. This arises from the spread of young and antagonistic powers, which obliges them to preserve the old state of things, or, as it is commonly called, the balance of power, to side with the weaker party. Thus, in the Old World, England and France unite to support Turkey against young Russia; and, in the New World, England is called upon to support Mexico against its own Anglo-Saxon brethren. The thing is absurd in both cases. The countenance and support of a highly civilised nation is alike lent, in both instances, to bigotry, corruption, and vice, in opposition to the true interests of humanity. It has long since been time that European nations should have settled the Turkish question among themselves, and to the mutual advantage of all. By doing so, it could no longer be as it now is, a bone of contention among neighbouring nations, a sore in the side of civilised Europe, and an apology for lighting up the dying embers of war among the most powerful nations of the earth. So, also, to support Mexico against the Anglo-Saxons, is to countenance a bigoted, corrupt, and vicious people, against a young race, full of enterprise, energy, and love of civilisation; who would do more for the land of the Aztecs in ten years than the Spaniards have in three centuries of occupation. It is very questionable if the occupation of Mexico by a civilised and friendly nation, would not also be more beneficial to the commerce of Great Britain than the giving to it a factitious support in its present fallen and debased condition.

But let us see what Mr. Robertson, who is a great upholder of Mexican independence, and a warm advocate of the support and interference of Great Britain, even to the extent of a proposed colonisation of the country, has to say upon the subject, as also upon the actual condition of the country. It is impossible not to feel an interest in the magnificent realms of Montezuma, the last retreat of Spanish chivalry, but now an emancipated nation, without political experience, civil probity, or a sense of true patriotism. How is such a country to be upheld, or to be regenerated? It is but fair to read the arguments and experiences on both sides of the question.

Mr. Robertson and his daughter landed at Vera Cruz in February, 1851, after a narrow escape and much suffering, entailed by their having been among the unfortunate passengers of the *Forth*, wrecked like the *Tweed* on the Alacranes. The town he describes as presenting a handsome and imposing appearance; but with San Juan de Ulloa, of which he says he had heard so much, he was quite disappointed. "It presented a black, dilapidated, ruinous look, without any of that frowning grandeur with which I had invested, in my own mind, this celebrated fortification." Then, again, of the houses:

The Spaniards are famous for *building* strong and substantial houses, but as for *repairing*, they seem scarcely ever to think of it. Thus after a century or

\* A Visit to Mexico, by the West India Islands, Yucatan, and United States, with Observations on the Way. By William Parish Robertson, Author of "Letters on Paraguay," &c. 2 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

two the house begins to get shabby, goes on to fail, shows symptoms of decay, and at last, from pure want of "a stitch in time," goes to ruin. The process is not often interrupted, and the ruined remains of the house not always removed. Bare walls, in many a town, are left to proclaim that *there* once stood a house. The cause of this is mainly to be found in the mode of renting. The landlord scarcely ever disturbs his original lease with a tenant. But it is not the custom for landlords to repair, and the tenants at will do not choose to incur the expense. Then many houses belong to corporations, to the church, to *testamentarius*, executorships, something almost equal to the blessing of being in Chancery. The landlords never raise the rent; the tenant does not even *clean* his house till after a long series of years; and sooner than clean and repair it himself, he moves off to another habitation. Thus, repairing is not the common custom, and hence the general aspect, in many Spanish towns, of gloominess, uncleanliness, oldness (which, to make a word, may be termed *used-up-ness*), and decay. There are many exceptions to the general rule; more especially in those cases where English residents, and English capital, and English *comforts* have found their way. Indeed, since the emancipation of the colonies, a most decided improvement has taken place in the aspect of the cities and towns generally. The much-maligned Vera Cruz is one of those which showed to me at every turn, in the better quarters of the port, handsome houses in tenantable order. The English have set the example, and including at once proprietors and tenants, it has been largely followed by the people.

While Mr. Robertson was at Vera Cruz, its constitution as a free federal state was sworn to. Another of the many constitutions, he says, he had seen sworn to throughout South America; and straightway sworn at and abolished to make room for some other, having more parts, sections, chapters, and articles than its predecessor, and consequently more difficult to be carried out. The *conducta*, or train of carts and waggons, which, escorted by a military force, periodically conveys remittances of specie and bullion from Mexico to the English packets, also arrived, bringing, in sixty waggons, a million and a quarter of dollars; Messrs. Manning, Mackintosh, and Co., shipping, at the same time, five or six hundred bales of cochineal, of 200lbs. each.

Of Jalapa, with its beautiful situation, and its old-fashioned, crooked streets, Mr. Robertson, like Bullock, Mrs. Ward, Lyon, Ruxton, and other travellers, speaks in terms of high admiration—although this seems more especially bestowed on the picturesque than on the intrinsic merits of the place. The neighbourhood is also charming, and presents many beautiful sites. The universal theme of conversation between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, is that of the robbers. "Robbers! Robbers!! Robbers!!!" as Mr. Robertson has it, like a placard at Astley's. There was in the *diligencia* a Mexican general of division, who was frightened out of his wits about the said robbers; but the robbers themselves, it appears, were in reality engaged as an escort; and notwithstanding the bumps of the notoriously bad roads in Mexico, as they arrived at Jalapa, so they got to Perote and to Puebla, and from Puebla to Mexico, without any sight of highwaymen but what, as we said before, constituted their mounted escort. Puebla, with a population of from sixty to ninety thousand souls, is one of the second cities in Mexico, and is favourably known for its manufactures. Mr. Robertson describes the houses as massive and handsome, the rectilinear streets wide, well-paved, and clean, and the whole denoting the possession of quiet and comfort, with no small share



of opulence. Puebla "de los Angeles" is also celebrated for its noble cathedral, with gorgeous interior, and the accepted tradition (whence the name of the place) is, that during the erection of the cathedral, angels descended every night and doubled the work which the human labourers had performed during the preceding day.

At Jalapa our party had heard of a *pronunciamento* (for nobody is ever in Mexico for a month without hearing that a *pronunciamento*—a rickety essay at revolution—has taken place); at Puebla they heard that it had been put down. "Indeed!" says the recipient of the news at Jalapa, lighting his cigar and puffing away; and when at Puebla, he is told the *pronunciamento* is put down—"Vaya pues," he adds, "very well!" And again he smokes his cigar, forgetting the matter altogether.

Notwithstanding the favourable description of Puebla given by Mr. Robertson, according to his own showing one-half of the lower class are said to subsist by street-robbery and pillage!

The approach by the Vera Cruz route to Mexico—still perhaps the most splendid city on the American continent—is generally admitted to be disappointing, and not to give a favourable idea of the capital, or of the country about it. Yet, according to the testimony of all, the valley, which is about sixty miles long by forty in breadth, with its shady paseos, bright fields, and picturesque haciendas, the spires of the distant city, the lakes of Tezcuco and Chalco, glittering in the sun like burnished silver when not shaded by vapours, and the framework of mountains and volcanoes (Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl), is still, as it was in the days of Cortes, a sight that has nothing that can be precisely compared with it in the world.

The name of the first-mentioned extinguished volcano is pronounced as if it were spelt Iztaséwattle, and the second has been rendered by Anglo-Mexican wit into Pop-the-cat-in-the-kettle. Both stand out in bold relief, crowned with eternal snows. A mass of ashes and very dense vapours were observed by Humboldt to issue from the crater of Popocatepetl in January, 1804, but no eruptions of consequence have taken place since the time of Cortez.

The absolute height of Popocatepetl is 17,884 feet, and of Iztaccihuatl 15,704 feet. From their bases, whence they rise in great cone-like masses, they may be 10,000 and 8000 feet respectively. De Humboldt thought Popocatepetl was the loftiest mountain of the temperate zone; but the Great White Mountain, 1500 miles north of the parallel of Mexico, is more elevated, if Pike's measurement can be relied on as correct. Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl are only two out of a belt of volcanoes that cross Mexico from east to west, beginning with Colima and ending with Tuxtla. Among these Jorullo is of recent origin, having sprung up in 1789; the small volcano of Tuxtla is also very active, exhibiting frequent and violent eruptions.

We are happy to have it in our power to give here an unpublished account of an ascent made of the lofty Popocatepetl, in the spring of this year, by a party of English, French, and others:

*Extract of a Letter, dated Mexico, April 2, 1853.*

I had been wondering what to do with myself during Holy Week, and had nearly arranged to go to Cuernavaca and the hot country, when I heard of a

party intending to attempt the ascent of Popocatepetl. You may imagine how delighted I was to join in an adventure of this kind, and without delay I enrolled myself a member of the *daring* corps. This mountain is 17,874 feet high, or 2212 feet higher than Mont Blanc.

Everything being satisfactorily settled, five of us left Mexico on the afternoon of the 23rd, and reached San Rafael (about fifteen leagues off) in time for a late dinner. This place is an iron-foundry belonging to a Mr. Davidson, a brother of one of my companions, and is most beautifully situated at the foot of Iztaccihuatl. Here we remained all Thursday, to give time for three more gentlemen to join us; and on Friday (Good Friday) morning set out for our goal. After a ride of about nine leagues, almost all up hill, we arrived at a small rancho almost on the verge of vegetation, where we had to pass the night. Our appearance during the ride was quite imposing: four Englishmen—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Lyon (a lieutenant of the royal artillery), and myself—the Russian secretary, a German gentleman, a French scientific traveller, an American traveller, three servants, three pack mules, two guides, and a body of Indians. We passed a miserable half-night in an Indian hut, having to choose one of two evils—either being smoked, or starved to death—and about half-past twelve roused up to commence the ascent. We were here about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost immediately we passed the region of vegetation, and entered a belt of deep lava dust. We took our horses as far as we could get the poor beasts to go, but had to abandon them some time before arriving at the edge of the snow. Up to this time we had none of us experienced any bad effects, and I was in great hopes of getting to the top without suffering; but before long I felt several unpleasant sensations, including great difficulty in breathing, nausea, and a dreadful headache. These feelings increased at every step I took, and when I got about 1000 feet from the summit, I thought I must have given up. The surface of the snow or ice was dreadfully rough, and cut my boots nearly to pieces. The only way in which I could make any progress, was by advancing three or four steps, very slowly, resting, advancing three or four more, and then literally falling exhausted on the snow for a short time. During these rests, I several times fell asleep, and once awoke, quite convinced I was on the steamer between Douglas and Liverpool, I felt so sea-sick. I also unfortunately got separated from the guides, and went along a rougher and steeper ascent, but at last got to the top, last of all but one, and just feeling able to give a sickly glance at the crater through my veil and spectacles. I threw myself down on a heap of ice and lava, and lay for some minutes motionless and almost senseless. When I had in some measure recovered, I was able to enjoy the magnificent view around me. Far away in the east appeared the peak of Orisava: between it and us lay the immense plain of Puebla, and to our left that of Mexico.

Iztaccihuatl appeared close to us, the immense ravines and fir forests which are between the two mountains appearing like scratches and spots at that vast depth. By our side was the enormous crater, sinking a great distance into the mountain, and at one point still slightly smoking. They still get sulphur from this crater; though, when we were there, there were no men at work, and consequently we were not able to descend. After sufficiently looking about us and taking some slight refreshment, we set out on our downward route. When about one-third down we saw a beautiful sight. An enormous cloud was coming up with the wind straight against the mountain, at some little depth beneath us. On striking, it divided on both sides, and rushing upwards along the snow, soon completely covered us in a deep mist; but soon afterwards the wind seemed to break it up into avenues, through which we could sometimes see the top of the mountain, and at others the barrancas and pine forests far below us, appearing and disappearing like scenes in a magic lantern. As you may suppose, our descent was both quicker and easier than the ascent; and after an hour or two scrambling and rolling through the snow and lava, we reached our sleeping-place, only to meet with a grievous disappointment. It

seems the owner of the crater did not wish strangers to be indiscriminately allowed to visit the mountain, and his agent (the alcalde of some petty village about four leagues off) had sent, while we were up, and seized our horses, servants, provisions, clothes, and, in fact, every single thing we had left below. As you may well conceive, we were in a pretty mess—hungry and tired, without food or horses! Nothing was left for us, however, but to walk back to Amecameca (a distance of six leagues); and managing to hunt up a mule and a horse, we despatched two of our party in advance to obtain and send back horses for us; and we set out on our weary pilgrimage. After a fifteen miles' walk, which, in spite of my hunger and fatigue, I could not help enjoying, the scenery was so magnificent, we met our animals (a wretched set of brutes), on which we were obliged to make the best of our way to San Rafael, where we arrived at nine o'clock, almost too tired to take any refreshment, although a good supper was awaiting us. Next day I awoke quite refreshed, and enjoyed a quiet ramble in the neighbourhood, and on Monday morning was aroused at half-past three o'clock to return to Mexico, which city we reached at a quarter past nine, A.M., highly gratified with our successful excursion. Our horses (after being taken to Puebla) were returned to us, two days afterwards, with "many apologies," which went very little way in making up for our extra fatigue and annoyance; and I trust yet we shall get the author of our discomfort punished.

The French gentleman who accompanied this expedition appealed to the local papers in indignant terms against a proceeding which he justly designated as "*un de ces actes d'arbitraire incroyables dont le Mexique, qui a la prétention, cependant, de passer pour un Etat libre, semble s'être réservé seul le monopole.*"

Once in the city of Mexico, and the first thing, after the palace and cathedral, that attracted attention and drew forth remark, were the *leperos*, the lazzaroni of Mexico. We are referred to the pages of Madame C—— de la B——'s work for a lively picture of these filthy drones and thieves. (Mr. Robertson speaks of every one—his fellow-passengers, his hosts, his friends, non-anonymous authors, as Calderon de la Barca, nay, even of his own daughter, under their initials: Miss Robertson is throughout the work spoken of as H. Such over-fastidiousness is perfectly ridiculous.) The cathedral is described as being three-fourths filled with these *leperos*. "It was," says Mr. Robertson, "a feast for the eyes and the olfactory nerves after such a fashion, as to render a description, I can assure you, 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.'" The buildings are spoken of in terms of high admiration; a massive, but rude grandeur is noticed as the distinctive character of the palace-like houses. The diary of a residence in this splendid city does not, however, present so much novelty as might have been expected. The parties were too "respectable" to see anything but what was pleasing to the sight and agreeable to relate. There were streets, squares, and gardens, for example, but it was not respectable for the fair sex to walk. There was Las Vigas, the fashionable drive during Lent, with odd figures and most various costumes; the canal, with canoes full of darkies playing the banjo and singing their barbarous songs. There was the theatre—very handsome—"the ladies in general nice looking, and a good many very pretty, and almost all dressed in good taste." There were suburbs and villages, some of which, as Tacubaya, are the resort of the *élite* of Mexico; there were the Paseos, or public drives, of which the *Nuevo* is an avenue a mile in length, with

fountains and statuary of "a secondary class;" there were *tertulias*, or *soirées*, with the *grandees* of the land, frequented by the leading *belles* of the *haut-ton*; there were balls, with "unhatched, unshorn, half-lame, blind tatterdemalion music-scrappers, pouring forth tinklings and sounds which would have driven Jullien stark staring mad in two minutes!" Then there were the churches, decked out with every conceivable sort of ornament, vying in show with the Mexican community itself, very splendid to the eye, but full of incongruities and contradictions. The Calle San Francisco, with its seven distinct chapels, carries off the palm for magnificence; but La Profesa is the most fashionable. There was the Semana Santa, with plenty of theatrical display in the churches, but no carnival; and at Whitsuntide there were three days' gambling, in which every one took a share, at the village called San Agustín de las Cuevas. The bankers were "all, all honourable men," and nobody thinks for a moment that there is the slightest impropriety in capitalists opening a gaming-house for three days every year in San Agustín. Then there were cock-fights in the Plaza de Gallos, honoured by the presence of all the *élite* and beauty of Mexico in their gayest toilettes.

Nor must we forget to notice, among minor resources, the Calle de los Plateros—the Bond-street of Mexico—the alameda, or morning walk; the great Plaza, with its picturesque shops and shoppers; the Parian, a great bazaar for clothes for the poorer classes; the Evangelistas, or letter-writers; the Lonja, or exchange, with reading, billiard, concert, and ball rooms; the market, with a wonderful display of fruit and vegetables, but only one kind of fish—a fresh-water whiting. (The Mexicans, by-the-by, eat frogs and mosquitoes' eggs, taken in myriads by lines laid across the marshy grounds about the lakes. This is *lex talionis* with a vengeance.) There are processions throughout the year, among which that of Corpus Christi is the most remarkable. There is a pleasing, lounging, idling, gossiping society, with, strange to say (and a sad symptom of decadence it is), the military profession in utter discredit and disrepute, arts and sciences languishing, literature at the lowest possible ebb, public spirit utterly extinct, and moral depravity, and vice and crime, in the ascendant. Still, as Mr. Robertson remarks:

Throughout Mexico, according to its varied latitudes, you have in active cultivation almost every production of nature—wheat, barley, oats—all our own cereal and green crops—the sugar-cane, coffee, tobacco, cotton, rice, and minor products of warm climates. For cochineal the country is celebrated; and of timber and wood of every kind they have inexhaustible stores. Silver and gold I have only to mention, to make their importance understood by all. Quicksilver they also have; and iron-mines are in operation. In short, a country more abundant in every species of mineral and other riches than Mexico (even after her loss of New Mexico and California, having still Sonóra and other parts), I do believe exists not on the face of the earth—excepting, perhaps, the United States, since their people have possessed themselves (after their own fashion) of such splendid territorial enlargements to their democratic empire as Texas, California, and New Mexico.

The unfortunate moral and intellectual condition of Mexico is, as is generally the case, rendered more grievous by a discordancy of political opinion. The Mexicans are divided into three classes—the *Monarchists*, or old bigoted High Church aristocrats; the *Puros*, or Liberals and Republicans, anything but "pure" in their patriotism; and the *Mode-*

*rados*, or Annexionists, strange to say in large numbers, and in very doubtful diminution. It is extraordinary to believe that there should be in any one country an influential party favouring the eventual domination of another race, with a different language and religion; but it is difficult to fathom the depths of national degradation of a Mexican. General Santa Anna, as we have seen since Mr. Robertson's time, has also still his adherents, even to the temporary absorption of all other parties in the usual *dénouement* of anarchy—a dictatorship. Mr. Robertson's views are, that although the war with the United States ended by depriving Mexico of a large portion of her territorial possessions, enough is still left to form progressively the elements of one of the most important nations with which England, in the now altered state of European affairs, can possibly be connected. This, notwithstanding that in his own words—

What I must say strikes every foreigner with utter amazement on his first acquaintance with Mexico, is, that seeing at every step he takes in this magnificent country, indubitable proofs of riches and resources in perennial abundance; wealth in every shape, mineral, cereal, pastoral; the earth teeming, in fact, with every country's product which man can use, exchange, and turn to his profit: that, seeing all this, he learns that the same country is utterly beggared and bankrupt in public men, and public credit; and, as a natural consequence, that its public means, either dammed up or turned into wrong channels, are quite inadequate to meet the demands of the national expenditure.

As if this state of affairs were not sufficiently anomalous, the stranger, on landing in Mexico, is still further stupified by a concurrent testimony, generally confirmed quickly by personal experience, that in a nation, having apparently all the elements of power,—fine cities and noble estates throughout the country, with mineral establishments which far surpass anything of the kind in any other part of the world; that in this Mexico, possessing seven or eight millions of inhabitants, he dare not pass from one province to another, without something like a certainty of being waylaid and robbed, on all the public roads, and even in many of the public streets of the cities into which he enters.

The way in which a nation may be regenerated has been fairly exposed, as mainly by a rational education of the people, teaching and inculcating right principles; struggling for the advancement of morality; encouraging true religion, by exploding the vain and worn-out forms of an antiquated superstition; and, finally, by proclaiming to all classes that individual vice can only lead to national degradation. Secondly, by adopting liberal public measures; by repressing public abuses; by encouraging patriotic public men; by reducing the public expenditure to the public income; by vigorously denouncing public delinquents, and as vigorously punishing public crimes. Thirdly, by adopting a cosmopolitan policy, giving every encouragement to foreigners to trade with Mexico, and to settle in it, mixing their interests with those of the Mexican people, through a steady and well-regulated system of immigration, and through the introduction of foreign capital. Fourthly, by entering into the strictest alliance and the closest friendship with those nations whose interests are involved, to a greater or less extent, in the prosperity and nationality of Mexico.

I have already (remarks Mr. Robertson) said, that the great power to

which Mexico ought to look as her natural ally, is England. It is with England that Mexico ought to put forward every effort to draw closer and closer together the links of international friendship. I speak not as an Englishman—I speak as the friend of Mexico. The latter ought to appeal, in every possible way, to the sympathies, and engage in every form the interests of the former, towards leading her to uphold the power, nationality, and integrity of Mexico. In point of fact, no nation is already so deeply interested in doing so as England, both in a political and mercantile point of view. Mexico is of high importance to Great Britain, and from no nation on the globe could the former draw greater and more material advantages, if she chose to seek them, than from England. She has no annexation views; and Mexico ought to seek her as a barrier, to oppose, on the part of others, this detestable and hypocritical mode of national robbery.

And again he adds, further on, in connexion with the same train of argument—

The onward course of population in the United Kingdom, the increase of capital, and the almost feverish stimulus applied to British enterprise, make a wider and wider field of commercial intercourse not an advantage to England alone, but a *necessity*, pressing upon the country with an accumulative force, which extends *pari passu* with the growing population. Not to find adequate employment for our swarming millions—not to find vents for our multifarious objects of industry, is to sap the foundation of the empire. Insufficient employment leads from poverty and want, to discontent, outrage, and insurrection. No one can deny the palpable fact; and therefore the first duty of a British statesman is, to provide new and advantageous outlets, both for our commerce and for reproductive emigration. With foreign states, almost entirely dependent on the manufacturing and shipping of other countries, a free intercourse cannot fail to bring the highest advantages to England, where the comparatively cheap rate at which she can provide the world with every object of manufacture, distances competition, and establishes for us a new market. If that country at the same time be thinly inhabited, it brings the additional advantage of readily absorbing a part of our surplus population. A daily augmenting taste and necessity for the produce of British industry, a partial amalgamation with the habits and customs of our people, and a gradual, however slow, advance in the science of good government, these all follow in the train of English immigration into young and still open countries. It is planting, without the expense of keeping, colonies of our own. Such a country as I speak of should Mexico be to England.

Of the imports of Mexico, I suppose three-fourths are British; and a close friendship between the two nations would lead to such fiscal ameliorations in this, as would progressively, and to a wonderful extent, develop the resources and the riches of Mexico; and by increasing its power of consumption, would give elasticity to its commercial capabilities. A mutual confidence thus established, and a better government organised here, I make bold to say, that there is not a country on the face of the globe where England could lay out surplus capital so securely and so profitably as in Mexico. The working of its mines alone would give employment to millions of money and thousands of additional hands.

This mutual good understanding between the two nations would by degrees lead, naturally and inevitably, to a tide of emigration from England towards Mexico. The variety, but everywhere the beauty, of its climate is proverbial; and in mining, in agriculture, in pasturage, in the common arts, there is room in Mexico for ten times its actual population. Politically, and supposing the *entente cordiale* to exist, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mexico, as an ally of England. The *only* barrier against that colossal power which threatens some day to shut out England *altogether* from this great continent, would thus be raised. Mexican independence, fostered by England,

is more worth England's attention than all the influence she can possess on the old and worn-out theatre of European continental politics. To the new world, not to the old, England must look for a continuance of her due weight. And let her not say that this is a *premature view*; for, while she sluggishly looks on, others are advancing by gigantic steps to the goal of their ambition.

But if the advantages likely to accrue to England are great, to Mexico they are *vital*. The *entente cordiale* with England is the assurance to the Mexicans—first, of their existence as a people; and secondly, of their rapid advancement from their present low point, to their proper place in the scale of nations. Two great countries are deeply interested in the question of Mexico; but the policy of the one is to depress, of the other to uphold. It is the interest of the first, as a deliberate and systematic aggressor, to weaken and divide, in order to annex; the nobler aim of the second is, as a friend, to strengthen and consolidate. The upas-tree kills every plant which interferes with its growth—the oak spreads his branches to protect circumjacent vegetation. Let the two countries lay these truths to heart, while there is yet time to profit by them. Let them hasten to establish the *entente cordiale*; and then, while Mexico will have gained a powerful supporter, England will reckon on one of the most practically important of all her many allies.

These views are, to say the least of them, well deserving of serious consideration, although we cannot say that we place any confidence in their realisation. The decadence of Mexico, like that of the other Spanish colonies in America, appears to us to be too far gone to admit of regeneration. As to colonising the country with a new race of Anglo-Mexicans, it is a feasible and tempting project; but circumstances have just now turned emigration in another direction, and Great Britain and Ireland, well peopled though they be, have scarcely a superabundance of population sufficient to colonise so vast a country as Mexico. Still it would be well that public attention should be brought to bear upon so desirable an outlet. It is, at the same time, a great mistake to call Mexico “the *only barrier* against that colossal power which threatens some day to shut out England altogether from the continent of America.” From Nova Scotia to Vancouver there extends a belt of country best adapted by climate and position to rear a race of men capable of contesting Yankee supremacy. We have always held that British capital and skill could nowhere be so patriotically invested as in opening an easy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across that belt. What powerful states might then arise on the Frazier and Saskatchewan rivers, in the Upper and Lower Lake districts, in the two Canadas, and in New Brunswick! And if the commerce of the East and West was carried through those countries, the population of such states would spring up as if by magic. In the mean time, in furtherance of the opening of such a line, or of that of the Isthmus, in furtherance of the intercommunication of all nations, and the freedom of commerce throughout the world, all the people of the earth are alike interested that the doctrines of a certain class of Yankees, who openly advocate Chinese principles of exclusiveness, and the expulsion of all other races from the New World, should not be carried into force—at least without an effort in the cause of humanity and of general civilisation. It would be difficult to say what Providence has yet in store for the New World. Surely not to make a Yankee slave-garden of the two continents!

## THE AGED RABBI.

A JEWISH TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## III.

THE next day was Saturday. Philip Moses kept the Sabbath in his own room, and prayed for his unhappy people ; but he often started, and a look of pain seemed to contract his features when he overheard his son talking loudly to his customers in the shop, and rattling the money in the till ; while his wife, in the other apartments, was engaged in various household duties, in all of which Benjamina was obliged to assist her. He frequently heard her aunt scolding her, and she had scarcely been able to snatch more than a minute to carry her grandfather's breakfast to him, and affectionately to bid him good morning. On that short visit he perceived that she had been weeping ; but he would not deprive her of the comfort of fancying she had concealed her tears from him, by letting her know that he had observed them.

Philip Moses was lying with his old head literally bowed into the dust, and was engaged in prayer, when Benjamina returned and called him to dinner. His daughter-in-law had slightly hoped he would be able to put up with such accommodation as their house afforded, but she was neither able nor willing to conceal her ill-humour ; and the old man sat silently at table without tasting any of the dishes placed on it, for these consisted of the very things that the Mosaic law particularly forbade. His son did not seem to notice all this ; but poor Benjamina did, and fasted also, though she was very hungry. The tumult of the preceding night was talked of, and it was told that there had not been one window left unbroken in Samuel's residence, nor in many of the handsomest houses belonging to the Jews ; also, that a couple of Jew old-clothesmen, who were perambulating the streets, had been very ill-used by the mob.

"Why do the rich make so much useless display ?" said Isaac, "and why do the poor seek, by their needless oddity, to draw public observation upon themselves ?"

"Have you become a Christian, my son ?" demanded the old man ; "or perhaps this is not the Sabbath-day ?"

"I adhere to the doctrines of my forefathers," replied his son, "in what I consider to be of consequence, and in what is applicable to the age in which we live, and to the ideas of what is holy and unholy that my reason and my senses can acknowledge. I wish my father would do the same, and not be scandalised at what is really quite innocent."

"My father-in-law must try to put up with our fare," said the mistress of the house, handing him, with thoughtless indifference, a plate of roast pork. "Our house is quite in disorder to-day," she added, by way of apology, when he silently handed her back the plate, "and I really did not bethink me of our guest ; but I shall have something else another time, when I am accustomed to remember what he will not eat."



A gloomy silence then followed at table, and Isaac cast a reproachful look at his wife, which she did not omit to notice. The old man made a movement as if he were about to rise, but at that moment his eye fell on Benjamina; he remained silent and re-seated himself. What Benjamina read, however, in her grandfather's countenance, drew unbidden tears to her beautiful eyes—tears which she quickly brushed away, while in her embarrassment she, unwittingly, broke up her bread into small crumbs on the tablecloth. For this act of extravagance she received a sharp reprimand from her aunt, with a rude reminder that these were not times to waste bread, and that “those who had nothing of their own should think themselves lucky to get anything to put in their mouths.”

“Wife!” whispered Isaac to his better half, as they rose from table, “that was not according to our agreement.”

When old Philip Moses was alone with his son afterwards, he looked long and earnestly at him, and then said, in a dejected tone of voice:

“My son, speak out the truth freely—the grey-haired, antiquated Jew, is an unbidden guest; you are ashamed to close your doors against him, but not to give him wormwood in his cup of welcome; and my poor Benjamina is looked on as a mendicant here, to whom you have not many crumbs of bread to spare.”

“How so—my father?” stammered Isaac. “If my wife—forgive her!—I myself remarked a degree of thoughtlessness in her, which pained me.”

“Isaac—Isaac!” exclaimed the old man, “why does your voice tremble, and why do your eyes avoid mine? But I will still call you my son, and will tarry awhile to see if you can free yourself. Your heart is not bad, Isaac; but, alas! it has been with you, as with the sons of Israel, who, captivated by the daughters of a strange people, forgot father and mother, and that Lord who brought them out of Egypt—they never beheld the promised land.”

“Let not my marriage offend you so much, my dear father,” said Isaac, gathering courage to speak out, “and be not shocked at my way of living. Remember, I came into the world half a century later than you did. Opinions alter with time and with circumstances, and I have learned to see much in our religion, and our position as regards the rest of the world, in a very different light to what you do. I should indeed be blind, if I did not perceive that our people are the most remarkable on the face of the earth, and the least subject to change, even in their ruin, and their dispersion among all the nations in the world. But I do not think that we are, therefore, called upon eternally to separate ourselves from all other living beings. Inwardly we may, indeed, feel our distinction from them; and let this secret knowledge strengthen us to support our humiliations, and teach us to rise superior to our oppressors and persecutors, even when we are condemned to crawl in the dust before them; *inwardly* we may despise them, but *outwardly* we must amalgamate with the great masses of mankind, who will otherwise crush us in our stubbornness.”

“If I understand you aright, my son, you mean that we may continue to be Israelites, while we accept Christian customs and fashions; and that our race might be preserved, notwithstanding that we put an end to it ourselves by mingling our blood with that of the stranger.”

"As a people and as a nation we are already lost," replied his son; "and with the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem has the outward structure of our religion fallen to the ground. Do you not believe that if our great lawgiver had lived in these times, and in this land, he would not have prescribed very different rules for our conduct?"

"Would he have changed the commandments to fear and serve the God of Sabaoth, and to honour father and mother?" asked the old man.

Some persons came in at that moment, and the conversation was broken off.

In the evening Isaac was not at home, but some of his wife's relations came to visit her, along with a couple of foppish young men, who looked in from a party in the neighbourhood. No one seemed to notice old Philip Moses; he sat quietly in a remote corner of the room, and listened to the jokes, with which some of the gentlemen entertained the company about the rising against the Jews, at which they laughed very heartily; also telling, with great glee, that they were to be attacked again. Amongst the visitors was a handsome young man, with long fair hair falling over his white collar. He was the young painter Veit, who had lately returned from Rome, and who still wore the peculiar costume adopted there by artists. The two fops seemed inclined to turn his dress into ridicule, for they were afraid that he intended introducing the fashion into Hamburg; but he took no notice of them. He was the son of the physician who attended Isaac's family, and who resided on the "Hopfenmarkt." His attraction to the house was Benjamina's beautiful face, which was very interesting to him as an artist. He had hitherto taken no share in the general conversation, but had been standing apart in a window with Benjamina, talking to her about her reverend-looking grandfather, whom he had saluted with the respect which his age and patriarchal appearance demanded.

He now remarked the tenor of the conversation that was going on, and turned quickly from Benjamina to try to stop it, by introducing some other subject. But the thoughtless and unfeeling young men soon resumed their ridicule of the Jews, and indulged in witticisms at the expense of their sufferings during the riot, without at all being checked by the remembrance of whose house they were in, or who was present. At length Veit thought it necessary to remind them where they were; and he did this in so pointed and stinging a manner, that, ashamed and enraged, they immediately took their departure, but not until they had whispered him that he would find them the next morning near the Obelisk. No one overheard the challenge, but Veit vowed to himself that he would chastise them severely, and that *that* meeting should be a blacker hour to them than any which had occurred during the tumult they had considered so amusing. But *their* exit did not put an end to strife. Some elderly wholesale dealers thought fit to take up the defence of their friends who had just gone, and seemed at least not to disapprove of the chastisement inflicted on the privileged Hebrew usurers for their long practised extortions.

Veit again became the champion of the Jews, and descanted with warmth on the hateful, unchristian spirit which could impel Christians so shamefully to break the peace, and maltreat a fugitive, defenceless race, to whom the state had promised its protection.

"We complain that they hate us and defraud us," said he. "Do we show love to them when we stone them? Do we not betray them, when we infringe our own laws in order to break faith with them, and withdraw the security on which we told them they might rely, when they settled among us? If we were to show more justice and Christian feeling, we might induce them to like us; but hatred, scorn, and persecution, never yet won either proselytes or friends."

Benjamin rewarded the defender of her people with a grateful smile, and old Philip Moses rose and stepped quietly, but with dignity, forth from his corner.

"It is just and right that we should be humbled before the Lord!" said he. "But unjust and wicked are our fellow-creatures who seek our humiliation. Accept an old man's thanks," he added, as he turned towards the young painter, "that thou dost not echo the cry of the persecutor, and cast stones at us in the time wherein we are exposed to the contumely and the reproach of the scorner, but that thou hast a word of kindness for the Lord's oppressed and humbled people in the hour of their desolation."

"Who is that strange old man? He speaks as if he were a Bible," said the startled visitors one to another.

Isaac's eldest child, a boy of about five years of age, and his mother's darling and absolute image, had all day been peeping at the old man, as if he were some extraordinary spectacle.

"Are not you a Jewish priest?" said he, pertly, as he approached him more closely. "Why, what a nasty, ugly, long beard you have! Don't come near the windows, or they will be broken for us, mother says."

"He is your grandfather," whispered Benjamin to the child; "you must love him, and behave well to him, Carl!"

"Nonsense!" cried the child, laughing outright—"a Jew with a long beard, who won't eat pork, *my* grandfather! No, no. See if I don't tell him all the funny things that all the boys say——"

Benjamin cried, and placed her hand over the child's mouth, to prevent the old man from hearing what he was saying; but the unfortunate grandfather had not lost a word that he had uttered. He lifted his hand to crush the serpent that thus hissed in his ear, but at that moment he observed Benjamin's tearful eyes: his arm fell by his side, and he stood pale and silent, with his flashing eyes fixed on the floor.

Just then Isaac came in, and almost started as he beheld the embarrassed countenances around. Not one of the strangers, except the painter, seemed to feel any pity for the old man, but some were hastening away, while others were evidently preparing to follow.

"What is the matter?" asked Isaac, glancing first at the excited old man, and then, with some suspicion, at his wife. "Has any one been annoying my old father?"

"How can I help that poor child's chattering?" replied his wife. "But come, my boy," she added, taking the urchin tenderly by the hand, and leading him out of the room—"come; hereafter none of us must dare to open our mouths in our own house."

The painter, reddening with anger, stood near Benjamin and Philip Moses, whose hand he shook kindly; but the old man stood as a statue of stone, with his eyes fixed on the floor. Suddenly he seemed to awaken as if from a dream, raised his head, and looked all around. When he saw

Isaac standing before him, the tears started to his eyes, and coursed each other down his pale cheeks into his long white beard.

"Farewell, my son!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on Isaac's head. "The hand of the Lord rests heavily on thee for thy backsliding. I will not curse thy house, but I leave it, lest its roof should fall down upon me!"

So saying he walked out of the house, and his son made no attempt to detain him. But the weeping Benjamina followed him, and Veit followed them both at a little distance, in order to afford them assistance if the mob should attack them; for the tumult of the preceding evening was recommencing, and there were even more ill-disposed persons gathering in the streets than before. Veit saw the old man take the way towards the gates of Altona, hand in hand with Benjamina, whom he had in vain besought to return to her uncle's family, and Veit therefore concluded that they intended leaving Hamburg, and seeking an asylum in Altona. He determined still to follow them, so as to obtain shelter for them at the house of a friend of his there, in case they should find any difficulty in procuring such for themselves. But before they reached the Altona gates they were intercepted by a mob of the lowest rabble and a number of tradesmen's apprentices, who were flocking from all parts of the town, and wandering from street to street, breaking the windows of the Jews' houses.

"Stop, stop!" roared the rabble. "Where are you taking that pretty girl, you old Jew rascal?" Some of them then commenced pulling the old man by the beard, while others began to treat the pale and trembling Benjamina with rudeness and indignity. But at that moment Veit rushed to the rescue, and drawing a sword from his walking-stick, he laid about furiously among the offenders; some gentlemen, and other members of more respectable classes of the Hamburg population, took his part; and while the police were endeavouring to disperse the mob, Veit succeeded in getting Philip Moses and his granddaughter away, and conveying them through a side gate into a small back street: after a rather long circuit through deserted by-lanes and narrow streets, he was so fortunate as to reach his father's house without further molestation, and the old doctor received his unexpected guests with kind cordiality, and did all he could, both as host and physician, to minister to their wants and comforts. Benjamina was half dead from terror, and the unfortunate old man had sunk in a state of insensibility on the floor the moment he was safely within the door of the house.

#### IV.

WHEN Philip Moses returned to consciousness, he stared wildly about him, tore his hair, and then, like Job, he opened his mouth and cursed the day of his birth.

"Let the day perish whereon I was born—let darkness and the shadow of death stain it—let a cloud dwell upon it—wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul? For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me!"

He speedily, however, became exhausted; and a violent fever ensued. In his delirium he raved of the destruction of his people—of Sodom and

Gomorrah; and wrung his withered hands as he denounced the sins of the chosen race, and deplored the vengeance of Jehovah. During his illness Benjamina attended him faithfully, and when his fits of excitement came on, she would pray by him, or read to him from a Bible lent to her by Dr. Veit, till he was soothed to peace, and passed into a tranquil and almost happy state.

The good physician had given an asylum in his house to those unfortunate individuals; and his son, the young artist, sat whole days with Benjamina, sharing in her watchful care of the aged invalid. Often, when Benjamina had read to the old man till he went to sleep, and when she then sat by his bedside, with the sacred volume in her hand, while he seemed to smile upon her in his dreams, Veit would take up his pencil, and sketch them together. A new light seemed to beam on Benjamina's soul, partly from what she read to her grandfather, and partly from her conversation with the amiable artist about the holy book which contained the foundation of *her* faith and of *his*.

One day Veit came home with his arm in a sling, and gave out that he had hurt it by a fall. But he had found it necessary to chastise the two young fops, who had in vain waited for him at the appointed place of meeting near the Obelisk, the morning that he had promised to be there. He had been unable to go that morning, on account of his guests; and the young men had boasted so much of their own prowess, and sneered so at his failure on the occasion, that he determined to lower the tone of their self-satisfaction, and effectually did so by placing them both in a condition to require the care of a surgeon for six weeks at least. The duels had been fought with swords, and though Veit's wound was but slight, it was some days before he could make use of his pencil. Benjamina suspected what had taken place, and blessed him in her heart for conduct which she deemed so noble and so delicate.

The old Jewish rabbi, in the mean time, was daily recovering. What Veit felt for the young Jewess was no longer a secret to himself, and she had not failed to perceive his sentiments, which were betrayed by a thousand little affectionate acts, by the tones of his voice, and by his eloquent looks. She had liked and admired him from the first time that she had seen him; but since the evening that he had so warmly taken the part of her poor grandfather, since he had continued to show such generous kindness to them both, her grateful heart had learned almost to worship him. But neither of them had yet expressed in words what neither could any longer doubt in regard to themselves, or each other.

Several weeks had now passed. The persecution of the Jews had ceased; all was quiet in Hamburg, and the people of that persuasion could venture into the streets without fear of being hooted at, or ill-treated. But the newspapers told how the same ill-will against the Jews had evinced itself in other places; and from Copenhagen, and many other towns in Denmark, came accounts of similar shameful scenes.

Philip Moses at length arose from his sick bed, but his steps were feeble and tottering. His countenance was less stern, and less *petrified*, as it were, than formerly; a more subdued and gentler spirit seemed to animate him; yet he still adhered so much to his old feelings, as to lament deeply that it was to Christians he owed his dear Benjamina's safety, and the preservation of his own life.

His son Samuel, the rich jeweller, had during this time, in conse-

quence of his own speculations, and of the failure of a foreign mercantile house with which he had had large dealings, become utterly ruined; and not only did he leave Hamburg a beggar, but he had also been attacked and severely handled when making his escape from his creditors. And though all the right-minded inhabitants of the city disapproved of the ill-treatment he had received, yet there was not much pity felt for him on account of his conduct to his father, who was respected as a really upright man.

Their late tribulations and adversity had checked the arrogance of the Hamburg Jews; and they also began to resort more to their synagogues, and to pay more attention to their priests. A deputation waited upon old Philip Moses, and expressed the wish of the congregation that he would return among their community, saying that they had made arrangements to provide for his maintenance, and that he should be entirely independent of all his relations. They acknowledged that what he had often predicted to them had come to pass, and they now felt inclined to honour him, as a true servant of Jehovah, upon whom a prophetic spirit had descended.

"Will ye turn from the evil of your ways, O Israel!" exclaimed the old man to the messengers of the congregation. "If ye will do this, the Lord will let the light of His countenance shine once more upon you. 'They that trust in the Lord, shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed.' 'We will go into His tabernacle; we will worship at His footstool.' 'He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel;' and my heart shall rejoice before I go hence, and ascend into Father Abraham's bosom."

When Philip Moses went with Benjamina to Dr. Veit and his son, to bid them farewell, to thank them for all their humanity and goodness, and to pray that blessings might be returned to them tenfold, the two young people looked sorrowfully at each other, and tears came into their eyes.

"Oh, Benjamina!" exclaimed the younger Veit, "I see that you love me, as I have long loved you;" and before she had time to answer, he had seized her hand, and suddenly they dropped on their knees before the old men, while the young painter asked their blessing.

Both Dr. Veit and the rabbi started back in consternation.

"Could I have dreamed of this, my son," said Dr. Veit, "I would never have brought you back from Rome. The difference between your religion——"

"Benjamina is a Christian at heart," said the young man, abruptly, as he rose from his knees, and assisted the trembling girl to rise. "By the sick couch of this excellent old man she read our holy Scriptures, and their divine truths have enlightened her soul."

"Is this true, Benjamina?" exclaimed Philip Moses, turning very pale.

"Yes, dear grandfather, it is true," replied the young girl, as she threw herself at his feet, and clasped her arms round his knees. "It was the word of Christ that I read to you, when, in the darkness of your soul, you cursed the day of your birth; it was the word of Christ that gave you peace when you would have denounced eternal perdition to your people!"

"You are a Christian at heart, Benjamina, and you love this

Christian?" asked the old man, slowly, and apparently with a painful effort.

"Yes, grandfather—yes. I cannot deny the truth," sobbed the weeping girl, as she bathed his hands with her tears.

"You also, Benjamina!—you also, daughter of my Rachel!—the last hope of my old days, you also!"

Tears choked his further utterance, and the old man covered his head with his garment, turned away, and tottered towards the door.

"Farewell, then, for *this* world!" said Benjamina to her sorrow-stricken lover, as with a strong effort she withdrew herself from his encircling arms. "Yonder—above! where love, and justice, and mercy rule—where Jehovah and Christ are one—we shall be united for evermore!—Father, I will go with you!" she said, as she hastened after the old man. "Take me with you, and let me die in your arms, but curse me not in the hour of death, for my soul has only bent to the will of the Most High."

"Lost, for this world!" sighed the young man, as the door closed upon her he loved so much; and all hope seemed extinguished for them on earth.

## V.

"WHAT is the matter with you, my son? You go about like one in a dream, and as if the world in which you live were nothing to you," said the old doctor one day to his son, the young painter, shortly after their guests had left them. If you cannot conquer your love, and if the girl return your affection in an equal degree, I am willing to withdraw my objection to your marriage, and old Philip Moses is too worthy a man to wish to make you both miserable."

"I honour him for the unshaken sincerity of his religious feelings," replied his son, "although these will bring me to the grave. I have had a long conversation with him, father; I might have rebelled against his severity, but his mildness has overcome me, and taken from me my last hope. I know that from a sense of gratitude he might bring himself even to join our hands; but the heart of the old man would break in doing so, and I should have to look upon myself as the murderer both of him and of Benjamina. He is immovable in his adherence to his creed; and even though he might give Benjamina to me himself, he would curse her in his heart for having deserted the faith of her forefathers."

"But she has already deserted that faith in her own mind; she loves you; and the old man knows all this, yet he has not condemned her."

"Still he might do so, if she were openly to throw off Judaism. He loves her as he does his own soul, but he would deem his soul doomed to perdition if it could stray from *Jehovah*, as he calls his peculiar worship."

"Well, have patience, my son. The old man's days are numbered. My medical knowledge enables me to tell you that death is already creeping over him."

"Ah, father! you do not know Benjamina; though her heart should break, she would be as true to the dead as she is to the living. But I would not that a knowledge of my grief should add to her sufferings, or deprive her of the peace she may perhaps acquire in the performance of

what she considers her duty. Allow me to travel, father ! There is no hope of happiness before me *now* in this world ; but I will seek tranquillity in the charming land which is sacred to the arts, and in absence from all that may recal the past."

Thus the father and son conversed, while the rabbi, Philip Moses, was engaged in consecrating the great *sin offering* for his unhappy people. Three days after this event the old man breathed his last in the arms of the faithful Benjamina.

## VI.

"THE Jews are going to bury their last prophet to-day," said a loungers on the "Jungfernstieg" to one of his associates. "See how they are gathering from all corners ! And any one of them who meets the hearse must follow it."

"It is old Philip Moses," replied the other ; "he was the only honest Jew in Hamburg, and some say he is the last of the old Mosaic type in the world. He died in the belief, notwithstanding all their wanderings and miseries, that *his* nation were the holiest on earth, and God's favourite people. When he was dying, they say, he had his windows opened, expecting that their Messiah would come flying in to carry him and his people away back to the promised land."

"What absurd folly !" exclaimed the first speaker, laughing ; "however, we must admit that he was consistent to the last."

And ridiculing the Jews, they entered one of the pavilions near the Alster.

Towards evening, a young man in a travelling dress stood at the gate of the churchyard belonging to the Jewish community, and gazed sadly and earnestly at a female figure, which, in a deep mourning dress, was kneeling by a newly-made grave. The traveller was the young painter Veit, who had engaged post-horses for that very evening to take him from his native town on his way towards Italy, where he intended to bury himself and his hopeless passion amidst the classic ruins of Rome. Benjamina's self-sacrificing devotion to her grandfather, and his patriarchal adherence to the faith of his ancestors, which held up to execration every departure from that faith, and the intermingling with those whose religion was different, had entirely destroyed his long-cherished hopes ; but he determined once again to see his beloved Benjamina, once more to be assured of her sentiments towards him, and then to take a last and sad farewell.

With this resolution he had approached her dwelling, just as the hearse, containing the mortal remains of old Philip Moses, was leaving it. Seeing this, he mingled among the mourners and followed the funeral *cortège*, although the passers-by wondered to see a fair-haired Christian, in a travelling garb, among the mumbling Jews who accompanied the dead to his last resting-place.

When the mournful ceremony was ended, and they had all left the grave, Veit felt that he could not tear himself away ; it seemed as if he found himself impelled to wait there the last scene of his sorrowful fate. He also thought that Benjamina would visit the tomb before night. This expectation was realised, for she did come, later in the evening, with flowers to strew over her grandfather's grave. When he perceived her



approaching, he stepped aside, not to disturb her in her pious duty; but he felt that *this* was the sad and solemn place where he was to take leave of her for life. He remained at a little distance, gazing at her, as she knelt in prayer by the grave, and it was not until she rose to depart that he approached her slowly and silently. He held in his hand a cross of shining mother-of-pearl, which his mother had given him when a child, bidding him present it to her to whom in future he should give his heart. When packing his portmanteaus and desk, he had stumbled on this maternal gift, so long laid by, and he had now brought it to offer it as a parting souvenir to her he loved so hopelessly. It seemed to shine with peculiar brightness in the clear moonlight.

"Benjamina!" he exclaimed; and she raised her beautiful dark eyes from the grave, and recognised him. But when she saw the shining cross in his hand, she sank on her knees, and folded her hands across her breast.

"Heavens! it is fulfilled!" she exclaimed. "His spirit shows me the symbol of peace and redemption at this grave."

"What!" cried Veit, in deep anxiety, "at *this* grave?"

"At *this* grave I was to be released, were his last words to me, as an angel enlightened his mind at the moment of death. And see, his spirit has led you here with that holy symbol in your hand, the sign of that faith, believing in which, I shall be united to your crucified Redeemer for ever."

"Praised be the name of that Redeemer!" cried the happy Veit, "and blessed be that spirit, which in death permitted you to seek redemption! Now, there is nothing to prevent our union, and I claim you as my bride in the face of the Almighty, and by this grave, where I had feared our final parting was to have taken place."

They joined their hands over the old man's grave, and Benjamina then told how her departed grandfather, in his last moments, seemed to have understood that the noble predictions of David and the prophets respecting the Messiah had been fulfilled, that he had made the sign of a cross on his death-bed with his cold stiffening hand, and with a smile of ineffable happiness had yielded up his spirit in her arms.

"It was ordained, and it has been wonderfully fulfilled!" exclaimed Veit, as he and Benjamina knelt together by the new-made grave.

The following year, on the anniversary of that day, a happy Christian couple stood by a tomb, which was thickly strewn with fresh flowers; within that tomb reposed the aged Philip Moses, with his face turned towards the east. Benjamina clasped her beloved husband's hand in one of hers, while with the other she pressed the mother-of-pearl cross to her heart.

"Now he knows the truth," said she, "and has seen the promised land, and the holy city which is lightened by the glory of God, and where the redeemed out of every kindred, and people, and nation of the earth shall be blessed for evermore!"

## L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## NO. IX.—NEWMAN'S "ODES OF HORACE."

HORACE, the man of the world, translated\* and edited by the author of "The Soul; Her Sorrows and Aspirations," is a conjunction a little curious. Not but that conjunctions more curious might be suggested—such as if Mr. Carlyle were to undertake "Anacreon," or Mr. Leigh Hunt to compass "St. Augustine," or Bishop Philpotts to give us "Lucretius," or Mr. Charles Lever to tackle "Aristotle," or Dr. Candlish to essay "Catullus," or Mr. Albert Smith to operate upon "Æschylus," or Dr. Wardlaw to close with "Aristophanes," or Mr. Thackeray to elect "Josephus," or Mr. Rathbone Greg to attempt "Ovid," or Mr. Dickens to vacate "Bleak House" for the *Patres Apostolici*. But then, these conjunctions are only suggested, as things *in posse*; and, indeed, not quite that. Whereas the coalition of the tipping, trifling, laughter-and-lampoon-loving Sabine Farmer, and the sad-hearted struggler through so many "Phases of Faith," is a thing *in esse*—lying before us, an actual *fait accompli*, and to be had across the bookseller's counter, by all who are interested in the classics, or in want of a—crib.

In a history of contemporary theology in England, a conspicuous place will be due to the Brothers Newman. Both are exercising a deep influence on thinking minds. Both are ultra—though each in an opposite direction. Together, they represent, emphatically enough, the restless spirit of religious inquiry by which the age is possessed. The elder brother, John, is indeed far more widely known, and exercises a far more profound, individual, positive influence than the younger, Francis. If the Franciscans are a sturdy community, the Johnians are quite as earnest, and vastly more numerous and enterprising. Both brothers are the ardent *doctrinaires* of Development; but the seeming sympathy is actual antipathy—the one dates *à parte ante*, the other *à parte post*—their stations are at antipodes. The feud of principles between them is mortal as the personal feud between the Theban Adelphi. At the same time, there is, *au fond*, a tie of intellectual and spiritual brotherhood, which has probably been observed, in spite of all their antagonism, by those who are familiar with the writings of both. This it might be interesting and instructive to illustrate, by reference to the Romanist's peremptory polemics and the Sceptic's desolating negations; but the present is no place for such comparisons, nor besseems it Sir Nathaniel to constitute himself a judge of such matters—albeit he is *not* like Gallio, to whom *οὐδεν τούτων ἐμλεν*.

The present editor, then, of Flaccus, is none other than the stern, severe assailant of the Creed of Christendom—the most spiritual of strugglers under an Eclipse of Faith. The story of Francis Newman's life† recalls and exemplifies our laureate's darkly winged words—

\* The Odes of Horace, Translated into Unrhymed Metres, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. Newman, Professor of Latin, University College, London. John Chapman, 1853.

† Him, *inter alios*, we may presume to have been referred to by the most recent,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
 That slope through darkness up to God ;  
 I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

If ever man were serious and earnest in his doubting, we believe him to be so. His is the wailing voice of one crying in the wilderness—of one who comes neither eating nor drinking ; and they say, He hath a devil. Emerson, indeed, in his paradoxical way, assures us, that it is great believers who are always reckoned infidels ; and that the spiritualist finds himself driven to express his faith by a series of scepticisms. But to proffer Emerson's voucher for Newman's faith were to risk allusion to Bardolph's proffered bond for Falstaff, concerning which Master Dumbleton said, he liked not the security.\* More consonant with public notions is the doctrine, that all scepticism is not only incompatible with spirituality, but is essentially akin to coarsest materialism—earthly, sensual, devilish. Mr. Trench, in his etymological survey of the word "libertine,"—which signified, according to its earliest use in French and in English, a speculative free-thinker in matters of religion and in the theory of morals or politics—explains its present usage by affirming, that by a sure process free-thinking does and will end in free-acting.† Were the author of "Phases of Faith" an instance of this "sure process," there would be no lack of that sympathy which we have assumed to be lacking, between him and Horace. But, with no disposition to palliate the evils of a sceptical bias, and with a lively sensibility to the withering and chilling touch it pitilessly lays on hearts most ardent and hopes most-sacred, we yet demur—with Professor Newman‡ before our eyes—to the sweeping generalisation which refuses to discriminate between a roving intellect and a wanton life, or which regards as one "common cry of curs" the mocking devilries of insensate scoffers, and the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners of hope. And therefore, as we would not "extenuate," so neither would we "set down aught in malice," nor, to use words put by Mr. Landor into the mouth of Andrew Marvel, "strangle a man because he has a narrow swallow."§ Especially since

and not the least able, of Christian apologists, who allows that intellectual scepticism has taken hold of many "sincere, conscientious, and highly cultivated minds, which command our respect for the freedom and fearlessness of their inquiries after truth, though none for the decision at which they have arrived."—*Bases of Belief*, p. 402.

\* *Falstaff*.—What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and slops ?

Page.—He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph ; he would not take his bond and yours ; he liked not the security.—*Second Part of Henry IV. Act I., Scene 2.*

† Study of Words. Lecture II.

‡ As to the ability or the fairness of his polemics, we say nothing.

§ Latitudinarian in tone as the original passage is, it will bear quoting : "A wise man will always be a Christian . . . but men equally wise may differ and diverge on the sufficiency of testimony, and still farther on matters which no testimony can affirm, and no intellect comprehend. To strangle a man because he has a narrow swallow, shall never be inserted among the 'infallible cures' in my 'Book of Domestic Remedies.'"—LANDOR'S *Works*, vol. ii., p. 101.

there is a psychological peculiarity in Mr. Newman's habit of mind—an exaggerated development of what Wordsworth alludes to when he says,

And less  
Than other intellects had mine been used  
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance  
Of record or tradition,\*

which very characteristic goes to prove the spiritual, or if you will the ideal, the transcendental, the unpractical warp, crossing the woof of his logical intellect; the whole web presenting a strangely involved, inter-twisted, tangled appearance, which may make wise men marvel, and good men lament, and rash men rail.

As a scholar, on the other hand, there is nothing surprising in Mr. Newman's selection of Horace† for translation and elucidation. The Professor of Latin at University College has a classical repute, in itself an ample warranty for this enterprise. Qualified for the labour the professor is allowed to be: the only curiosity is, that the *man* should have fixed on Horace, as if it were a labour of love. Inasmuch that were we called upon to select a whole septuagint of translators, to render Horatian lyrics in becoming English, we should probably complete the tale of threescore and ten (beginning with names such as Bon Gualtier and Father Prout), without once thinking to include this ripe scholar but miso-epicurean.

For how uncongenial this unresting, careworn, serious spirit, with the *carpe diem* votary of pleasure as it passes, of folly as it flies! Admirable as the Horatian poems are in refinement and in beauty of expression, they are rather, as Müller says, a pleasant pastime, or exercise of skill, than an outpouring (as in Alcæus and the Æolic lyrics) of the inmost feelings of the soul, or an expression of deep and vehement passion. Mr. de Quincey somewhere observes, that what was in fact a disease of the mind, Horace (like an English poet of similar *calibre*) mistook for a feature of preternatural strength, this disease being the incapacity of self-determination towards any paramount or abiding principles: so that while others are chained and coerced by certain fixed aspects of truth, and their efforts overruled accordingly in one uniform line of direction, *he*, the brilliant poet, fluttered on butterfly wings to the right and to the left, obeying no guidance but that of some instant and fugitive sensibility to some momentary phasis of beauty. Hence, indeed, those discrepancies in the writings of Horace which have occasioned so much critical labour to commentator and scholiast; for we are to consider his occasional effusions (and such they almost all are)—so a contributor to "Guesses at Truth" remarks‡—as

\* Prelude. Book VIII.

† Is the same selection by two other recent translators (Professor Sewall and Mr. Whyte Melville) a sign of the times?

‡ "The heart has often been compared to the needle for its constancy: has it ever been so for its variations? Yet were any man to keep minutes of his feelings from youth to age, what a table of variations would they present—how numerous, how diverse, how strange! This is just what we find in the writings of Horace. . . . Their very contradictions prove their truth."—*Guesses at Truth*. First Series.

merely expressing the fancy, the *penchant*, the seriousness, or the levity of the moment. He *has* his serious side; "deep moralist" is one of the titles a modern poet\* has emphatically bestowed upon him; and Mr. Landor, we remember, appears to suspect him of being rather malignant and morose at heart than gay and *riant*, observing that his lighter touches were less agreeable to his own nature than to the nature of Augustus and Mecenas, both of them fond of trifling.† Dean Milman, recognises in the former a fund of "serious thought, which is always at the bottom of the playful expression,"‡ and which is more consonant to the sterner practical genius of the Roman people; a people who, in their idlest moods, seemed to "condescend" to amusement, not to consider it, like the Greeks, one of the common necessities, the ordinary occupations of life. In Horace, "the masculine and practical common sense, the natural but not undignified urbanity, the stronger if not sounder moral tone, the greater solidity, in short, of the whole style of thought and observation, compensate for the more lively imagination, the greater quickness and fluency, and more easy elegance of the Greek."

If he imitated the Greek, it was with originality. He owes it little but in the article of metre. Such grace and wit, such elegance and finish as his, come not at second-hand; no loan from abroad is what Margaret Fuller hailed in him as that "perfume and raciness, which makes life a banquet."|| He was the prototype, according to Archdeacon Hare, and hence has ever been the favourite of, wits and fine gentlemen—of those who count it a point of good breeding to seem pleased with everything,

\* Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,  
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse  
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,  
Although no deeper moralist rehearse  
Our little life, &c. *Childe Harold*, c. iv.

† *Salomon*.—You will, however, allow that we have no proof of gravity in Horace or Plautus?

*Alfieri*.—On the contrary, I think we have many. Horace, like all the pusillanimous, was malignant; like all courtiers, he yielded to the disposition of his masters. . . . That he was libidinous is no proof that he was playful, for often such men are even melancholic.—*Imaginary Conversations*.

It may be worth adding, in respect of the last sentence, that there are those who are sceptical as to the reality of Horace's list of favourite fair ones. Thus a recent *Edinburgh Reviewer* asserts that, of all the poets of the time, Horace alone had no individual mistress—that his amours, if numerous as those of Cowley, were also as fabulous—that the very names of his mistresses betray their origin; not being natives of the *Vicus Tuscus*, of the *Palatine* or the *Suburra*, but damsels who had been serenaded centuries before in the streets of *Mytilene* and *Athens*. "That Horace was at one time of his life a lover may be taken for granted; and we suspect *Canidia* to have been the subject of his passion, and that she jilted him."—See *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1850.

‡ *Milman's Horace* (Life).

§ *Milman*, whom we here quote, is speaking of the *Satires* and *Epistles*.

|| "Horace," says *Mme. Ossoli*, "was a great deal to me then (in youth), and is so still. Though his words do not abide in memory, his presence does; serene, courtly, of darting hazel eye, a self-sufficient grace, and an appreciation of the world of stern realities, sometimes pathetic, never tragic. He is the natural man of the world."—*Autobiography of Margaret Fuller*.

yet *nīl admirari*. But we must not assume that this easy reading was altogether easy writing, as though it cost the writer little or nothing, or consists of the first ebullient and unexamined sallies of an indolent genius. Pope may say,

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,  
And without method talks us into sense ;\*

but Pope conveys a wrong impression if he implies that we are not to look in Horace for elaborate, cautious, time-taking art. Such diction as the polished lyrist employs, is not penny-a-liner's work. There are single odes of his, Mr. de Quincey† has observed, that "must have cost him a good six weeks' seclusion from the wickedness of Rome." If he sang sweetly in numbers, it was not because the numbers came as a matter of course; nor were the numbers accepted on the shopping principle of first come first served.

To transfer into English the thoughts and style of this elaborate ease, but not easy elaboration, demands much toil as well as skill. Mr. Newman's version of the gentleman farmer's poetry does not bid fair for popularity. Nor does he look for it, but expressly avows himself to despair of finding readers among those who seek solely for amusement, and bespeaks for himself a thoughtful and serious reader, anxious for instruction. He had been assured, he tells us, that it is impossible to induce Englishmen to read poems in new metres. "It may be so," he resignedly admits, as he ushers in his new metres—"but if so, I think it is equally impossible to induce them to read ancient poetry *at all*—in any metres, or in prose translations. Dickens and Thackeray are, I suppose, more amusing than Tennyson or Wordsworth, and leave to many men of business no time to read Milton, or Thomson, or Virgil, or Æschylus." At the same time, he contends that every educated man who, now that modern European literature has eclipsed the ancient, shrinks from attempting to learn two difficult languages, and to explore their literature, must yet desire to know whatever may be known in English concerning those master-minds of the ancients, who have so affected the European intellect. Hence the value of select translations. Undoubtedly—so allows the present translator—a great poet can never be fully translated from a more powerful into a less powerful language; it is as impossible as to execute in soft wood the copy of a marble statue. "Yet some approximation may be attained, which gives to the reader not only a knowledge of the substance, but a feeling of the form of thought, and a right

\* Essay on Criticism.

† In confuting a Scottish critic's assumption, that Horace was "notoriously indolent," but "not so Lucretius," the Opium-eater contends, that between the sublime atheist and the graceful man of *ton*, the difference in amount of labour (without speaking of final merit) would appear to be as between the weaving of a blanket and the weaving of an exquisite cambric. "The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace in his lyric compositions, the elaborate delicacy of workmanship in his thoughts and in his style, argue a scale of labour that, as against any equal number of lines in Lucretius, would measure itself by months against days." Indeed, he shows that, between the two, the proportions of labour are absolutely incommensurable: in Horace the labour being *directly* as the power; in Lucretius *inversely* as the power—Horace's best being obtained by *most* labour, and the best of Lucretius by *least*.

conception of the ancient tone of mind." And the justification of Mr. Newman's present experiment in novel metrical forms, lies in his persuasion, that hitherto our poetical translators have failed in general, not so much from want of talent or learning, but from aiming to produce poems in modern style, through an excessive fear that a modern reader will endure nothing else. How far a modern reader will relish the old classical, or quasi-classical form here adopted—the Englished counterpart of ancient Alcaics, Sapphics, Iambic Archilochics, Heroic Hexameters, &c., is a question which is *adhuc sub judice*.

Why did Mr. Newman select Horace? Not, he explicitly avers, because he appreciates him as a genius of the first rank—thinking him, indeed, weaker in his own line than his immediate predecessor Catullus, "a man whose disgusting impurity has marred half his poems, and who probably did not live to attain his own full perfection." But Horace is selected, as the Latin poet of next note to Virgil—the poet of whom it next concerns an English reader to know something—whose writings bring one into immediate contact with the Augustan age, when Roman taste ripened to perish—and who is so compact in magnitude, and so various in metre and in subject, as to give the best chance of succeeding somewhere in an attempt so novel. Nor does Mr. Newman seek to undervalue Horace, from whose poetry he (somewhat maliciously) remarks, that in past generations the sermons of half our divines might seem to have been borrowed. The gay worldling's sins against the *dulce et decorum*, he indeed earnestly reproves, rightly alleging that the butterfly bard would not have less wit, or less brilliancy, or less pure taste, or less charity, if he had learned to reverence women as well as admire them. Had he been husband as well as lover, "who shall say what a vast elevation of character would have accrued to him from it? From what degradation of soul it would have saved him—from what pollutions in his writings it would have saved us!" The ugly obscenities of some of his odes are stigmatised with severity, as leaving an ineffaceable stain upon his youth; and that when the season of youth was past he could deliberately publish them, "and not fall in general estimation," is justly called a "foul blot on the whole Augustan age." But there is claimed an "increasing religiousness" for Horace's riper years, as testified by the tone of Odes 22—27 of Book III.; the Ode on his escape from being crushed by a falling tree (II., 13),

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\* See Professor Newman's prefatory remarks on the 15th Epode (*Nox erat, et cælo fulgebat luna sereno*), and the 27th Ode of Book III. (*Impios paræ recinentis omen*), and especially the hideous 25th Ode of Book I. (*Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras*), the heartlessness of which last (to Lydia) is duly denounced; and which is not omitted, only because it exhibits the "intense and unappeasable pestilentialness of all union of the sexes which may be dissolved at will." Certainly, it is shockingly instructive to contrast this repulsive abuse of Lydia, now declining in the vale of years, with the Ode (III., 9) *Donec gratus eram tibi*; and again the (I., 13) *Cum tu Lydia, Telephi*, the last stanza of which is but too little Horatian, at least in spirit and tendency,

"*Felices ter, et amplius,  
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis  
Divulsus querimoniis,  
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.*"

Thus rendered by Newman :

though written in tragi-comic style, is argued to imply a deeper seriousness in Horace's feelings than perhaps he as yet fully knew. "There is nothing in his moralisings very profound or very original; but they mark a general change of character by no means small." The thoroughly *stoical* doctrine of the Ode (IV., 9) to Lollius: "Ne forte credas interitura, quæ, &c.," is also noted; although Horace's Epistles do not allow us to suppose that he permanently maintained this elevation. With regard to the plague-spots which so plentifully deface his odes, we have to add, that Professor Newman has, on the one hand, avoided the pruning-knife as much as possible, abruptly cutting away the difficulty in a few cases only, "where the immorality is too ugly to be instructive;"\* while, on the other hand, he pointedly asserts that he has "striven to make this book admissible to the cabinet of the purest-minded English lady, and could never consent to add adornment to a single line of corrupting tendency." Considering his relation, as professor to the Ladies' College, his book is likely to find admission to more than one or two such cabinets; and perhaps to give occasion, when admitted, to more than one or two cabinet councils, between the fair secretary of the home department and the first lord of the treasury, and to make his lordship rub up his Latin a bit.

Rhyme is here discarded, because Professor Newman is convinced, by the attempts of the ablest versifiers, that it is impossible to translate a classical poet into English rhymed metre, without a great sacrifice of the poet himself, and a most undesirable intrusion of that which is not the poet's. His own attempt has been, not to imitate the original metres, but to adopt stanzas of similar tone and feeling, and proportionate compass to those of the original. For he regards it as a fundamental mistake to *wish* to obtain in general such an imitation as those German translators of Greek and Latin poetry affect, when they profess to reproduce the very metre of the ancients, but, in fact, invent a totally new and accentual system, which is often found to be light, tripping, or humorous, where the original is grave and stately. He justly observes, that Horace's jocosity being, at the broadest, "subtle and subdued, never funny or boisterous," the use of our (accentual) Anapæsts or Dactyls in translating him has a perverted effect—since such a metre is liable to degenerate into doggerel, unless the subject is grand and vehement. He adopts the principle, that each Latin metre should have *one*, and *only one* English representative, being convinced, that to work under the pressure of immovable conditions, if they be not unreasonable ones, produces in the long run the chastest result. In carrying out this rule, Mr. Newman is frequently hard pushed, and finds it difficult to "beat his music out." For instance, his substitute for the Alcaic measure has the following form (the first, second, and fourth lines of the stanzas being Trochaic with four

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"Happy, thrice and more, are they,  
Whom, in bonds unbroken, Faith retains.  
Them no foolish evil strife  
Rends apart, but Love and Life are one."

\* He thinks, however, that, on the whole, Horace aimed at a higher beauty than did Catullus, or Propertius, or Ovid; and the result of a purer taste is, he adds, closely akin to that of a sounder morality.



beats—the two first mutilated at the end—the third consisting of four and a half Iambes):

O Nata mecum consule Manlio,  
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,  
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,  
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum : etc.

Kindly jar, in Manlius' year  
Born with me ; whate'er thy bent,  
Whether for plainings, jest, or riot,  
Frantic love, or easy slumber ; &c.

In the Ode to Mæcenas, *Festo quid potius die* (III., 29), the translator frankly owns: "In several stanzas, I have felt my metre to be painfully cramping;" and elsewhere he says, "My substitute is apt to be deficient in compass wherever proper names occur in the Latin;" nevertheless his conclusion is, that all attempts to enlarge it seem on the whole to involve worse evils. That he should have succeeded so well as he has, in a path so narrow, and so hedged in with restrictions, is almost surprising. The task resembles the old game of jumping in sacks, or perambulating a cell with fetters on, or giving an abridgment of some free-soul'd poet, and cramming his sonorous cadences into monosyllables and interjections. Hence, many of the stanzas in this *Horatian* metre, as rendered by Mr. Newman, have the look of a terrier just after the clipping process has been applied to his ears and tail—when he comes forth looking uncomfortably curt and "curtailed" of his fair proportions—a martyr under the rule of subtraction—an abused victim of the shears. The Sapphic has for its substitute an English metre of more variety and capacity than the foregoing—thus:

Entrapp'd amid the wide Ægean,  
When gloomy clouds the moon have hidden  
And stars uncertain shine, the Sailor  
Asks rest of Heaven. (Ode II., 16.)

In all his metrical experiments there is evidence that the translator has endeavoured to realise his own summary of principles, which is this: English metre is *ruled* by accent, without any regard to its equability: nevertheless, the SWEETNESS of the verse depends on that equability, as well as on the ease of utterance,—that is, on the intrinsic softness of the words to be sounded; while the ENERGY depends on the very opposite qualities—unequable accents and strength of sounds. But his experiment is one which

Ah me, what perils do environ!

And though not unfrequently sweet and energetic, his stanzas have too commonly a hard, crabbed aspect, and an abrupt discordant speech, which are far enough from consorting with one's notion of Flaccus. *Flaccid* they are, however, now and then.

Perhaps as favourable a specimen as we can find of Mr. Newman's skill as a translator into "unrhymed metres," is his version of the *Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis*. While it is more free in movement, and musical in rhythm than many of his lyrics, it is also happy and ingenious in its literal adherence, line by line, and almost word for word, to the beautiful original:

"How blest is he, who far from troublous care,  
As the ancient race of mortals,  
With his own oxen tills his father's fields,  
From usuries exempted!

Nor by the savage trump in the camp is rous'd,  
 Nor quails at the angry billows ;  
 And shuns the forum, and the thresholds proud  
 Of citizens overweening.  
 But he the vine's glad upgrown progeny  
 Weds to the lofty poplars,  
 And with his curv'd knife pruning useless boughs,  
 Engrafts more hopeful scions :  
 Or in the vale's broad bosom views afar  
 The deep-voiced cattle roaming,  
 Or in pure jars the well-press'd honey stores,  
 Or shears the helpless bleaters :  
 Or from the fields when Autumn rears her head  
 With mellow fruitage comely,  
 How joys he, plucking his engrafted pears  
 And grape that vies with purple,  
 To honour thee, Priapus ! and thee, sire,  
 Silvanus, guard of landmarks !  
 Now beneath ancient holm he lists to lie,  
 Now in the clinging herbage.  
 In their deep banks the meanwhile glide the streams,  
 The birds moan in the thickets ;  
 With trickling element pure babble the springs,  
 Inviting gentle slumbers.

" But when the wintry hour of thundering Jove  
 Its rainy snows amasses,  
 Then he the eager boar with scurrying hounds  
 Drives to the toils encircling,  
 Or with smooth pole spreads the thin nets aloft,  
 Snare for the greedy thrushes,  
 Or in his noose (sweet prize !) the frighten'd hare  
 And stranger crane imprisons.

" Mid such employ who not the evil cares  
 Forgets, which Love engenders ?  
 But if, besides, a chaste and helpful mate  
 House and sweet children order,—  
 As Sabine woman, or the sunburnt wife  
 Of Appulan untiring,  
 Piles with old logs the sacred hearth, to greet  
 Her weary lord's arrival,—  
 Who, penning the kind flock in wattled crate,  
 Drains their distended udders,  
 Then wine of this year's vintage drawing, crowns  
 The board with unbought dainties ;  
 Me not so much will Lucrine oysters please,  
 Or delicate char or turbot,  
 Should winter, rumbling in the Eastern waves,  
 Such to this sea have carried.

" No bird of Afric down my throat will glide,  
 No moorcock of Ionia,  
 Sweeter than olives pick'd from boughs which hang  
 With luscious treasure loaded,  
 Or mallows, wholesome to the sickly frame,  
 And meadow-loving sorrel,  
 Or kidling rescued from the wolf, or lamb  
 To festal Terminus slaughter'd.

Avid such banquets, sweet it is to see  
 The fed sheep hastening homeward,  
 To see the weary bulls with languid neck  
 The inverted ploughshare trailing,  
 And—swarm of a rich house—the little slaves  
 Laid round the shining Laræ."  
 Thus spake the money-lender Alfius, bent  
 On instant rustication;  
 Turn'd on the Ides his bonds to cash; but sought  
 New borrowers on the Kalends.

There is so little of the jocosité about Mr. Newman's temperament, that his transfusion of Horatian levities into sober English is not accompanied by any sparkling effervescence of gaiety. The *sal* ceases to be *volatile*. Nevertheless, his muse is more elastic and nimble than might be anticipated; and though not quite *au fait* in poising and twirling on the light fantastic toe, she glides or walks through her part much as a heavy member of a Greek chorus may be supposed to have done, conscientiously and perseveringly, but with more of art and effort than nature or enthusiasm.

He throws no new light upon the chronological arrangement of the Odes; but, premising that the common arrangement is impossible and unendurable, and allowing that the great variety of opinion as to the order of their composition indicates the hopelessness of arriving at truth, he follows what he devises as at least a *possible* order, for which he does not attempt to offer any convincing reason. Nor does he write any regular biography of the poet—remarking, that the lyrical poetry of the ancients made the individuality of the poet so prominent, that commentator and biographer become almost synonymous terms. There is, however, an ample and judicious provision of explanatory notes, of the kind required by an English reader—and those of historical character, concise as they are, frequently evince painstaking research. Mr. Newman assumes in his reader no knowledge whatever of ancient languages or literature, except to have read Homer in a translation: "And I endeavour," he says, "to afford whatever is subsidiary to full intelligence,—whatever will aid him to that close insight into men and times, which nothing but contemporary literature can ever give."

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\* \* Since the foregoing was in type, an important edition of the "Works of Horace" has appeared, for which classical students will own their obligations to that careful and accomplished scholar, the Rev. A. J. Maclean.

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## GEORGINA VEREKER.

THE SEQUEL TO "TWO PHASES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY CHILD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

"NOT Thy will, Lord, but mine be done!" Such was the substance of the prayer poured forth by Mrs. Vereker.

But a very short period had elapsed, and Mr. Chenevix was still venturing to speak what he could of consolation, when Mrs. Vereker, looking up from the bed where she was again reclining, saw Mr. Rice enter the room. He came up, and stood by the minister. His face wore a strange expression of hope and joy, causing the life-blood to beat in her heart as it had not yet beaten since the first hours of Georgina's illness.

"Can you bear hope," he said, "better than you have borne despair?"

She did not answer. She looked at him with her fearfully eager eyes; their expression too plainly asking him what she could not.

"The alarming change that took place in the child's countenance, when you were hurried from the room—I do not know that it was for death."

"The best and the worst," she murmured, "let me know it."

"Then I think it was the crisis of the disorder, and that the child is better," the surgeon answered. "She is sleeping sweetly now."

With a sharp cry, partly of joy, partly of pain, Mrs. Vereker essayed to rise from the bed, but the doctor laid his arm across her.

"Not for the world," he uttered. "I know what you would do: you would hasten to the bedside of your daughter, and your presence there might undo all the good that is being done. I do not say she will recover, but I do say there is now a chance of it: and to give that chance a fair trial, she must be kept perfectly still, and free from excitement."

Mrs. Vereker clasped Mr. Rice's hands, and burst into a flood of more refreshing tears than any she had in her whole life shed. "I will do all you wish," she uttered: "only come to me from time to time, and tell me that my child's life is being spared."

"I will come to you with news of the slightest change that shall take place in her," answered the surgeon; and as he left the room on his return to Georgina's chamber, Mrs. Vereker turned her face to Mr. Chenevix, and, sobbing upon his arm, declared that Heaven had answered her prayer.

It seemed that the child's life was to be spared; for as hour succeeded hour, day, day, and week, week, she appeared to grow gradually but surely on to convalescence; and ere the summer well came, she was sporting about, gay as ever. To describe the ecstatic joy of her mother, would be impossible; no words could do justice to it; no imagination, however vivid, could adequately portray it: the word "idolatry" would be weak as applied to the feeling cherished by Mrs. Vereker for her child. Be assured that Heaven never meant an all-absorbing passion, such as this, to be indulged in on earth.

But it is not of the *childhood* of Georgina Vereker that we need make further record. Let us hasten on.

## II.

YEARS, years had gone by, almost like a dream in their swift flitting, and that one dangerous phase in Georgina's life—that period which had seemed to Mrs. Vereker as the concentration of all earthly agony—was become but as a remote link in life's remembrance. A more truly dangerous phase, though the mother saw it not, was advancing now.

Sweetly simple in appearance, yet queen-like; of manners gentle and winning, yet perfectly self-possessed; her beauty of the rarest character, yet betraying no vanity or consciousness of its own charm—such was Miss Vereker as she grew towards womanhood. She was in her eighteenth year now, looking older, and her mother was painfully awake to the joking hints, dropped sometimes by friends, that one so attractive as Georgina would not be long suffered to remain an inmate of her maiden home. Mrs. Vereker would willingly have kept her in it for ever; and few were so carefully guarded from all advances of the other sex, as was Georgina Vereker.

It was a lovely, lovely afternoon in May, and Georgina sat drawing by the side of her mother. The windows were open to the ground, and Mrs. Vereker reclined in her easy-chair, now enjoying the scent wafted in from the garden flowers, now looking at the group of flowers Georgina was painting. There were few worldly accomplishments in which Georgina did not excel; talents, rarely combined in one person, were united in her. She was a sweet singer, a brilliant player; in short, gifted as she was in person, so she was in talent and intellect.

"Here comes Ruth!" exclaimed Georgina, as a neat-looking young woman was seen approaching the house. She was the housemaid of Mrs. Chenevix.

"What is it, Ruth?" called out Mrs. Vereker, making a sign to the girl to approach the window.

"Miss Elizabeth has sent me up with this note, ma'am," was the servant's reply, handing in the note she spoke of to Georgina.

"Ruth, I will go back with you," cried Georgina, as she read its contents. "Elizabeth wants me to go and spend the evening there, mamma."

It may be observed, that Georgina did not say "May I go?" as most young ladies think necessary to do when addressing a parent; she decided instantly for herself. But the extreme system of indulgence carried on by Mrs. Vereker had long caused Georgina's will to be law in all things: *she* governed; Mrs. Vereker obeyed. Not that in this instance there could be any grounds for objecting to her wish. Elizabeth and Charlotte Chenevix were her intimate friends; they were good girls, desirable companions, and Georgina was often at the rectory.

"I'll go with Ruth now, mamma," she repeated, as she put aside her painting-box, "and you can send for me in the evening."

The large family of Mr. and Mrs. Chenevix were almost reared. The youngest boy was at college, and of the elder sons, one was just appointed to a country curacy, the rest were in various mercantile situations in London, hoping some time to make their way in the world. The income of Mr. Chenevix, stretch it out as he would, was barely two hundred a year: a rich rectory belonging to a small parish close by, was of

the value of two thousand! When will these disparities in a Christian Church be done away? So the Reverend Mr. Chenevix, like many another badly-paid reverend, was compelled to do something to increase his income, and he took pupils. Half a dozen little boys, not more, who for the consideration of thirty pounds per year each, were boarded, lodged, and instructed in the rectory. He would willingly have given all his time to his clerical duties; to the poor, to the sick, to all the rest of the needs of a large parish; but neither he nor any other clergyman can bring up a large family, in the respectability suitable to their station, upon two hundred a year. The question may have arisen in the mind of a looker-on, acquainted with the intimacy between the families, "Does Mr. Chenevix ever cast a thought towards Miss Vereker as a possible wife some day for one of his sons?" No; Mr. Chenevix was not ambitious, and he never cast a thought towards anything so improbable, for he knew he might just as well have cast a thought towards one of the stars.

Georgina and the servant walked to the rectory, taking the rural way through the fields, in preference to that of the dusty road. As they came in view of the house, they observed a strange gentleman, young and handsome, as he looked from the distance, pacing to and fro the broad gravel walk in front of the rectory windows, and talking to Mrs. Chenevix.

It proved to be Master Harry Lindon's guardian; Master Harry being one of the little pupils. A tall, fine, aristocratic looking man, with a deal of what the world might call beauty in his countenance, but mixed with a singularly disagreeable expression, half sinister, half a sneer. It was only to be observed, however, when he was off his guard, or when his features were in repose. He looked about eight-and-twenty, but he may have been older.

He was invited to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Chenevix, as a matter of course. His handsome eyes would wander, perhaps in spite of his will, towards Miss Vereker, with a glance of earnest admiration; and she, as she once or twice caught that glance, blushed with a deep blush: secluded as she had been, admiration from one of the other sex was so new.

"Who is Mr. Lindon?" she inquired of Elizabeth Chenevix, in the course of the evening.

"We only know him as Harry Lindon's guardian," returned Miss Chenevix; "the cousin of his late father, I think Harry said one day. It is he who pays Harry's bills; but this is the first time he has come to see him."

Did a shadow of the future fall upon the heart of Mrs. Vereker that night? Not it: for how was it likely that the passing remark made by her daughter on her return, that Harry Lindon's guardian had arrived from London to see him, and had taken tea at the rectory, should induce it? A guardian! Mrs. Vereker associated the name with a staid, sober man, advanced in years, one with white hair, probably, like herself. It never occurred to her to suppose that this Mr. Lindon was young and handsome, and Georgina did not mention that he was so.

They had probably imagined that Mr. Lindon would have returned to town immediately, but he remained in the village to "have some fish-

ing," he said. He took up his quarters at the village inn, the Cross-Keys: the place contained two, but the Lion had but sorry accommodation for fastidious travellers; in fact, it had degenerated into something little better than a "beer shop," and was now familiarly distinguished by that appellation. It may be, that Mr. Lindon found the Cross-Keys a desirable residence, for he stayed on, and seemed to give no intimation of departing. He was soon "up to the local politics," to quote his own phrase when speaking of the passing information he had acquired. He was an agreeable, talkative man when he pleased, and that was when he had an end to serve; and he entered freely into conversation with his host and hostess, who were pleased to be communicative in return; so that, soon, there was not a fact, not a surmise, not an old wife's tale, relative to the village and its inmates, that he was unacquainted with. One day, about a month after his arrival, he was leaning against the door of the hostess's back parlour, half in the garden, half in the room, lounging idly and smoking his meerschaum, when the conversation turned upon Miss Vereker.

"A devilish handsome girl," was Mr. Lindon's careless remark.

"The old lady knows it, too," returned his hostess, who was busy shelling peas, "and keeps her tightly as she would the very apple of her eye. You must understand, sir, the way in which the property is left naturally causes her to be cautious."

"How's that left?" inquired the gentleman.

"Half Mrs. Vereker's fortune goes to Miss Georgina, unconditionally, when she shall be twenty-one; or on her wedding-day, should she marry previously to that. The rest will be hers at her mother's death."

"Marry with the mother's consent, I presume?"

"No, sir; the mother need not give her consent any more than you or I. Miss Georgina is left unfettered. Many persons censure Mr. Vereker for having made such a will: it may possibly place her in the power of some scamp, or fortune-hunter, who would marry her to get possession of her money."

Mr. Lindon retained his position against the door-post, and smoked slowly on till his pipe was exhausted. He then gave himself a hearty stretch or two, and sauntered up-stairs to his bedroom.

A little alteration in his dress, a few touches to his hair and his shining whiskers, a removal of all odour left by his late indulgence, and he took his way to the field path leading from Mrs. Vereker's house to the rectory, and there met Georgina.

Not for the first time had he now met her there. And oh, what had that dangerous man been saying, what done, that that crimson blush, half timidity, half love, should rise to the young girl's face? Alas! alas! even from the very date of his arrival, he had been working to lay his coils round her maiden heart.

Working in secret, not openly: never man knew better than he how to go about his work. Why, in the rector's family it was thought he admired Charlotte Chenevix; and the village, who, as usual, must interfere with everybody's affairs but its own, set down his lengthy stay to Charlotte's account. He had spoken of Charlotte's perfections to Mrs. Vereker: he had hinted to her that a clergyman's daughter, domesticatedly brought up, would be the very match that a man of moderate

fortune, like himself, ought to make. But what cared he for Charlotte Chenevix?—what would he have cared had he gained her love and broken her heart?—all his aim was to throw Mrs. Vereker off her guard, to blind her to his admiration of Georgina.

The two young ladies themselves were not deceived. *Alone* with Charlotte Chenevix, and he never addressed to her a gallant word, or gave her an admiring look; it was only in the presence of others that his paraded attentions were bestowed on her. And in these attentions, when they came to be analysed, there was nothing tangible—nothing that a bystander could construe into a proof of love. Now mark the difference. When he and Miss Vereker were in the company of others, he never distinguished her by a word or by the most remote attention; but in those stolen interviews, which had been accidental and not sought on *Georgina's* part, every tone, every glance was calculated to betray that he was seeking her heart and to plant in it a love for him. But he had not told her so by words: Georgina was honest and open as the day, and he knew that to speak yet, to speak before *his* time came, before she was wholly his in mind and heart, would have been to frustrate all his plans. Mine hostess of the Cross-Keys deemed she was imparting an agreeable bit of gossip when she spoke of Miss Vereker's fortune and how it was left: she little thought that she was telling him what he already knew, and had known since the second or third day of his arrival. No, no, he was too wily to risk the loss of Georgina and her fortune by prematurely asking her to marry him, or telling her he loved: that must come when he had made his way sure, and held her future in his own hands. And there he was now, essaying to wind himself and his coils more deeply in her heart, retaining in his that slender hand which had been timidly proffered to him in greeting, leaning down until his honied tones, untangible though their words might be, almost seemed to come in contact with her blushing cheek, as he turned to walk side by side with her on that sunny June day. On one side of their path lay the hedge, with its sweet wild roses wafting around their perfume; on the other was the field of long mowing grass, soon to come to the scythe; above them were the joyous sun, the blue sky, and the balmy air; and pleasant though these accessories were, it was to ordinary eyes but an ordinary path, yet to Georgina Vereker it seemed like one cast in the garden of Eden. Ask not wherefore, you who have loved, but remember, if the world's cares have not seared that remembrance from you, the days that followed the awaking of the passion in your own bosoms.

"Georgina," observed her mother to her that same evening, "do you think matters will soon be settled between Mr. Lindon and Charlotte Chenevix?"

Georgina turned away, hiding her flushed face from her mother as she constrained herself to say that she did not think Mr. Lindon loved Charlotte Chenevix.

"Why do you not think so? Upon what grounds?" was the quick rejoinder of Mrs. Vereker.

Georgina could not say "Because he loves me," for Richard Lindon had not *told* her of his love; and had he done so, she could not have imparted it to any human being, not even to her own mother. *She* tell of



that new passion, which was concealed in every crevice of her heart, a passion that was rendering her life a heaven, she with her shrinking sensitiveness!—when do the young ever do so?

“My opinion is, and I speak from his avowed sentiments to me,” continued Mrs. Vereker, “that Charlotte Chenevix will be his chosen wife.”

Georgina thought her mother was mistaken: nevertheless, a sharp pang shot across her heart at the prophecy, proving how completely it was being enthralled. And Mrs. Vereker, woe for her! was soon to be undeceived.

### III.

THERE were sounds in Mrs. Vereker’s house as of weeping and wailing; there was a sharp altercation, never yet heard there; there were prayerful entreaties, ay, and ventured threats on the one side, and there was fixed determination, that would not be overcome, on the other.

On that hot August day—strange that Mrs. Vereker could have been so long blind!—it all came out. Mr. Lindon made his proposals for Georgina in due form, and the shock fell upon the startled mother like a thunderbolt.

She scarcely heard him to an end; she instantly and haughtily rejected him, but he persisted; and as she grew positive, he grew bold, bolder than a suitor for a daughter ought to do.

“It will be useless to deny her to me,” he said in his hardness; “her heart and will are mine. She has made her choice, Mrs. Vereker, and you must sanction it.”

“Must sanction it!” cried the outraged lady. “Sir! you forget yourself. My daughter never shall be yours.”

He had all but retorted that she had no control in the matter, that Miss Vereker was her own mistress, but he closed his lips on the offensive words.

“I will look in again in the evening, madam,” he said, “by which time I trust your feelings towards me will be softened. Meanwhile, speak with your daughter: you will, I flatter myself, find that her affections are irrevocably mine; and you surely will not be the one to thrust unhappiness upon her.”

Mr. Lindon took his departure, and Georgina Vereker was before her mother. It was as Richard Lindon had asserted: her heart and mind had become wholly his: her hopes were entwined with his hopes, her entire life was wrapped up in his life. He had employed his time and his powers of attraction well. She could see no fault in him; she could not believe that he ever had or ever would have one: to her he seemed perfection, a something between a saint and a high-souled cavalier; and she could imagine no lot so favoured on earth, as that of one who might be permitted to spend it as the companion of him. They do well who represent love as blind.

Oh that miserably mistaken system of over-indulgence!—of never contradicting a child until it becomes your master! Georgina had never been denied a wish—how could she understand denial now? Sounds of weeping and wailing? Yes, but they came from Mrs. Vereker. Georgina was agitated and pale, but she was firm in her own will.

"Child!" cried Mrs. Vereker, "he can never make you happy. He is a bad man, a wicked man: I see it in every turn of his countenance, and in the glance of his keen eye. To marry this man will be to rush on to your destruction."

"You are prejudiced against him," was the reply of Georgina. "You did not say this when you fancied he was going to marry Charlotte Chenevix."

"That was in the earlier period of our acquaintance, when I had had little time to mark and observe him. I have not thought lately that his attentions were given to Charlotte Chenevix, or I would have imparted to Mr. Chenevix my unaccountable antipathy to him. God forgive me for not discovering that his thoughts were directed to you."

"What can you urge against him?" asked the girl, in a low tone.

"Georgina," replied her mother, "the very fact of his being a stranger to us should ensure your refusal of him. What do we know of this man—of his connexions—of his former life?"

But Mrs. Vereker might as well have talked to the winds. Georgina was firm as she was; and in the evening, when Mr. Lindon was again present, the discussion had not terminated.

"How can you dare," cried Mrs. Vereker, passionately, "to come between this child and her mother? Know you not that she is all I have in the world—that for her sake alone I have cared to live? *You* will never bring her happiness—you are not calculated to do it."

"Of that your daughter is the best judge," replied Mr. Lindon, biting his lips to restrain the passion that was rising.

"I do not believe you truly care for her," retorted Mrs. Vereker. "A fortune such as Georgina's, is no slight attraction to the unprincipled."

"Oh mother! mother!" burst from the pale lips of Georgina.

"Child!" cried Mrs. Vereker, giving full vent to her excitement, and passing over towards Mr. Lindon, "here we stand, side by side: the mother who bore you, who tended you, who cherished you; your idolising mother, who has never had a word for you save that of love; your poor mother, whose race in life must soon be over: and he, this acquaintance of a few weeks; this man you would call husband: we stand before you, choose between us."

It was a trying moment. Georgina pushed the curls from her heated forehead; she essayed to utter words, but they would not issue from her trembling lips; she turned from one to the other in her moment of anguish. And then that man, her betrothed, advanced with a sudden impulse, and clasped her to his heart. She looked imploringly at her mother, and burst into an impetuous flood of tears; *but she clung to him.*

#### IV.

Soon after the marriage, which of course took place, strange rumours stole into the village respecting Mr. Lindon. The first came from a former pupil of Mr. Chenevix, now a lawyer in London, and who came down to pass a day with his old master. Singular things come out sometimes, especially to lawyers, and this gentleman happened to know the

history of Richard Lindon. The lad he had placed with Mr. Chenevix, as his ward, Harry Lindon, was his son, and the boy's mother, with her numerous offspring, was not his wife, though she ought to have been. Other facts to his disadvantage he also mentioned.

"Don't you think you are mistaken?" uttered the disturbed rector, as a hundred painful ideas flashed conflictingly upon his mind. "Perhaps there are two Richard Lindons. He married only last autumn, a sweet girl whom you may remember, Miss Vereker."

"May God help her, then!" uttered the guest. "He is one of the greatest villains that ever walked. Ah! it is her money then, is it, that he has been dipping into so freely lately!"

The rector kept his own counsel, though he could no longer hope that his informant was mistaken; but rumours to the same effect arose from other sources, and some of them at length reached the ear of Mrs. Vereker. It was whispered, nobody could exactly say whence the report arose, that he made Georgina a most wretched husband; that he was dissipating her fortune in the pursuit of every known vice, which, to add to his iniquity, he did not conceal from her. The whole of these tales did not reach Mrs. Vereker, but certain vague hints did, quite sufficient to render her life one of suspense and anxiety. Who can describe that lonely woman's unhappiness from the time of her daughter's wedding-day? Not an evening passed that she did not shed tears of regret after her darling child; not an hour wore on, but she thought of her ingratitude (as she could not help calling it) with a sharp, ever-recurring pang; not a moment, but she was tormented with fears that her child had embraced a lot of misery. She had expected and hoped to be invited to London to see her in her new home; she told Georgina in her letters how she wished for it; but the latter never gave the invitation, nay, rather repressed her ideas of coming. But as the months wore on, it seemed to Mrs. Vereker that she could bear the separation and the incertitude no longer; and as the autumn leaves fell from the trees to the ground, like her own old withered hopes, she wrote letter after letter to her daughter, imploring her to come home, if but for ever so short a time, and let her see her once again.

Those leaves were long ago gone, and their naked branches covered with snow, ere Georgina answered her mother's prayer; and perhaps it would not have been answered then, but that illness had seized upon Mrs. Vereker. Caused chiefly by distress of mind, the doctors said when they wrote to Mrs. Lindon, and it might be, they added, that she was close upon death.

But oh! mistake not Georgina. That one infatuated, hasty act of her life, the quitting her mother's home for a stranger of whom she knew nought, save his honied words, had been bitterly atoned for, and no child ever yearned as she did to throw herself into the sheltering arms of a parent. But how could she appear in her early home, and betray what was her unhappy life—she with her broken spirit, her pale, sad face, and her wasted form? She had shrunk from adding certainty to the fears of that ill-requited mother: alas, that it must be done now.

She came home alone. Her husband did not accompany her. Business detained him in London, she said, as she sunk, with a paroxysm of sobs

that belied her words, upon her mother's bosom. Her old friends and acquaintance looked on her with an aching heart: if ever despair was written legibly on a countenance, it was written on hers. They did not question her; they would not appear to notice her changed looks; they only inquired with frigid politeness after Mr. Lindon, and hoped he was well. Poor Mr. Chenevix, divided between his wish to express a silent sympathy for her, and a fear to discover that he knew more of her domestic sorrows than she would like, nearly betrayed himself; for as he stroked down the shining hair on either side her head, a favourite action of his when she was a young and happy girl, she suddenly looked up at him and saw the tears running down his cheeks. Even her mother forbore to question her. She observed that Georgina strove to appear cheerful before her, as if fearful that otherwise such questioning might take place. So they talked mostly upon indifferent matters.

"Georgina," began Mrs. Vereker to her one day, "have you ever been down to Braesbrook—I think they call the spot, near London—to see Mr. Lindon's relatives there? Harry Lindon's mother, you know."

What could there be in this simple question that to have excited Georgina? She did not answer, but she raised her hands on her face to shade the most burning colour that had for months appeared there. In vain she struggled with her agitation; in vain she strove to repress the sobs that rose from her very heart: it would not do, and she clung to her mother, and sobbed hysterically.

"My child," gasped forth the unhappy lady, "I have forborne to question you; I have neither blamed nor soothed; but I have not the less seen what is your unhappy lot. Tell me all. You are but a child yet, Georgina, a child of nineteen, and I have well-nigh numbered threescore years and ten. Who so fitting to soothe your cares? Tell me all, Georgina, as you would have done when you were a little child."

"Mother, I shall never tell you," was the answer, and it seemed to be wrung out of a breaking heart. "I chose my own lot, chose it in defiance of you, the truest and dearest friend I possessed on earth, and I must abide by it. Outraged, insulted, thwarted though I may be, what have I to do but bear?"

"We will live together as of old, Georgina," murmured Mrs. Vereker. "My home shall be your home, my affection your abiding-place. You shall never go again to that great city, with its deceit and its wicked ways—you shall never again be subjected to ill-treatment from him. It was a sad mistake, my child, but I will endeavour to atone to you for it."

"Mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindon, starting up, and throwing her hair wildly back—the same curls that she had once before pushed from her heated brow in avowing, though not by words, her love for that bad man—"mother, do not tempt me with a vision of peace that for me can never be realized. He is my husband, and I must return to him."

## V.

Time dragged itself slowly on, months upon months, and oh! what a home was Georgina's! "Outraged, insulted, thwarted!" she had said to her mother; ay, and she was more than all these. Her fortune

was quite dissipated, and her husband in debt, so that he moved her about from one obscure lodging to another, that he might escape the annoyance of duns. It was a common thing for him not to return home at all, night after night, or perhaps he would come when the cold grey of the winter morning was beginning to dawn, and she had to rise from her bed on the third floor, and go down stairs, shivering, to let him in, and to meet his abuse. Intoxicated he would generally be—what else, save his not being in his sober senses, could have induced even a demon tauntingly to relate to an innocent wife the particulars of the scenes in which he had passed the night? *Her* charms had long ceased to attract him, he would insultingly say to her: and she would cross her meek arms upon her bosom, and pray for patience to *bear*.

But even this treatment, bad as it was, grew to worse. For the last twelve months—and they had been married between two and three years now—she had been in the frequent habit, in obedience to his imperious commands, often threats, of writing to Mrs. Vereker for money, and that lady had responded to these demands to an extent which had seriously impoverished herself. She therefore said that she would supply no more, especially as she had reason to believe that the whole of it went to support Mr. Lindon in his shameless habits; but she urgently entreated Georgina to abandon her miserable home, and to return to that of her childhood. This letter was addressed to Mrs. Lindon; it was intended for her eye alone; but Mr. Lindon—as if such a man could possess honour or scruples—took it from the postman, broke the seal, and read it. His conduct to his wife after this was worse than any she had yet experienced; blows even he had more than once the cowardice to resort to. It was about this period, also, that he introduced to her, in spite of her remonstrances, certain companions of his own sex: they overwhelmed her with their attentions; they spoke to her of sympathy for her sufferings; of redress; they breathed in her ear specious counsels. One or two of them were attractive as she had once thought *him*; nevertheless, she shrank from them. She had occasion once to complain to her husband of their conduct, and he answered her with a strange, mocking answer; an answer which brought the life-blood into her cheeks, and she retorted by asking whether he had forgotten that she was his *wife*? Wife, he answered, sneeringly, he believed to his sorrow she was, but he had long thought he should be better without her. Georgina pressed her hands upon her eyes, and stifled the anger that would have arisen to her lips, but her indignant feelings were almost goaded to madness.

## VI.

MRS. VEREKER was in London. For five long weeks had she heard nothing from Georgina, her own letters to her had remained unanswered, and unable to support the nameless fears that oppressed her, she, old and unfitted for the journey as she was, resolved to make it. Upon her arrival in town, she drove at once to the address last given by her daughter. She was almost, not quite, prepared for its mean appearance; but the occupier of the house, a decent-looking woman enough, told her she knew nothing of the movements of Mrs. Lindon.

"Is she not lodging here?" inquired Mrs. Vereker.

"She has left these several weeks past," returned the landlady. "She left her husband one night, and never came back. Ah, ma'am, I have my fears—but for whatever may have happened, Mr. Lindon is to blame. I was thankful when I got rid of him, though he did not leave for three weeks afterwards: he is a bad, wicked man."

What did the landlady mean, Mrs. Vereker asked; but the landlady would explain herself no further: she might get into trouble by speaking her thoughts, she observed; and after all she was not sure.

"I will give you this five-pound note," exclaimed Mrs. Vereker, "and thank you gratefully for all you may have done for my child when she was here: only, if you have any clue to her, for the love of God give it me."

"You surely cannot be that young lady's mother!" exclaimed the landlady.

"I am her mother," replied Mrs. Vereker. "I see you think me too old, but I did not marry till late in life: and I look older than I really am, for recent cares have helped to age my face. Oh, if you possess it, give me the clue to find my child."

"I have no clue, indeed," returned the landlady, in a compassionate voice. "I know that her husband was a perfect brute to her, and if— if she should have gone wrong," she continued, cautiously, "he drove her to it. But I know nothing scarcely, ma'am; and should not have known that till this morning. My son is an upper servant in a gentleman's family, and he called here to-day, and it was he told me."

"Told what?" gasped Mrs. Vereker.

"Well, ma'am, he saw a lady last night at the Opera, all blazing with jewels, and it was Mrs. Lindon. And the gentleman who put her into a carriage, and got in with her, was one of them fashionable rakes that used to come here when her husband was away."

Mrs. Vereker turned from the house, faint and sick at heart.

On the next Opera night, in the midst of all the blaze of light, beauty, and diamonds, in a box so placed as to command a good view of the general company, sat, partially hidden by the drawn curtain, a worn, white-haired woman. She was accompanied only by a gentleman, who looked like a solicitor, and those who caught a glimpse of her wondered what she did there. It was Mrs. Vereker. Never for a moment was her heart still—beating, beating; never were her eyes tired of watching the many lovely countenances, especially those who were but then entering. And now—now, at a distance, almost too far for her dim sight, she saw a form which seemed strangely familiar, adorned with satin and lace and glittering jewels: the face was a very lovely one; its luxuriant hair was wreathed in bands; a damask colour, not too deep, sat on the cheeks, beautiful, most beautiful to look at, but false as she was—and that face was the face of Georgina Vereker.

Of Georgina Lindon, rather. But it wore a look widely different from what her mother had even seen in her. That old, white-haired woman rose silently, and tottered from the box she had occupied, preceded by her solicitor. He took her to another part of the house, lonely and quiet, and bid her wait while he fetched her daughter to her.

Once more they stood face to face, the mother and the misguided child.

"Georgina," uttered the former, kneeling in her bitter desperation, "the world would condemn and shun you, but I will only cling the closer. Leave all this wretchedness, and come home with me."

"Mother, mother," she answered, burying her face in her hands, "I was graded to madness, and I became what you see. You must leave me to my fate: a career such as mine, once entered upon, admits not of retreat. Forget that you ever possessed a child."

"Do you know what that career leads to?" moaned the unhappy mother. "Do you remember that it brings Destruction?"

"Ay, both of body and soul. I tell you I was mad when I rushed upon it. But revenge on *him* seemed sweet."

Mrs. Vereker wrung her hands, the scalding tears blinding her sight as she spoke:

"Come to your early home, come back with me, my child; and for the remainder of your days find peace on earth."

"Peace!" uttered Georgina, "say, rather, scorn. Rich and poor, good and bad, would shun me now. Do you think I would willingly encounter that, in the place where they knew me a little child? No, no, retreat for me is impossible. Farewell, mother, mother! Forget me from this hour: or should your thoughts ever turn to me, pray that the fate which must inevitably be mine may fall speedily. I would now that my heart were broken."

Mrs. Vereker stretched out her arms piteously as Georgina retreated, her jewels glittering as she walked. A wild cry escaped her lips, but she was powerless to stop her. At that cry, Georgina turned. Perhaps she would have gone back to her mother, for she seemed to hesitate, when at the same moment, one of those stylish men who had been with her in the box, advanced and drew her with him.

Again she resumed her seat in it, he by her side, and others round her. Her mother watched it all—the dazzling beauty, the free manners, the painted face of her only child: and, as she looked, a sensation of sudden faintness stole over her; a film came across her eyes; and remembrance, as a vision, rose before her, carrying her back to that child's infancy, when she was lying, as they thought, upon her dying bed. And now came the mother's punishment.

What was it she had then prayed for? God had been about to take the child; to remove her from the evil days to come; and she, the mother, in her blind want of faith, had prayed, "Spare the child's life to gladden me. Not Thy will, Lord, but mine be done!"

Oh surely He was a God of love. He had foreseen a future for the child, that she, poor, weak mortal that she was, could not; and He had been willing, in His great mercy, to take her to Him then in her innocence. And look at that child now, at the thing she had become; living without God; scarcely hoping to come to Him hereafter. Oh that Mrs. Vereker could exchange this fearful scene before her for that early death-bed! She moaned aloud as she sunk upon her knees, and raised her hands to heaven in her bitter repentance, offering upwards, almost as sinful as were those of that early prayer:

"Oh, Father, Father! why didst Thou listen to me—why save my child from that happy death to destroy her now? Punish, punish me if Thou wilt: but oh! find a means to save the soul of my misguided child!"

No—no: it was not to be. There sat Georgina, in her destructive beauty; and there knelt Mrs. Vereker, in her repentant, hopeless despair. The faintness that had been stealing over her seemed to increase till she lost all consciousness, and—she awoke.

Mrs. Vereker awoke. The clock was on the stroke of midnight, and she found that she must have slept nearly four hours. Exhausted by grief, she had dropped asleep upon her bed, soon after uttering the short-sighted, rebellious prayer which had so pained Mr. Chenevix, had dreamed that Mr. Rice came into the room saying the child would live, had dreamed all the rest of that long dream. Not so elaborately as it is given here in its details, but all its essential points. Gradually, as her waking recollection grew perfect, she became aware, with an intensity of relief she could never describe, that it was *but* a dream—that the time of that early death-bed was indeed *PRESENT*, not *PAST*; that Georgina was still but a child, secure in her early innocence, not yet grown up to encounter the cares and seductions of the world: and full of anguish as the dream was, she knew that God had sent it to her in His mercy.

She arose quietly, the perspiration still streaming down her face from the mental pain she had undergone. Mr. Chenevix had long left the house. One attendant only was in the room, and she was fast asleep in the easy-chair. Slipping on a warm covering, Mrs. Vereker stole to Georgina's room. Poor little innocent face! it was white now, and its eyes were closed, sleeping calmly the sleep of death. They had already prepared her for the grave: not to be disturbed again until she should be moved to her coffin.

Mrs. Vereker looked at her, as well as she could look for the tears. Not with the rebellious feelings of the former hours, but with a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness, although she knew that all her interest in life was over. Silently she sunk upon her knees at the bed's side, and once more *ANOTHER* prayer went up to God's throne:

"Father! Father! pardon me for my unteachable spirit, that would have rebelled against Thee. Give me strength to bear patiently this affliction that Thou hast seen fit to send; and enable me, to enable all Thy creatures here, under whatsoever chastening of Thine, to say,

'THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.'



## MOBILE.—PENSACOLA AND THE FLORIDAS.

COTTON BARQUE TO CAPE COD, ALONG THE GULF STREAM.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

I AM hurried on to Mobile, and must steal a word or two more of New Orleans before I leave it—not to describe, but correct my own ignorance of simple facts. Thus I find there is a railroad leading to Carrolltown, seven miles off, higher up the river—a favourite retreat for the richer merchants; and that *Algiers*, on the opposite side of the river, is considered the workshop of the city—particularly for carpenters, blacksmiths, and shipwrights; it has various manufactories, with steam motive power; several ship-building yards, and a large sailors' hospital, though it is washing away; and so may be this great city some of these days. Very lately they were inundated by the river's breaking in above them (by a short cut) over the trifling ditch-like elevations along the banks—the whole town being four feet below the higher level of this turbulent stream.

But nobody cares for possibilities or probabilities; it will or it may go on as it has for hundreds of years, so slow are the disappearances or creations of our earth, which, swampy as it is here, is as valuable in hard dollars for so many feet and inches "frontage," as it is in London; indeed, house-rent is dearer here, as is every necessary and every luxury of life. But the Americans everywhere live very expensively, whether they can afford it or not.

I did not go to what is called the "battle ground," six miles down the river, where the flower of our brave troops were so rashly led to slaughter—it can never be fairly called a battle. The Americans, secure behind their trenches and cotton bales (of all possible barriers the most impenetrable and safe), with their rifles at a rest, fired at our regiments as they might have done at so many moving targets. We had two thousand killed and wounded, while they had *seven killed and six wounded!* This sad affair lasted but a single hour, on the "plains of Chalmette." Our poor fellows might with infinitely more chance of life have been led against the curtain of a citadel unbreached, across a wet ditch. From behind this long line of cotton bales three or four thousand unerring rifles were levelled breast high. The whole thing was reduced to a certainty. What fatality could have prompted such an onset seems to me to this day unaccountable; for our mistake in attacking in this direction at all, must have been known after the first affair, a week previous, when our advancing army were engaged and fired on by the armed schooner stationed in the river three miles below this fatal spot; and from whence the Americans retreated back to these lines. Here both armies were six days looking at each other, till the disastrous Sunday morning, the 8th of January, 1814. "Slowly and steadily the columns advanced toward the American line. Behind their parapets all was silent until the British army had reached a convenient distance, when a deadly fire was poured in." This is the American account of it, and it seems fair enough: all these flats are more or less dry and firm according to the seasons. The left of the American intrenchment was secured by the swamp being impractic-

cable—it could not be turned—and the river defended their right. Why we chose our approach by Lake Borgne below, instead of Lake Pontchartrain behind, and so much nearer the city, across a firmer part of these flats and swamps, is not said. But time and oblivion throws its mantle over victories and defeats alike; fifty years levels everything. What have all our victories in the Peninsula, crowned by Waterloo, done for us!

This Crescent City is a hundred miles above the four branches of the mouth of the Mississippi, which, loaded with mud and wood, the wrecks of thousands of miles of forests, carries its own peculiar delta out with it into the Gulf of Mexico, where all in its vicinity is shallow, flat, and muddy. They have always numerous tug steamers far at sea in the gulf, in these shallow, discoloured waters, constantly on the look out, with their pilots, to tow the shipping up the river—a most lucrative business. Indeed, all the accessories of trade soon grow more valuable to the bodies of men engaged in it than the trade itself, without its risks and anxieties. Thus, in the cotton marts up the Mississippi and at Mobile, swarms of cotton brokers usurp the market; the planters are mere babes in their hands; they rule them and the market; the cotton is forestalled or mortgaged often before it is picked, and wasted and eaten into in many ways before it is finally shipped for Liverpool or Europe; at Mobile and New Orleans it is unmercifully slashed and robbed to get deep into the bale for the *sample*. Then come the host of small pilferers to pick up on the wharves and about the cotton-presses—the millions of handfuls blown about and trodden under foot everywhere; plucking silyly at the wounded ragged bales to help.

A law has at last put a stop to this kind of gleaning; but still the poor planter finds a fearful falling off of the weight—as it left *his* press. And thus the wood-sellers up and down these immense rivers make more money than the owners of the steamers they sell it to.

This kind of ramification is one of the mysteries of all trade; one may pursue it into a huckster's shop, or the luxurious villa of the exchange, the cotton or the stock broker: it is the Spanish moss which drapes the live oak, the pine, and the magnolia.

Now and then a man starts up and eloquently points out certain evils to the community;—just now it is Mr. James Robb, a rich merchant, who at Baton Rouge does not spare his Crescent City townsmen—pointing out all the nuisances, anomalies, uses and abuses of the city. I have said there is no walk so pleasant as the planked *levée*—but there are six public squares and many fine streets notwithstanding; and no doubt many of the private gardens and grounds of the suburbs and finer houses, with their orange and palmetto shades, are very pleasing in the spring and early summer months. In some of the streets of the old town near the cathedral one sees here and there houses of the Spanish and French, solid and lofty, with marble portals, iron balconies, deep cornices, and rich carvings; but they must be looked for; lying in a quarter remote from the bustle and crowds of the modern haunts.

But, indeed, the greatest stir of all kinds is on the *levée* at the river side; compared with its river face, the city has no depth, none of the streets inwards being much more than half a mile in length, before one comes to the open flat country, overrun by the low, fan-like palmetto,

which springs up in these idly-cultivated flats, is browsed on and disfigured by the half-starved stray cattle.

At the back of the city in this direction, to the north-east, towards Lake Pontchartrain, the plain extends on all hands, perhaps three miles, framed in by the forests in the background, much as it is above and below, intersected by frequent ditches.

The coasting trade with Mobile, the Floridas, and West Indies by their schooners and sloops is very active and considerable, coming in by the canal from Lake Borgne (an extensive inlet east of Lake Pontchartrain).

But it is time to start for Mobile, though I was almost tempted to go to the Havana by one of the steamers, or screw clippers, which go down the river in quick succession to Cuba, and all the West India islands, taking the round too of the gulfs westward, many of them to the Texas, Vera Cruz, and Chagres; but at this moment there is a feeling of suspicion and dislike at Havana against the Americans, or anything Anglo-American, so I called in the assistance of a broth of a boy driving a cab—not long sure from the first gem of the ocean—to convey me to the railway depôt. The whole country had, for nearly a week, been covered six inches deep in snow, and I had assisted at a dance at a first-rate wholesale boarding-house, where, in the drawing-room, the gents smoked, and the young ladies between the dances running out on the balcony, playfully pelted their partners with snow-balls, in spite of the serious displeasure of their orchestra, complete in the person of Massa Quambo, a sable fiddler in high fashion, who expected three dollars for his job. A conscientious man, bent on giving good measure, but much vexed at the snow-ball pause, fiddling out of tune—to no tune in particular—with an incessant earnest gravity not to be trifled with.

But now it rained, and as suddenly changed, with the wind, to intense freezing again. I think I have reason to say the town is execrably paved; never have I been so jolted in a cab, or at so dear a rate. My Paddy—good luck to him, sure he wouldn't be picking up fares too fast—insisted on a dollar; distance about a mile, on the French side of the city, towards the canal basins.

It was late in the afternoon, and this train was meant to meet the Mobile mail steamer at Lakeport, at its terminus on Lake Pontchartrain. Away we went across the flats six miles; the last half of it through the primitive swamp, half under water, and the wild woods, which encircle all these lakes and bayons.

Lakeport, where we arrived at sunset, is a small hamlet of frame houses, built on piles, on and near a long wooden jetty, carried out into the Lake Pontchartrain, on which the rail runs to its terminus wharf, where the steamers generally lay alongside; but the waters are very low just now, and by the time we got out of the cars it blew a violent freezing gale of wind from the north, and we could see the steamer at anchor, as near as she could safely lay to the shallow shore, but hopelessly out of reach, and no boats or any sort of conveyance to put the passengers on board, if the fierce waves, lashed against the jetty, would have allowed it—doubtful! Meantime we were all huddled out of the cutting wind in the turn-like depôt, or store, among the casks, bales, and boxes, and left to commune with each other; not a creature to say—what next?

The cars having returned to New Orleans, conductor and all, not in the slightest degree moved or concerned at our pleasant predicament.

We were an odd, motley group, to be sure, much resembling shipwrecked mariners on a frozen inhospitable coast, and about as comfortable. Our being only six or seven miles from New Orleans itself did not at all mend the matter! There was, indeed, nothing pathetic, but an immense deal of swearing (at all captains, boats, and rails), and suffering from the intense cold; the margin of the lake, though salt water, frozen in ridges as it lashed the shore, and all of us exposed to the full fury of the gale, being on the lee shore. But I have talked so much of cold and freezing lately, that I will now only add, that after waiting in vain for hours, some taking shelter in grog, oyster cabins, and empty bath houses (for in the summer heats this is one of the watering-places) half this living cargo were fain to make up their minds to remain all night, while others returned to New Orleans by the next train, more dead than alive.

I followed a body of unfortunates back about half a mile, to a hotel; a large, handsome house, luckily not shut up, but left in charge of two or three Swiss lads to rough it for the winter, and make what they could at the bar. At a full run we all rushed in, too happy to find anything in the shape of shelter; the night pitch dark, and nothing heard but the howling of the winds and lashing of the waves.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," and a hot stove; but I could be eloquent on the intense sufferings of that wretched night, and the next: to be frozen to death on the hot Gulf of Florida was really too much of a good thing; amidst the odoriferous pines and magnolias, and milk-white sands; where nobody can complain of anything but intolerable heat and mosquitoes. Now this hotel, which had hardly a window without a broken pane of glass, however pleasant in the heats (for a nice verandah ran round it, and it stood in its little formal garden, with brick edges to its borders, and shaded by palms, live oaks, and pines), was not at all meant for such weather as this. The wind swept through it in every direction. In vain the Venetian blinds were closed; even the bar-room was at zero, except in a close ring round the stove; and I must needs attempt to go to bed at the end of a long whistling corridor up-stairs. All my Ohio pains from freezings were nothing to that night; not but that the exquisite suffering, stretched on that damp mattress, with an old calico quilt, were in some sort relieved by my fears every now and then, in the fiercer gusts of the gale, of the house being blown away into the woods altogether. Oh, how I welcomed the first rays of the rising sun next morning! How delightful to sit at breakfast (for they made us a fire, and did wonders in the way of feeding us, considering this was a temporary Siberia)—to sit at breakfast, I say, quite alive and merry, though the water did freeze in the tumblers as we sat! Americans are not content with coffee, which is always excessively watered, but must have a glass of water beside them to drink besides, or a tumbler of milk.

And now we learned, that after we had escaped from the jetty, the steamer started for Mobile with the mail (somehow got on board), leaving a batch of her yellow slave-boy waiters on shore, who were warming themselves, and not looking out. Their comments on the skipper's cool conduct were as sharp as the winds: "They didn't care"—"He'd better

mind, or they'd ship on board some other boat." Another steamer was now at anchor, and though the gale and cold were very little abated, yet we were in hopes of getting off, by means of an old schooner, which could come up to the jetty and take us off. This same schooner should have been at her post last night; but with the usual carelessness, and idleness, and unaccountableness of everybody in everything, she was nowhere to be seen.

Even now, with a second day's accumulation of travellers, we were kept shivering for hours while they took on board cotton and cargo—as that, paying best of the two, went first. It was not easy to get on board from the jetty, over a plank, from the roughness of the waves. I pitied some of the poor ladies as they sat huddled together on the dirty deck, amidst hogsheds, boxes, bales, and freezing water wetting their feet; for the careless animals had contrived to throw over an immense chest, filled with all the worldly goods of some poor immigrating family. Getting it out of the lake, it broke open, and discharged its contents, water and all, about the deck. One poor sick man, in charge of his wife or sister, was carried on board in a dying state; the cold alone was enough to kill him. At length, towards evening, the steamer, a fine boat (much on the same plan as those at New York and Philadelphia), weighed anchor, and breasted the gale.

This passage is made through the channel between Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, and along a chain of islands off the shores of the states of Mississippi and Alabama; the largest of these, Dauphin Island, is of great length, its eastern end forming part of Mobile Bay; where we arrived next morning, among' the merchant fleet of cotton ships at anchor within the bar at Point Mobile. This is a curious sight; it is quite a town of ships; a little floating community; thirty miles from Mobile, and four or five miles from the nearest shores and pine forests. Here they remain for months waiting for their cargoes, which are brought down to them in steamers. They visit each other, and try to make the best of their tedious detention; some of the captains living at Mobile, or coming backwards and forwards occasionally.

We soon ran up the bay to the city on the western side, inside long, low, narrow islands of rushes and trunks of trees, which obstructs and masks the whole water-side face of Mobile, and make fast to the fine plank-steam-boat wharf, beside other steamers, ships, barques, schooners, and all sorts of vessels of light draught—that is, ten feet; for Mobile Bay, all its upper part, is shallow for twenty miles, and its navigation difficult; the channels narrow, and the rise of the tides along the Gulf of Mexico making little difference ebb or flow.

In our run from the lake of pleasant memory, the paddle-wheels had cased the sides in ice, and great pendant icicles ornamented our paddle-boxes. As to our interior comforts I cannot speak in raptures; there was the usual impenetrable circle of ruminators round the lower cabin stove, with all their abominations, as I lay freezing in a kind of open berth (running round in double tiers, with curtains under the windows), although within three yards of the said animated fire-screen, which sat up the whole night, and could not be dispersed to clear away for breakfast by the unceremonious darkies, until one of them, with a chuckle and a wink, threw a handful of Cayenne pepper in the fire. The fumes had an

instant effect, setting us all coughing, and sending our imperturbable squatters flying in all directions; this trick astonished me; I had no idea it could produce such a choking sensation. This was the only novelty.

Among our passengers were two native starring tedious tragedians (three theatres are generally open at New Orleans, one French), and a most extraordinary old man—a far west original—in a chronic state of tipsiness, who I had observed acting the jack-pudding, and chattering the queerest nonsense, in one of the wooden oyster-houses the day before. Our captain, a burly, surly bear, did not think it at all essential to be civil to anybody, except the ladies—particularly the lady actress who sat next him; he gave me a taste of his quality, but I kept the Indian taciturnity as “my guide, philosopher, and friend.”

At Mobile, as at New Orleans and all their cities, hackney-carriages drive down on the wharves, and a host of porters ply for passengers and luggage at every arrival. A great shambling man of colour shouldered my trunk, and I was soon housed in the best (Government) street of this singular town; delighted not to be forced to take refuge either at a splendid hotel, or a fashionable boarding-house. By-the-by, one of the two great hotels here has just been burnt down; a thing that happens so regularly that it is considered a matter of course; and they are hard at building another twice as big. Here, as at New Orleans, every corner has its *Exchange*, or great room, with its bar and immense display of bottles, where a Swiss organ or hurdy-gurdy may be heard constantly grinding, and a crowd constantly drinking.

In this vast delta bordering the great Gulf of Mexico on the north, and the Gulf Stream, leaving the mud of the Mississippi and its swamps, as you come to the eastward on the same low level, you find yourself in a country of pure white sand—so fine that it serves for a sand-glass, or for your letters: this is only at intervals, here in Alabama, where there are a few gentle elevations, not quite hills, and land occasionally produces fine crops of anything, besides the great staple cotton. But across this noble bay, in West Florida, this sand is the earth; the shores blind you with their pure whiteness, and so of the whole south of the Floridas.

These dazzling shores, on which the soft blue ocean ripples—the magnificent pine forests to the water's edge, mixed with the live oak and giant magnolia, all wild and aromatic sweet, as in the days of Columbus, nay, far beyond in the mists of fabled time—are indescribably romantic, grand, and beautiful. But as yet I am only in the sandy streets of Mobile, which, cut up into ten thousand shifting, harmless ruts, a good heavy rain puts them to rights—the only mending they ever get; the footpaths of the best streets, and those next the water, are of brick, but out of repair. Most part of the city is scarcely above the level of the water, and all the lower streets are built on piles; in fact, Mobile is built on a swamp, which is still wild and intact, half a mile off on each side of it, where the Alabama river joins the head of this vast bay, and where various channels form a series of islands, scarcely above the water's edge, often inundated, but ordinarily farmed out for pastures or gardens.

Except a few streets next the bay, and two or three central ones of half a mile in length, the whole town is in wood—wooden mansions, with noble columns and porticos, many of them. Columns, porticos,

rich cornices, handsome verandahs meet the eye everywhere ; it is a city of villas, the upper part standing in their own small gardens. Trees on each side shade the streets—the Indian-tree, the plane, and libernum ; in their gardens, the palmetto and orange ; but their orange-trees are killed by this extraordinary winter.

Mobile may be said to be only known to the Americans. Few of our travellers visit these shores—lying out of the way in the Gulf of Mexico, hundreds of miles within the far-stretching peninsula of Florida, with which shore and its islands along the Gulf Stream (the high-road from the whole of the Antilles, Mexico, and South America) we are much more familiar. Like all this continent, it is full of wonders and excellencies ; its forests alone on the seaboard are mines of wealth, and of late years Alabama has proved very fruitful in cotton ; almost rivalling New Orleans.

This city itself has sprung into existence and opulence very recently. Early in this century it was but a small poor village, settled by the French and Spaniards ; and, as at New Orleans, something of their customs and manners may be traced in the present bustling city. Society is much more easy and pleasant, I think, here, and indeed in all the southern states, than in the northern ones, though here, as everywhere, a great many of the children of the New England states have of late added their activity and enterprise, by way of leaven, to the more southern indolent enjoyment of the present hour. When Louisiana and the Floridas were ceded to the United States by France and Spain, it did an immense good on all hands. It suddenly enriched their more quiet, idle colonists, whose possessions rose a hundred-fold in value in these towns, and opened an illimitable field to the energies of the northern states. The consequences become more evident every day, for here, in this pine swamp, town lots for building are sold at enormous prices—the value increasing every year. This is the great touchstone of prosperity ; except in the few quiet, retired descendants of the French and Spanish, one indeed hears nor sees anything of them ; but to this day the title-deeds of the most eligible spots in and near the town belong to them, and a good deal impede the rapidity of building. Disputed titles, however, do but make money for the lawyers, and checks the general spread of the place but in a trifling degree. A doubtful title is shared by half the more recent citizens ; that fact alone gives them a greater security.

Some of the merchants here live magnificently—their houses are really mansions ; a great many have handsome equipages. Carriages and light waggons fly through the streets as if on air, for the sand is so soft, no noise is heard. The sand macadamises all the streets and roads. There is, indeed, a little bad paving attempted in the lower part of the streets towards the water—only to make jolting and ruts and mud holes more obtrusive and annoying. There is something very novel and pleasant in these fine sand streets and roads, and seeing people whisked about without the least noise. The horses like it, though it does make their work the heavier ; but their light wheels can be dragged through anything at a full trot of twelve or fifteen miles the hour. Out of town the drives are, however, confined to the environs. The favourite spot, six miles

off, for recreation, is Spring Hill; to which a *shell* road, smooth and hard as a billiard-table, has been made through the woods. This is, however, a very expensive turnpike.

Another and rather longer drive is opened through the woods down the bay, beyond the lighthouse; which, taking a circle among the villas and plantations round the town, may be made eight or ten miles. Forest, swamp, and the bay, keep their primitive possession of all beyond.

There was some idea of making a road—a railroad to New Orleans; but across such swamps and forests for a hundred and eighty miles damps their courage.

Day-labourers have very high wages, and navvies not to be had as with us. There may, indeed, be a growing chance shortly in the numbers of Irish flocking of late to the south; Mobile is already well stocked with them, their women being the most frequent servants of *all work* to be met with. This puts me in mind of an Irish lad I gave a dime to at Lakeport. He was making his way to Mobile, without a cent in the world, or indeed any clear idea of where he was going to, or what he was going to do when he got there! He was dodging the captain (and clerk?), and *stealing* his passage on board—often done—and we encouraged it. The party get on board, keep forward among the deck passengers, never inquire for the *office*, say nothing, and on arriving at the wharf, wherever it is, *try* to step off the guard on shore, without the ceremony of going by the general gangboard and presenting their ticket. Many get off, if lucky; but if seen and questioned they still get off, with the simple addition of a kick—where their *honour* is not at all hurt. The addition of a string of forcible and peculiar oaths and vile names, in running accompaniment, passes by them like the idle wind; there is no giving them in charge, nor taking before magistrates: people are all too much pre-occupied, particularly the captain.

Mobile has 20,000 inhabitants, all thriving—some making rapid fortunes; cotton-agents, lawyers, and doctors take the lead. It is now the great mart for all the country on the gulf east of the Mississippi. Great steamers crowd its port with cotton from the country above along the track of its great river (Alabama), taking back goods of all descriptions, and hundreds of passengers, to the capital, Montgomery, three or four hundred miles up the river: the supply, from Europe and the West Indies, partly coming direct, and partly from New Orleans, where there is a daily increasing communication. The distance by water (as I came) is one hundred and eighty miles, and the fare, chief cabin, five dollars, including supper and breakfast, or dinner.

The sun here has a force not to be denied, the instant these unwonted north-west blasts cease; so that early in February the woods and fields are all in flower; among the most beautiful, of the hedges and gardens in the environs, is the Cherokee rose. In early spring these woods and wilds, as you drive about, have many charms; not the least, the odoriferous pine and sweet myrtle. The "Bush" still encircles the town on three sides; then again, one is cloyed with rich sweets in the magnolias and Indian-tree, which perfume the streets: but I think Lady Emily Stuart Wortley has very lately written a delightful book telling us all about it; and who would attempt to "paint the lily?"



I had the pleasure of knowing a dear friend of hers here, to whom she has addressed some very charming, though melancholy lines, on friendship and the grave! and this brings to mind the great drawback to all this low, damp, hot country. The richer inhabitants, however, as at New Orleans, steam away to the north every summer, as soon after June as they can, and never stop till they reach the rocky shores of Boston, or the springs of Saratoga; returning home in September.

Even so early as March I found the growing heat very oppressive. Mobile, faithful to the American defect, has no mall, no walk, no public gardens; and the town-council, or municipality, allow even the sweet woods at the ends of the streets to be poisoned by the dead carcasses of all sorts of animals: one spot, south of the town, is famous for this terrific effluvia; and a colony of wild dogs—almost wild—for here the stray dogs of the town congregate, feast, and fight over the dead bodies of horses, cows, mules, &c.; and thus are ten thousand sweet flowers over head polluted, and blessings turned to a nuisance: but even the streets are in a sad dirty state too often; the press complains—everybody complains—but nobody cares; nobody will obey anybody, or observe any sort of regulation, no matter how good or essential. Though the mayor every morning has a bevy at his “levée,” who are heavily fined for drunkenness and getting into a *mus* (that is, fighting).

I saunter about in the shade, sometimes to speculate *solus* on valuable lots, in and about the town, for building—at immense prices and doubtful titles: at others, I stroll to the edge of the woods, out Government-street, about a mile beyond the ends of the streets, where there is an Indian camp, or rather cluster of bark wigwams, wretched beyond description, where a few very poor Cherokees and Chickasaws yet linger—among the last of their race—still haunting their own country.

The women are pounding Indian corn for their homany; kettles are smoking about in the sun, slung to three sticks as a tripod: shelter or privacy there is none—they hate it: no, for ever the open air, at the root of a tree; their wigwams do but serve to keep a few rags, pots, and arms in—perhaps the dew off, on cool nights. They suffered dreadfully this winter, but in a long life they may not feel such another.

Some of them, the younger ones, may be seen every day lounging listless about the town, the men and boys with bows and arrows to shoot at a mark, for a *dime* (a fipenny piece), their target being that identical tiny bit of silver, at so many yards, and rarely missed! or they are listening to the portable tinkling piano and tambarine of the Swiss boys and girls (who find their way to the ends of the earth). Their women, decked out in a mixed finery, like the men, go about the town selling “chûmpa” (chips of the pine, to light fires) at an extravagant rate, the men and women never by any chance together, and both with most serious faces. They speak to nobody, rarely smile, or seem to take the smallest interest in anything going on about them. Here, in this way, have they lived for years unmoved, unchanged, in the smallest degree, or in the most trifling particular, even the youth who have been born on the skirts of the city. Such is the infallible force of custom and education—in short, the forming of *innate ideas*. They cannot understand us—never can—never will; they look with pity, or a mere

vacancy of thought, feeling nothing, on the finest brick mansions here, the most shining equipages, the most charming China crape shawls, satin dresses, and Parisian bonnets and feathers (for the ladies all dress excessively). Their gowns and flaring cotton shawls, they wear from sheer necessity, the heads alone of their women (always bare) are their own : perhaps they'd like some of the gold bracelets they may see ; but certainly nothing else of European fashion or fabric.

Except what they can pick up about the town, I have no idea how they can live at all, for they do no work in our sense, and produce nothing—not even a grain of Indian corn, almost their sole food. A few more of these Indian tribes still remain in the Floridas, but they have been ordered off beyond the head-waters of the Red River. There is a difficulty in getting them to leave their pine-woods and old hunting-grounds ; and spite of all the previous fighting, it is thought they will once more attempt resistance, when the Indian military agent enforces the decrees of Congress.

I have been to one or two very pleasant small evening parties, where everything was as well-bred, refined, quiet, and luxurious as in our own best circles. A carpet dance was relieved at intervals by very delightful singing, by some very pretty girls. From the little I have seen of it, I should say that Mobile possesses a great share of beauty and accomplishments in its women, and pleasing manners among the leading men. But refined society is getting more and more the same exact thing all over the civilised world.

Here in this bran new community one looks for novelty, out of doors at least, so I stroll to where they are making a railroad through the forest swamps to Citronella, thirty miles up the river ; it already reaches Mauvilla, twelve miles, and excursion trains are very busy so far, loaded backwards and forwards with the idle and the curious.

This railroad is the beginning of an immense line which is determined on (and is surveying) to join the Ohio somewhere about its junction at Cairo, or at Louisville in Kentucky, and so complete the chain on to Lake Erie ; doubts and difficulties as yet keep it on paper—the distance alone 1200 miles ! A branch, too, will go to Montgomery, where, by the way, there is a sort of track, or primitive road, through the swamps and woods, on which the mail stage wearily struggles through sand, and mud, and corderoys, when the steamers cannot get up the river ; from thence a railroad runs through Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia to the Potomac, below Alexandria.

There is a kind of clammy, misty, calm heat here in the south, which already begins to be felt early in March ; one gasps for breath, and I look with wistful eyes down the street to the water-side and the shipping.

It is not very easy to get away from Mobile at any time or in any direction, the bay and the river forming almost the only high road. There is, indeed, an irregular communication kept up with Pensacola by a small steam-boat across the head of the bay to Blakely (a frame town, now deserted and in ruins, in a charming elevated spot at the edge of the pine forests opposite, distant fourteen miles), from whence a small stage makes a devious track through solemn, noble, silent woods for near sixty miles further, to Pensacola ; this, indeed, is the *mail*, and the only means

of transit, except by water, round the head of the gulf. There is, however, not much trade as yet with the Floridas, and not many passengers, so that a few coasting schooners carry backwards and forwards all that is required; the poorer travellers taking their chance on board of getting round (a hundred miles), it may be in twelve hours, or it may be in a week, for the bay and the gulf are very capricious, and if it blows, the getting out and in over the bars often dangerous.

I had had my eye for some days on a beautiful schooner bound round; but the promises to sail any given day are particularly pie-crust hereabouts; indeed, it always depends on when they can make up a cargo; the cabin passengers only being considered extra, as an inferior live lumber. My schooner was to take round salt, and iron machinery, and bring back ready-made window frames, and sashes, and any other notions.

The captain, a gay, good-looking, fast young fellow, divided his time between smoking at the stores of his friends, and riding down below the lighthouse to a certain handsome villa, where a certain pair of bright eyes enslaved his volatile soul!—volatile as the foam of the breakers at Mobile Point. The gulf waters, and wild liberty, were dear to him as a Mahomedan paradise. He had been a midshipman, but some lieutenant on the quarter-deck of a frigate had dared to reprimand him, and he had pitched the navy to limbo. Whenever I could catch this mercurial child of the blue wave (and of a most fanciful velvet cap) on board, we were to be off “right away;” however, at the end of a week we started in good earnest, and in what I thought a dead calm. But it is astonishing how these critturs (clipper schooners)—which are particularly “things of life”—how they creep away, as the captain whistled, with the least breath of air. The glassy surface of the bay was like a mirror, as we crept along among the innumerable drift logs by the lighthouse, and—got aground! for it was low water, and we drew eight feet, an unheard of depth for any vessel under 300 tons; but she had been built for a revenue cruiser.

It was very tedious in the bay, on the mud, though our captain had his sails set point device; and what loves of sails and spars! He convinced me, too, that his cabin had no equal—nor had his cook, who put before us some beefsteaks and dough-boys, of a greasiness, toughness, and solidity, to defy the universal world to match. But there was an Irish tailor and a lady friend of his (in early life from the sod—a widow, God help her, and well to do in the world), who gravely, with due decorum, made their way even through these gutta percha dumplings. But as we sat in state we had a tall, handsome, mulatto steward, who superintended their despatch with a demure face, and I thought somewhat with the least taste in life of dry humour in the twinkle of his eye, as he exchanged nudges and winks with an attendant cabin-boy—Jem, who was originally of Liverpool, but now on his travels (on the high road to fortune!). Three times had this heroic boy—starving about the streets in rags—stowed himself away in ships—three times been found out, well cuffed, and turned back; always half naked! He persevered, poor lad, and at last a good-natured captain let him work his passage over; and here he was, well paid, well dressed, and ill washed, the chief man (after the black steward), with a very considerable influence over his master the skipper.

It was, however, only in the cabin this respectful state was kept up. I have reason to think both Jem and the darky steward had the greatest contempt for a poor half-starved seedy-weedy Yankee family, who sat on the casks, or a spare spar on deck, and ate their very frugal meal out of their family wallet, helped out with the family pipe, which went from the long, lean, woe-begone father to his attenuated wife, next in turn, and thence shifted to the lantern-jaws of their son and heir.

I think in my life I never saw such a set of wretched "atomies"—bad living, and no living, and fever and ague, had worn them to the bone; there was a little daughter leaner, if possible, and more sallow than the rest. They looked as if the swamp jungles had drawn them all up into a sort of walking-sticks—in fact, it had. They were a kind of roving squatters in the woods and on patches of cleared land deserted by the owners, or not owned at all; or if they rent any sort of farm, flit off by moonlight as the rent day comes round. I saw two or three parties of this kind coming down the great rivers—and they are not infrequent here—as solitary, wild, and penniless as any ragged peat-hut cottier of Connemara.

A breeze and a thunder-gust brought us down the bay, and we anchored in a fog among the town of cotton ships.

Next day the fog, a sort of driving mist, continues. But nothing can stop our thorough sea captain; he knew the coast as well as the pilots, who have a village, and live like fighting-cocks, on the long sandy peninsula, which forms the southern end of the bay.

With our resources (four hands before the mast), getting on shore on this sandy beach and laying there all day, was nothing—with an anchor dropped from the main-boom end (we had no boats, and fired our one gun in vain to the pilots in sight), we hove the old lass off towards evening, and the mist moving away, we ran down and anchored among a squadron of pilot schooners at the village. Skipper and I went on shore (he had left his boat here), roved across some lagoons, and through the myrtle, magnolia, and pine jungle, across to the outer shore, where clear blue old ocean rippled as we picked up shells. On this solitary beach an Irishman passed us, barefoot; we stared, as he rather avoided us (we found afterwards that he had bolted from the caboose, as cook of one of the pilot boats).

It was too early for the alligators; and we only saw one moccasin snake. Returning, at a likely widow's kind of public-house, we had a go of rum—got a stock of real Havanas—and off again. Several jolly pilots, our skipper's friends, came on board to smoke and drink; and one might have fancied oneself among the buccaneers of Dampier's time.

Next day we were as nearly lost on the breakers between the entrance lighthouses as possible; the sea (and ground swell on the bar) was tremendous. The wind lulled as we beat out in its teeth, just as we made a critical short board; but "miss is as good as a mile," we breathed again, and earnestly thank God for it; it was so near ending badly. In the evening our capital captain landed us at the Barancas, near the navy yard. As we shook hands, I felt really sorry to part with so good a fellow.

The Barancas (de San Carlos) is at the mouth of the harbour of

*Pensacola* (which is but a small town six miles higher up the inlet at the mouth of the Escambia). Here the United States has four heavy forts, large brick barracks, a hospital, and naval dockyard; all excellent of their kind, and in the most exact order; indeed, the dry dock and floating dock, off the yard, are stupendous. This floating dock can bring in or out any line-of-battle ship (*complete*) over twelve feet water, though, indeed, there is twenty feet on the bar, at the harbour's mouth; and thirty at the dock gates. The two or three-decker is thus transferred to the dry dock if necessary; where slips, steam-engines, and a *railroad*, can run her up an incline to the back of the yard!

Here just now an able man, Commodore Stocton, presides; he is a senator, and has lately carried a bill through both houses to abolish flogging in the navy! It is not liked by naval officers; but becomes, I conclude, imperative, to suit the change of ideas of the age.

The naval and military officers and families here make a very pleasant society. They have it all to themselves in these blue waters, snow-white sands, and silent woods! Above and below the yard small wooden towns have started up (*Warrington*) nearly as large as *Pensacola* itself. The "appropriations" for the naval service are very heavy, and the dollars attract loose storekeepers, tradesmen, workmen, and speculators; though *Pensacola* itself scarcely holds on its slender population—a dozen or two of frame-houses, burnt down seven years ago, have left their brick chimneys standing as monumental warnings to the go-aheads!

But a few years gone by, and all this was Spanish. Their names remain, mixed with the Indian ones; as do some few families, or their half Anglo-American descendants, as at *Mobile* and *New Orleans*. But I have no elbow-room to plod on sensibly in facts; we may learn them from almanacks. I must "catch the living" *alligators* "as they rise!" I saw one fellow swimming across the lagoon at the back of the *Barancas*, just through a belt of woods; all these shores are lined along the beach by ribbons of shallow lagoons, full of fish, snakes, frogs, and alligators; he was a long way off, and I only saw his snout going along. I often look cautiously among the dogwood bushes, myrtle, and oleanders, for the moccasin snake. They are said to be dangerous. I only saw one, and with the wisdom of the serpent it quickly stole out of the way of that foolish, but much more wicked animal—man.

As there is not a stone in all this country, they employ, as I have said, the shells found in some spots in vast masses (the *Gnathodon*) to make short roads; here they have made a chip-road of a mile long from the dockyard to the barracks at the *Barancas*—(the chips from the dockyard)—a delightful drive; but already the fine sands under it are swallowing it up; as they do the shells and everything laid on its surface, in a very short time. Mould and manure are alike engulfed, so that agriculture of any kind is only seen here and there, even in the open country; a garden still more rarely. The fig-tree is very luxuriant, however; and cultivated flowers when kept in tubs or pots to secure the mould.

Nothing of the kind can be more admirable than these shores; the celestial blue of the ocean, the dazzling white purity of the beach, the aromatic perfume of these interminable pine forests, and the luscious

odour of a thousand flowering shrubs and creeping tendrils, all for a moment fill the soul with delight—as we gratefully contemplate this beauteous variety of nature—“up to nature’s God,” it is perfect in itself! But one must be “to the manner born;” the heats dry up us Europeans to mummies, the sands blind us; the woods have few or no fruits; reptiles and insects assert their right of dominion, are not to be killed off so easily as the Indians, and live and swarm very properly to plague us. At some seasons, too, fogs and damp moving mists sweep in from the ocean, rust and putrify things; in spite of a fire in my room, my port-manteau was covered thick with mildew, even while in use.

Every now and then the sun flashed out, and anon you could not see ten yards before you. The flying clouds swept the sands (the simple fact, indeed), but so loaded with salt as to make it doubly disagreeable.

I meant to return to Mobile through the forest by the stage to Blakely, at the eastern head of the bay, and cross in the steamer which calls there from Stockton, further up the river. Indeed, it is the only road and the only conveyance; for by water there is no sort of certainty, either by sloop or schooner.

A friend sailed me up to Pensacola in his boat, on a delightful sunny afternoon, the mists clearing off; and by running hard up the sandy high street, without looking right or left, I was just in time to catch the mail (stage). It had started from its own tavern, but happily had pulled up at the post-office to take in the bag. Like all tropical small towns (though not quite within the line), Pensacola’s streets are wide, and left in their own natural sand or mud. The houses handsome, of wood frame, with verandahs; all have small gardens, where the orange, the fig, and the palmetto form the ornament, shade, and almost the only verdure, from the difficulty of keeping any mould uppermost. Turning the corner from the last garden palings, we were almost at once in the woods, making fanciful tracks in and out round the trees, or over their roots, which occasionally gave us such jolts as only can be enjoyed in a United States stage; it would at once break the springs of our coaches; but they have no springs, the body is suspended on two huge straps, on which it pitches backwards and forwards. This stage was the most comfortable I have ever been shaken in. The night was a bright moonlight, and the ride, take it altogether, delightful. Silent, sweet, awful, as we flitted among these grand living columns of the stately pine, no sound but the rattle of the harness as we rolled over the dead-leaved carpet; now and then the “Whip-poor-will” told us he was wide-awake, or as we descended in some hollow a gentle chorus of bull-frogs greeted us. Once or twice a rustle near us among the leaves told us of startled deer, but they are getting scarce.

Every eight or ten miles we came to cleared patches, a farm, or small hamlet, of log or frame-houses, and a small circle of cultivated fields; at these we watered the horses; and the only passenger with me, who chattered of his own wonderful sayings and adventures incessant the whole night, treated his victim (the driver), having some conscience, to a go of whisky. We changed our pair of horses, I think, only three times (sixty miles); once or twice the driver pulled up, and started off, and disappeared entirely, but soon returned with a bucket of water from some fairy dell and spring he only knew of.

It must not be supposed from what I say of the sands of Florida that it is all sand; perhaps it only occupies, more or less, ten or fifteen miles of the sea margin. We soon, therefore, got to a gently undulating country through the woods, till we came half-way to a tract of swamp, and over a three mile corderoy, to the Perdido river, the dividing line between West Florida and Alabama; this is a very Acheron. Over this wide, solemn, dark, deep flood we were ferried at midnight, our coachy sounding his horn in advance, while we were a mile off, floundering slowly in the ruts and holes of the terrible corderoy.

By daylight we drew near the edge of the bay and the forest, passing a pretty spot, a hollow and a creek, where a Mr. Sibley has made a large fortune at his saw-mill; and not content, has built an immense cotton factory, which it is thought will undo him. By sunrise we trot the last mile along the cleared country, on the margin of the bay, where the fields looked pleasant. Honeysuckles and Cherokee roses decked the way as we drove into the deserted town of Blakely. The land on this side of the bay has a good elevation, and a good firm soil, and the town is delightfully situated at the eastern mouth of the Alabama river. A few years ago it was all life and bustle; now the tavern at the water-side is alone inhabited, all the nice frame-houses are shut up and going to ruin, the flowers in the gardens choked with weeds, all owing to a mysterious miasma which kills only in certain spots; for on the same level, five or six miles lower down the bay, there is a great hotel, to which the gentry of Mobile fly in summer in search of health. In this "deserted village" the court-house is alone kept open, and lo! the county sheriff had just landed from "the village," ten miles below, with a big hirsute ruffian, who he was himself obliged to shoot (in the leg) before he would submit to the law. This brute now came limping up, supported by two constables, to the tavern porch, had been amusing himself half killing a poor woman, as she refused to sell him as much whisky as he wanted.

The steam-boat was in sight, snorting down the river; while we waited on the jetty (this was the court day, neither judge, jury, nor audience visible) it was said another case of violence was ready for the sheriff and constables somewhere near; and a third job appeared in the person of a wounded woman, who came limping along from the woods in search of a constable to look after her husband, who "had cut her to pieces and run off into the 'bush' with their two children." This woman was the picture of famine and misery; as she sat on a log.

On being asked if she lived far off, she exclaimed, "Oh, I live nowhere. He never would settle in no place, but keeps moving about." What a scene, and what a tale, here in this smiling, deserted, melancholy Arcadia!

We thread the channels of the flat islands, and land at Mobile in an hour and a half, about fourteen miles across. But I am hurried from Mobile with the barest notice of it. Trade and speculation, as in all their cities, is the one absorbing thing. The wharves for a mile are piled with cotton bales, unloaded and loading (from the river above); the very trees are draped and made ugly by its flying about.

If they have a sensation, or a moment for the fine arts, it is the stage and music. Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Bishop, and Bechsa and Kos-

suth stir them up to enthusiasm alternately, and carry off their dollars. The theatre and circus are open, and small stars strut their hour—a Sir William Don so-so in comedy, and a Mr. Nefie execrable in tragedy, but the riding and elowns not so bad.

Away, away, the *Mara* is loaded, cabin, deck, and all, with cotton bales. She is a lovely barque—beautiful exceedingly!—I can't stand on trifles; I see there is just room to sit at a small table by the mizenmast. Captain Parks is a charming man, and will take me slick away to Boston for thirty-five dollars. No wine, no spirits—the only thing on earth, or on the wide waters of the earth, he sets his face against; so we grasp hands, done—the last bale is crammed in; a steamer, with cotton for the cotton ships below takes us in tow, and by next day (only getting on the mud once) I find myself once more clearing Mobile Point and crossing that awful bar.

Adieu, ye muddy rivers, bright white sands, magnolias, live oaks, pines, and festooned flowery swamps! Yet am I sorry to part with ye—"It may be for aye, it may be for ever," but other lands, and other flowers, and other beings call me away, far away, over old ocean's tide. We have a tedious week in the gulf, struggling with fantastic winds, and calms, and squalls to the *Tortugas*, a string of islands along the extreme south point of Eastern Florida, some 700 miles, before we can round this point and get into the high road of the Gulf Stream.

Our barque sails like a witch—better than the *Water Witch*—and is as stiff as—a midshipman on half-pay! in spite of the cotton lumbering her deck. Parks (who is the best-tempered man I ever knew—he never uttered one cross word the whole voyage, even when wet through and blown to atoms) owns her, and other pleasant things; a "*dulce domum et placens uxor*" somewhere up some little river in Connecticut, where he looked sharp after the building of this, his second wife, and the breath of his nostrils; runs her anywhere for freight, home or abroad. He was just across from the Mediterranean with fruit, and would think nothing of Canton, Calcutta, or Honolulu, at a day's notice—ice or cotton, flour, hardware—nay, coals; he'd "carry coals" from Newcastle to Ningpo—anything anywhere, only come up to his mark as to the figure of the freight per ton. He inveighed much at the delays (and so did other skippers) at Mobile, and would have gone on to New Orleans, but it would have cost him 500 dollars to go round, for pilots, steam-tugs, and other taxes! He gets  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 dollars per ton, and refused to take a cent less (for Wenham Lake ice to Mobile) in Boston, on our arrival. Ours is an excellent cabin, but it's full of cotton; it blows incessant and adverse, but we carry on canvas no man of war would dare to show, and our seamanship is equally admirable with our ship. I go to bed, and hold on the side of my cabin berth by way of passing the time.

Mr. Jones, who is a wag, and loves South Boston baked beans and pork better than *dinde aux truffes*, is for ever quizzing a raw, pretty Irish girl, the "stewardess," bound in indissoluble wedlock to the steward and cook, an angular, ill-favoured, "down Easter," who, in turn, is a slight shade jealous of said mate, and doesn't relish jokes—nohow, I guess.

"And how is yourself, and how is the peraties, this tip top o' the morn'ing, Mrs. Norah?"



“Augh then! Mистер Jones hould yer wish, and let me be, anyhow——”

But Jones was glorious (when not at the fore-royal yard, or jib-boom end, or re-stowing our ragged cotton, or sextant in hand for the longitude) at fishing; he caught in succession a bonita, a barracouta, and, lastly, a large dolphin! I looked with pity on his dying throes; nothing is exaggerated of the ineffable beauty of its colours in their shadow'd changes! How hard to die! How long it lashed the deck; alternate bright green, saffron, and silver, edged with its dark blue dorsal fin; then, dying, a mottled azure. Oh, noble, superb creature! have we marred thy beauty! I cannot bear these agonies. Unconscious, merry Jones is for a moment hateful. But we all thought it excellent eating the next half hour; all my fine silent sentiment vanished in the frying-pan—but are we ever half an hour consistent?

We had an extremely rough passage, the wind in our teeth the whole way; but we kept in the Gulf Stream, and but once sighted the American low shore; none of the Bahamas. This run is nearly equal to a voyage home; few sail cheered our sight; one English barque, about our own size (380 tons), we passed like a shot; she, labouring in the gale the victim of our vicious build—fit for nothing; besides, she was too deep in rum and sugar from our ruined isles.

Parks and I often talked on this subject, so mortifying to one's pride of country. “But,” says he, “I looked sharp after my *Mara* on the slips; this here six-inch plank capping the topside fore and aft, I *would* have first rate, for the waist; they are seventy-five feet, best white or live oak. I made the builder change them twice. I was bound, I cal'late (calculate), to have it first-rate, no flaws, no knots, no nonsense. I stood on my own gunwale, sir—yes, siree.” We had a handsome figure-head, an Indian chief's bust, he explained it. “Well, sir, I was down in *Mara-caibo* in the bight often—that is a harbour! its name comes of a chief, so I just cut it in half—that's it!” He cut all long words in half; for the skipper had no notion of superfluous syllables or impediment in anything. At last, after twenty-one tedious days' beating and buffeting in a rough sea, we ran into smooth water and fogs, among a cluster of islands on the coast below Cape Cod, called Martha's Vineyard, and took a pilot for the Cape.

I am once more only *near* Boston—“bound to go there,” as the captain said, and I must take his word for it, as I cannot advance a mile further for this month to come.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## BEWARE OF THE CHOCOLATE OF CHIAPA.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

### V.

#### THE PERILOUS FOREST.

THE adventurous traveller who journeys across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and, leaving the course of the river Chiapa, explores the mountainous district that lies between the towns of Ciudad Real and Chiquimucelo, will be rewarded by beholding much picturesque and remarkable scenery. It is a region full of natural wonders; there are springs that ebb and flow regularly every six hours, rivers that petrify whatever is cast into them, lakes whose waves attain the temperature of boiling water, and caverns whose extent and profundity have never been measured.

As it is now, so it was in the days when Don Gabriel de Orellana governed the province of Chiapa, and Bernardino de Salazar exercised spiritual sway. The aspect of nature remains the same, but the governors and bishops of that time had moral questions to occupy them which, happily, now no longer exist.

Imported from the old world, the belief in witchcraft quickly took root in the new hemisphere, and amongst the half-Spanish, half-Indian population, there soon arose numerous pretenders to occult science, who made themselves as formidable to their neighbours, and were as much dreaded and detested by them, as if they had in reality possessed the power of which they boasted.

It was one of the peculiarities of witchcraft that, in spite of the pains and penalties attendant on the practice, its professors rarely denied the attributes of their calling. To have done so would scarcely have availed them, for accusation and punishment generally went hand in hand, while the admission gave them an importance which they could never have obtained in any other way. To be feared was much; to rule the people's mind was more; to be able to gratify the worst passions of the heart was most of all. And these things lay within the compass of the wretched beings who, but for the prevailing superstition, would have gone to their graves unnoticed—and unburnt.

The most notorious witch in all the province of Chiapa—or it might even be said in all Mexico, with Guatemala to boot—was a certain old woman, by name Martha Carillo. She was of Indian origin, with some intermixture of Spanish blood, but not sufficient to quench in her the tendency to worship rather according to the faith of her forefathers than after that which the invaders had so widely spread. She was outwardly as good a Christian as most of the half-castes who formed the bulk of the

population, was sometimes seen at mass, and had been known—though the time had long gone by—to kneel in the confessional. But those who professed to be better acquainted with her inward life, whispered that the devotions of Martha Carillo were more duly paid at the feet of certain grim idols, whose likeness was not to be found in heaven or earth, than at the shrines of Our Lady and the blessed Saints. At her door were laid all the accidents and mishaps which befel both man and beast throughout the province; storms, lightning, blight, the murrain, and the plague, were the instruments by whose aid she wrought her wicked will; and—not to mince the matter—Martha Carillo had the credit of being a reputed witch, and, while her reign lasted, enjoyed all the questionable privileges of her position.

A country abounding in the natural phenomena to which allusion has been made, was well calculated to serve the purposes of those who pretended to the exercise of preternatural power, and Martha Carillo did not lose sight of the advantages which she might derive from a well-chosen locality.

The spot where she established her dwelling was situated in the mountainous district on the right bank of the river Chiapa, and stood quite alone, the nearest habitations being full a league distant, and consisting merely of a small village or group of huts belonging to the poorest Indians. The approach to it was rendered difficult and dangerous, not only on account of the steepness of the rugged road, but because it was necessary to traverse a dense forest, infested by numerous beasts of prey and venomous reptiles. In these recesses—so said the Indian hunters who skirted but feared to penetrate the depths of the forest—were to be seen creatures of the most fearful description. It was reported by them, that having gone out to fish one moonlight night in the river that runs at the base of the mountain ridge, before it falls into the Chiapa, they were disturbed by hearing a loud hissing near them. On looking round, they saw a creature watching them with eyes like fire, and in great affright they scrambled up the trees, where—being safely lodged—they could perceive that it was a sort of snake, having feet about a span long, and a kind of wings above. The creature was about as long as a horse, and moved very slowly; and when it was quite out of sight, the Indians descended from the trees, and made off as fast as they could in the opposite direction, and never again returned to the same spot, either by night or by day. Other accounts they gave of creatures in the same river, shaped like baboons, with very long tails and skins like tigers: they were always under water, never appearing above the surface, and used to watch for the Indians as they swam across, winding their tails about the swimmers' legs, and so drowning them. They described the forest as being haunted by a terrible beast, called the Danta, with sharp horns and long tusks, having two maws in which it kept its prey till ready to devour it; by the Avechuche, a large and venomous lizard, striped with purple and gold, whose bite was certain death; by bats of enormous size, which, if they found a person asleep, sucked his blood till none remained in his veins; by rattlesnakes having two mouths, one at each extremity, biting with both, and causing death in a few moments; by large, hairy worms, any part of whose body touching a man's flesh poisoned it; by scorpions, toads, and horned vipers, and by numberless other venomous reptiles, not the least strange

among them being one which, if it were trodden upon by a horse, the animal's hoof rotted away and fell off. Other creatures, too, there were, supposed when first the country was discovered to be imps of darkness, from their colour, their form, their cries, and their wild gestures.

But worse than all these impediments to safe travelling was the reputation of Martha Carillo; and could the forest have been safely traversed, which the greater number believed to be impossible, the dread of what they might encounter in her abode was sufficient to deter the most foolhardy from venturing near it. Accident, or, as was generally supposed, enchantment, had on one occasion directed the steps of a hunter, named Miguel Dalva, to the place where she dwelt. He described it, on his return to his village, as a large hut, roofed with palmetto-leaves, and built of stones and baked clay—where baked he did not dare to think—and standing at the entrance of a dark cavern into which the light of day never penetrated. It was fenced outside with aloes and prickly pears, so that except through a narrow wicket nothing could enter, and that wicket was guarded—he saw the creature, and could not be mistaken—by a small, misshapen imp, with a face as white as silver, and its body covered all over with long dark hair, which sat on a stone rocking itself to and fro, and making all the while a strange melancholy noise, such as the priests told them was made in anguish by souls in purgatory. When questioned if he had seen the owner of this dismal abode, Miguel Dalva made answer, that he was too much frightened to venture from beneath the covert where he lay concealed, and that as soon as he could recover from the dread he felt at finding himself in such a neighbourhood, he stole away as silently as possible, and was only too glad that no witchcraft had stricken his limbs, and prevented him from reaching his village.

The story told by the Indian, Miguel Dalva, simple as it was, formed the groundwork of every possible exaggeration, and Martha Carillo's Familiar became transformed, in public belief, from a mere monkey into one of the children of the Devil, expressly sent by the Evil One for her protection. But if the people were generally disposed to endow Martha Carillo with the reputation of power derived from unhallowed sources, it must be admitted that the old woman herself did everything she could to encourage the notion by the mystery which she threw over all her actions.

## VI.

### THE EXPEDITION.

THE great heat of summer had not passed away, nor had the heavy rains of autumn yet set in, but on the eve of the feast of Saint Domingo, which falls upon the fourth day of August, there was a murky gloom in the sky, which threatened a coming storm, and warned all those accustomed to watch the aspect of the elements to keep themselves closely under shelter.

But, undeterred by appearances which seldom menaced in vain, a close litter, borne by two Indians, was on that evening seen to issue from the portal of one of the principal houses in the Calle de los Angeles, in the city of Chiapa, the bearers of which took their way down the slope which leads towards the river after passing through the Puerta de los

*Sacrificios*. Who was within the litter could not positively be averred by those who observed it, for the thick silk curtains were closely drawn while it was being carried through the city; but had the curiosity of any Chiapano led him to follow the *camáda* into the open country, he would then have seen a small white hand throw back those curtains, and reveal the tall and graceful form of a pale but beautiful woman, who, from the richness of her dress, evidently belonged to the wealthiest amongst the inhabitants of Chiapa.

The bearers steadily pursued their route till they reached the river, where a boatman was in readiness to ferry them over with their burden, the lady still remaining in the litter; on gaining the other side, it was replaced on the shoulders of the men, who at their quickest pace bore it onward to the Indian village of Acatapeque. Arrived there, at the command of the lady, whom they obeyed with the promptitude that arises as much from fear as habit, the bearers made a halt, and the inmate of the litter descended into the road, which, like everything named by the Spaniards, bore the high-sounding title of *Camino Real*, or royal highway, though the sole resemblance which it bore to anything royal, existed in its being the means of exacting a tax for keeping it in order from the Indians, who had given their labour to make the road what it was.

"Which is the hut of Miguel Dalva?" inquired the lady of a spare, swarthy-looking man in hunter's attire, who was sitting beneath the shelter of a broad-leaved plantain, in front of an open cottage door, mending a net which he used for taking some species of game.

The man, who had been so busily occupied with his work as not to have noticed the approach of the litter, now looked up, and, seeing before him a lady richly dressed, rose to his feet, and bent his body in an attitude of respect.

The question was repeated, somewhat impatiently.

"I am he," said the man; "what does the Señora desire?"

"You know where Martha Carillo lives?" asked the lady.

"La Bruja!" exclaimed Miguel Dalva, crossing himself, but making no more direct reply to the question.

"Witch or not," returned the first speaker, sharply, "are you acquainted with the place of her abode?"

"I know where it is," answered Dalva; "but ——" And he left the sentence unfinished.

The lady took no notice of his hesitation.

"You must be my guide thither," she said.

"I dare not—no one dares to go near it."

"You are a man, and a hunter too, it appears," observed the lady, in a tone bordering on contempt. "Are you afraid of your own game?"

"I said not that, Señora," replied Dalva, hastily. "I fear nothing that runs on four feet; but Martha Carillo is not like other people. It would be as much as my life is worth to show you where she lives."

"Your life!" said the lady, scornfully. "Of great account that! At how many *pesos* do you rate it? Poor as beggary itself, and yet set a value on your life! For how much will you lead me to the dwelling of Martha Carillo—the witch?" she added, slowly and emphatically.

"I know not the sum that would tempt me, Señora," said Dalva.

But there was something in his manner, as he spoke, which showed that money might work a charm that nothing else could.

"There are ten golden pistoles in this purse," said the lady, holding it up as she spoke; "they shall be yours if you conduct me faithfully whither I wish to go."

"Speak lower, Señora," whispered Dalva, eyeing the purse eagerly; "Martha may hear you."

"What! does she dwell so near?" was the surprised reply.

"No nearer than across yonder forest," answered Dalva, still speaking under his breath; "but unless she heard and saw quicker than others, how comes she to know everything that takes place—ay, a hundred leagues off?"

The lady made no remark on what the Indian hunter had said, but pursued the theme that was uppermost in her mind.

"You will go, then? We must lose no time; the evening is drawing in."

"And there will be a dark night before the sun shines again," observed Dalva. "Bethink you, Señora—some other time; the road is dangerous enough without a tempest."

"Do you think that I was made to turn back from aught that I had resolved on?" haughtily demanded the lady. "Lead the way, or point it out, so that we may find it."

The lady's resolution effected what even her gold had almost failed to accomplish.

"I will guide you, Señora," he said, quietly.

"Vamos!" exclaimed the lady, turning to her bearers, who made no scruple of conducting her wheresoever she desired; and when she had re-entered the litter, the party turned their faces towards the forest, and, led by Dalva, began to breast the rugged ascent.

The way was difficult, and their advance necessarily slow, for Dalva proceeded with great caution, influenced as much by his knowledge of the locality as by what he dreaded to discover. It grew darker and darker also as they advanced, until it became absolutely necessary to light the lanterns which were suspended from the litter, or there would have been the risk of oversetting it at every step. The precaution had another good effect, for it scared away whatever dangerous animals might be in their path; and though the howling of the dantas and tigers might be heard in the distance, mingled with the shrill cries of troops of startled monkeys, while nearer screamed the owls and nighthawks, and serpents hissed as they fled into the thick underwood beside them, their progress was unmolested, and at the expiration of an hour's march they drew near their destination. This fact Dalva communicated in a whisper to the lady, who expressed great satisfaction on hearing it; and finding that the way was now more open, she left the litter and proceeded the rest of the distance on foot, her attendants with the lanterns following close behind. A few hundred yards brought them in front of a lofty rock, to which Dalva silently pointed, intimating that there stood the dwelling of Martha Carillo.

Had there been any doubt of the fact, it would at once have been dissipated by the harsh voice of the old woman herself, who suddenly stood in the path.

"Not a step nearer," she cried, "till your purpose is declared,—there will be danger else."

A deep growl, as if some animal at her side, ready to spring at her command, showed that her speech was sooth.

Miguel Dalva shrunk back afraid, but the lady made answer undismayed.

"It is not here," she said, "that I pause. Martha Carillo, I have sought you where none else dare to come. I must speak with you alone."

There was something in the lady's tone that satisfied the old woman of the quality and character of her visitor.

"Down, Réjo,—and home! Señora, come with me; your people can rest beneath that rock."

Noiselessly, but visible in the ray from one of the lanterns, a dark creature stole away in the direction of the hut, and Martha Carillo and the lady followed.

## VII.

### THE WITCH CARILLO.

THE interior of the hut, as far as appearances went, was of a character to justify the reports in circulation respecting its inmate, for it was filled with strange objects, whose effect was increased by the dim light cast upon them by a solitary lamp which hung from the roof.

At the present day it might have been taken for the study of a naturalist, but at the beginning of the seventeenth century science had not penetrated the forests of Mexico for purposes of enlightenment. The display of Martha Carillo was intended to awe the beholder, and the occupation she followed to wrap him in deeper ignorance. The inhabitants of the forests and caves around had furnished the witch with admirable materials.

Piled up on the floor were pyramids of bones, surmounted, some of them, by the skull of the Danta, with its hideous fangs and tusks,—others by the head of the Mexican bear, wrinkled and black as that of a negro; in one corner was an Armadillo, rigid in its scaly armour, but more rigid still in death; in another, the withered, shrunken form of a huge Iguana, or the skeleton of the long-snouted Taquatzin; while hanging from the walls, and wreathed in such fantastic forms that whether they were alive or dead none could tell—save that they stirred not—were serpents of every size and hue,—the small Corral, with its black head and beautifully striped body,—the Cascaral, with its fatal rattle,—and the enormous Boa, glistening in brown and gold: there was the Cassanpulga, too,—a gigantic spider of a deep blue colour like the sea, which merely to touch is death; and ranged in ledges were shining centipedes, and scorpions, and toads with glittering eyes. The beast Réjo—a kind of tiger, or rather leopard—lay couched beneath a table; and on a high stool, the only thing that was not absolutely fearful to look upon, was perched a very small monkey, with a dark, hairy body, blue eyes, and a round white face. This little creature was the animal seen by Miguel Dalva, and had the credit of being the witch's Familiar.

But the contents of the apartment did not consist altogether of the objects we have named. There were others which identified themselves both with the old religion of the Mexicans and the newer faith of the

Spaniards. Here was a crucifix carved in ivory, there a rosary of coloured beads, or an image whose fantastic form declared it a relic of Paganism; but the place of honour in the midst of these *fétiches* was reserved for an idol about two feet high which stood conspicuously on a sort of altar. The substance of it was wood, shining black like jet, as if it had been painted or smoked,—most likely the latter, for a chafing-dish was set before it; the form was of a man's head down to the shoulders, the rest was shapeless; the aspect of the idol was fierce and grim, with a wrinkled forehead and large startling eyes.

If a suitable mistress for such a tenement as we have described had been sought for, no better could have been found than Martha Carillo herself. Her nickname—though people were almost afraid to whisper it to each other—was “La Corcovada,” and was derived from the thick protuberance between her shoulders, which seemed to have absorbed her chest and near the whole of her body, leaving her arms and legs as long and crooked as the limbs of a tarantula. Her head was very large, like that of a male dwarf, her mouth wide, and her black eyes of enormous size.

The contrast between the personal appearance of the witch and her guest was striking: on one side was loathsome ugliness and squalor; on the other, resplendent beauty and magnificence. But there was a moral resemblance which placed them on an equal footing: evil passions were gnawing at the heart of each. Martha Carillo hated her kind, for she was held—and she knew it—in universal abhorrence; Doña Magdalena de Morales hated *one*—and hither had she come to gratify her thirst for revenge.

Unappalled by the scene which she beheld, the lady at once addressed herself to the purpose of her visit.

“Martha Carillo,” she said, “your name is widely spread throughout the province of Chiapa as the possessor of great and useful knowledge. It is my desire to know if the public report be true.”

“Señora,” returned the old woman, fixing her large eyes full on those of Doña Magdalena, “I read in your countenance a desire which the knowledge I have can gratify.”

“What motive do you suppose has brought me here?” inquired the lady.

“I suppose nothing, Señora; I know.”

Doña Magdalena's brow darkened.

“Speak, then,” she said, “and save me a part of my task.”

“It was not, Señora, to learn what so many are fain to know—the mystery of the Future, with all its wayward changes; it was not to hear from my lips an assurance of the fortune that awaits you; it was not that I should predict what woman never tires from seeking; but,” continued Martha Carillo, pausing to give emphasis to her words—“it was to obtain my aid for the accomplishment of a purpose which has long been in your thoughts.”

Doña Magdalena gazed on the old woman with a scrutinising glance, which she returned with one as firm.

“And that purpose?” she asked.

“Is neither love, wealth, nor ambition; these have been—may be again—when all too late. It is that in which all things find their end.”

In spite of her natural self-command, Doña Magdalena started.



"Yes," pursued Martha Carillo, energetically, "you have judged me rightly. Who has ever done me good when I claimed it at their hands? Have I not all my life been scorned, reviled, and oppressed? They call me 'La Bruja!' Well, they shall find that it is something to earn a witch's hatred. Who," she added, rapidly—"who do you seek to kill?"

Doña Magdalena's pale lips grew paler. She leant forward, and whispering something in the old woman's ear, looked hastily round, as if she feared that even the ghastly relics that filled the hut might start into life if her words were uttered aloud.

The expression on both faces was the same: the young beauty and the withered hag might have passed for mother and daughter.

"You would have him die by poison?"

Doña Magdalena nodded.

"Swiftly or slowly?" asked the witch.

"So that it be sure—so that it torture him with pain—I care not for the time."

"Those precious creatures," said Martha Carillo, pointing to the rep- tiles that studded her walls, "have given me venom enough to destroy a whole army, were their enemies' weapons anointed with it. But I have other means. From the herbs that grow in this forest I have extracted a juice that kills with equal certainty: six drops mingled with any food is a sure passport to the other world, within a day. Heard you ever of the fire that nothing can slake? He who drinks this burns—burns—burns—till he dies."

"Give me a double quantity," eagerly exclaimed Doña Magdalena. "Here is that will pay for all your store."

And as she spoke, she emptied a large purse of gold in the witch's lap.

Martha Carillo gathered it up, and approaching the altar where the idol stood, raised it from its base, and in a hollow beneath deposited the coin and took out a small phial.

"Quatzulcoatl loves the price of blood," said the witch, fondling the grim figure and then replacing it. "Sancta Maria, purissima," she continued, crossing herself fervently, while with the other outstretched hand she gave the poison to Doña Magdalena, "Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis peccatoribus."

"Amen," was the lady's pious rejoinder; and, as if to cement the unholy compact, a peal of thunder rent the air, and the tempest that so long had threatened was let loose.

The guilty pair fell on their knees, and with daring impiety prayed to heaven to preserve *them* from its fury, nor did they cease till the tropical violence of the storm had quite exhausted itself. They then rose from the ground, but "their hearts within them were not changed." No further speech, however, passed between them. The old woman settled herself into a nook, nursing the trembling monkey, and calming the affrighted panther, while Doña Magdalena stepped forth, and, summoning her guide and attendants, who during the tempest had taken refuge beyond its reach within the mouth of the cavern, set forth on her homeward journey, and such good speed did her bearers make, that before the hour of midnight had chimed from the cathedral tower she was safe in her own house.

## VIII.

## DEATH AND A PROVERB.

ON the morning of the 5th of August, Don Bernardino de Salazar awoke from such a dream as no churchman of Rome may ever hope to realise. He was once more in fancy a secular, and with the sword, which was to have been his portion in early life, had won himself a name, a fortune, and a bride; that bride—so his dream told him—was Doña Magdalena de Morales!

Had he thought of her, then, more than of her intercessor, while he knelt on the night before at the shrine of St. Dominick? was her name always mingled with his prayers? or was the vision a temptation of the Demon to turn his footsteps from grace?

Alas! he knew not how to answer these questions, for he feared there might be truth in all.

Did he then seek the cloister, to turn his thoughts towards holiest subjects?

That might have been his purpose as he descended from his closet, but when he entered his carriage, the word was given to drive to the Calle de los Angeles. Ah! Bishop of Chiapa, better for you had such angels never existed!

Doña Magdalena de Morales received Don Bernardino with a smiling countenance and words of honeyed, pious sweetness. Oh! she had much to say, much to ask his advice about. She had been disturbed by many anxious doubts; the bishop alone could dissipate the cloud that had gathered over her mind. Was she quite forgiven, she asked, for the share she had had in the rebellion waged by her friends—her misguided friends, whom now she utterly repudiated—against the bishop's authority?

Don Bernardino consoled the fair penitent, assuring her, as he had a hundred times before, that that offence had long been wiped away. He spoke of mercy and love, and insensibly his theme glanced heavenward less, towards earth more,—till, had it been interpreted in a worldly signification, one might have thought he was himself worshipping where he taught the lesson of adoration. The lady sighed, and seemed by that sigh to say that safety—whether in earth or heaven—depended less on her resistance than on Don Bernardino's forbearance. It was, in short, the game of love, played by two hands, in which the younger player held the winning cards.

The bishop's agitation increased, and Doña Magdalena saw that the time had arrived for the stroke she had long meditated.

She changed the subject: he seemed faint and ill;—he must not return to his duties without refreshment. Might she minister to his necessities, as, were she free to do so—

The bishop yielded to her glance, he knew the import of her words, and buried his face in his hands, while Doña Magdalena left the room.

He was aroused from his reverie of mingled pain and pleasure, after the lapse of a few minutes, by the pressure of a light hand on his shoulder. He looked up and saw his hostess standing beside him, bearing a silver salver, whereon was a cup of fine porcelain.

"The medium of my first offence," she said, "must be that of my final atonement. You have not yet learnt what are the virtues of the tree we prize so highly,—whose benefits the ladies of Chiapa are so unwilling to relinquish. For my sake, take off the interdiction upon the beverage, and taste this chocolate."

"For your sake," murmured the bishop, "I would remove every barrier that—but, no—this is madness—oh! Magdalena, give me the cup!"

With a steady hand she presented the salver,—not a pulse beat quicker, not a muscle quivered; had she been a hospital nurse, she could scarcely have shown less emotion, and yet—the draught was death!

The bishop drained it to the last drop.

"It is no wonder," said he, smiling, as he set down the cup—"it is no wonder that the ladies of Chiapa were so unwilling to surrender their chocolate. Its virtues are marvellous; I feel quite restored."

He rose as he spoke, and with an earnest pressure of the hand, and a lingering gaze, which only too plainly told the thoughts that stirred his bosom, took an affectionate farewell of his kind, solicitous entertainer, promising to return on the morrow.

"Mañana" is a Spanish word of doubtful import: that "morrow" never came.

Before the vesper-bell had rung that evening, the rumour went abroad that the Bishop of Chiapa was dangerously ill: when the matin service was ended on the following morning, the people of Chiapa knew that their bishop was dead.

There was one, habited like a Carmelite sister, who sat by his couch throughout that night of agony; who gave him the water for which he continually craved, and in that water poured the last drops from the phial of Martha Carillo; who heard his dying accents murmur the name of Magdalena, and who, as his last breath was expended, triumphantly exclaimed:

"Let him—let all BEWARE OF THE CHOCOLATE OF CHIAPA!"

And what became of that Carmelite sister? The bishop's chaplain overheard her words: the Inquisition and the rack performed their accustomed service; and on the anniversary of the death of Bernardino de Salazar, an *auto-da-fé* was celebrated in the market-place of Chiapa, and Magdalena de Morales, and her accomplice, Carillo, were burnt at the stake for heresy and witchcraft.

## IX.

### ENVOY.

AFTER this fearful example, the schism which so long had agitated the Church subsided, and nothing more was ever heard again of taking refreshment during divine service. But the melancholy death of the bishop, and the circumstances which gave rise to it, made the words of Doña Magdalena a proverb-expression, and to this day it is said in that part of Mexico, when a dangerous gift is offered—

*Beware of the Chocolate of Chiapa!*

## LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## NO. X.—THE PATHOS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE English Opium-eater, *l'Allegro*, was the theme of the first of these literary fly-leaves. To-day we take him as *Il Penseroso*. We are to mark his spirit as it flows, "like fabled Lethe,"

In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades  
Of death and night,\*

yet destined to "catch at every turn the colours of the sun"† of a diction unrivalled in imaginative splendour. That fluent stream, ever sinuous in its course, often majestically broad in its expanse, is vocal with a burden of utterance most musical, most melancholy, so that by its waters we are fain to sit down and weep.

Anything like a systematic illustration, however, of De Quincey's power of pathos, and of the matchlessness of his impassioned prose, is wholly beyond our aim. This "leaflet," like its forerunners, is a thing of shreds and patches; more fragmentary, indeed, more desultory and wayward, than usual. Granted (and lamented), that such a crumpled *literaturblatt* is ill suited to do justice, much less honour, to its illustrious theme. But even the bricks, or broken brickbats, to be now proffered as types of the parent edifice, may be admired as beautiful ruins, or rather as suggestive samples of the architect's art, and may, perchance, move some, not hitherto conversant with him, to pilgrimise to the shrine whence they have been rudely displaced.—Without other apology, then, we turn to the autobiography, wherein

We love to hear that eloquent old Man  
Pour forth his meditations, and descant  
On human life from infancy to age.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis sixty years since : a gorgeous summer day ; and a young child is stealthily creeping into a solemnly still chamber, and wistfully peering around, to take a farewell vision of the corpse of another young child, his elder sister. Through an open window the midsummer sun is showering down torrents of splendour—the blue depths of a cloudless sky pathetically symbolise life and the glory of life. But death rules in that hushed chamber—death, and the shadow of death. Reclines on the bed a sweet childish figure—all the tokens of whose angel face the baby-brother scans with "agony that cannot be remembered"—the serene and noble forehead, the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seems to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish.

And now the same mourner, time-stricken with sixty years, sorrow-laden with incommunicable griefs, turns back in spirit to that Affliction

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\* Excursion. Book IV.

† Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,  
But by tender fancies brightened.

White Doe of Rylstone.

of Childhood, and records the passionate woe which mastered his young heart when thus bereaved of his "dear, noble Elizabeth." Previously he had lost another sister—little Jane—but was then too young to be abidingly impressed. For indeed—

A simple child, that lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb, what should it know of death?

And simple as the creed of Wordsworth's cottage-girl had been this baby-brother's feelings at his first bereavement :

The first that died was *sister Jane* ; in bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain ; and then she went away.

"I knew little more of mortality," he says, "than that Jane had disappeared. She had gone away ; but, perhaps, she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance ! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength ! I was sad for Jane's absence. But still in my heart I trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses : why not little Jane ?"\*

This, the first wound in his infant heart, admitted, therefore, of speedy healing. Little Jane was sorrowed for, but not without hope—hope, that is, not in the Scripture sense, but in respect to the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, paradise before paradise is lost. Quite different was the sorrow startled into sudden, throbbing life, when, after an interval of happy years, Elizabeth was removed from him who loved her so well. "Blank anarchy and confusion of mind," he says,† "fell upon me. Deaf and blind I was, as I reeled under that revelation. I wish not to recal the circumstances of that time, when *my* agony was at its height, and hers, in another sense, was approaching. Enough it is to say, that all was soon over ; and the morning of that day had at last arrived which looked down upon her innocent face, sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking, and upon me sorrowing the sorrow for which there is no consolation."

It was on the day after Elizabeth's death, that the Boy (to use Goethe's emphatic phrase) crept unseen to the room where she lay—gazed in rapt wonderment on the Early Called—and fell into a trance as he gazed. This trance is so characteristic of the author—so akin to the dream-experiences of the Opium-eater—so true to the philosophy which declares the child the father of the man—and moreover is recorded in diction so rich in musical cadence, so melting in expression, so perfectly attuned to the subject, as though floating a dreamy echo from unearthly orchestra—that we cannot quote, in our desultory (and so far damaging) way, a more significant illustration of the writer's mind and manner, when translating into words his *superspiriosæ cogitationes*.

Behold him, then, standing beside the fair young corpse. And hear him, and heed his every word of description—for not a word but tells—not a word but is instinct with feeling of the finest, fraught with meaning of the deepest. "Awe, not fear, fell upon me ; and, whilst I stood,

\* Autobiographic Sketches, vol. i.

† Speaking of that "moment of darkness and delirium" when the nurse awakened him from the delusion of hope, "and launched God's thunderbolt at his heart in the assurance," hitherto spurned, or rather ignored, "that his sister must die."

a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising, and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

“Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister’s face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them; shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession; and, when I woke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister’s bed.

“I have reason to believe that a *very* long interval had elapsed during this wandering or suspension of my perfect mind. When I returned to myself, there was a foot (or I fancied so) on the stairs. Hastily, therefore, I kissed the lips that I should kiss no more, and slunk, like a guilty thing, with stealthy steps from the room. Thus perished the vision, loveliest amongst all the shows which earth has revealed to me; thus mutilated was the parting which should have lasted for ever; tainted thus with fear was that farewell sacred to love and grief, to perfect love and to grief that could not be healed.

“O, Ahasuerus, everlasting Jew! fable or not a fable, thou, when first starting on thy endless pilgrimage of wo—thou, when first flying through the gates of Jerusalem, and vainly yearning to leave the pursuing curse behind thee—couldst not more certainly in the words of Christ have read thy doom of endless sorrow, than I when passing for ever from my sister’s room. The worm was at my heart; and, I may say, the worm that could not die.”\*

Quaintly, feelingly says holy George Herbert,

No screw, no piercer can  
Into a piece of timber work and wind,  
As God’s afflictions into man,  
When He a torture hath designed.  
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts;  
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

God’s affliction had fallen subtly and soon upon the subtle, tender heart

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\* Autobiographic Sketches, chap. i.

of this entranced young mourner—one whose “fancies from afar were brought”—one of an intellect so intricately strung, of a temperament so sensitively moulded, of a nature “so exquisitely wild,” that as we watch his childish vigil, in tremulous foreboding do

We think of him with many fears  
For what may be his lot in future years.

We think of times when Pain shall be his guest,  
Lord of his house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest

but within touch of his harassed, distraught spirit. Him thus prematurely, the eldest Sister of *Our Ladies of Sorrow*, Madonna, *Mater Lachrymarum*, consecrated to herself—she that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces—she that by the power of her keys glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from the Nile to Mississippi. And in after days, she, the eldest of three *Semnai Theai*—the *Eumenides*, “or Gracious Ladies” (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of his Oxford dreams—was beheld by him in mystic conference with her younger sisters, *Mater Suspiriorum* (who, unlike the first-born, weeps not, nor groans, nor clamours and defies; but is hopelessly meek, abjectly humble—whose sighs are inaudible, so deep are they—who if she murmur, ’tis in her sleep; if she whisper, ’tis to herself in the twilight) and *Mater Tenebrarum* (or Our Lady of Darkness—to be named, if at all, with bated breath—for she is the defier of God, the mother of lunacies, the suggestress of suicides—and she “can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within”). Whither tended the conference of the Three Sisters, as overheard by their awed, long-ago initiated catechumen? How interprets he the language of gesture?—for otherwise there is no speech or language—otherwise their voice is not heard. The Elder, MADONNA, in dumb show touched the head of the Oxford dreamer, and beckoned to the Second Sister, Our Lady of Sighs, “and what she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads,” was this:

“Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave.\*

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\* Elsewhere the autobiographer had shown how his sister Elizabeth's death had the perilous effect of fastening his regards on “the sublime attractions of the grave”—how closely environed was his young heart with the dangers of brooding solitude, of descending into a “depth from which there is no re-ascent; into a disease which seems no disease; into a languishing which, from its very sweetness, perplexes the mind and is fancied to be very health. Witchcraft has seized upon you, nympholepsy has struck you. Now you rave no more. You acquiesce; nay, you are passionately delighted in your condition. Sweet becomes the grave, because you also hope immediately to travel thither.”—*Suspiria de Profundis*, 1845. (*Blackwood*, vol. lvii., p. 491.)

Holy was the grave to him ; lovely was its darkness ; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs ! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope—wither the relentings of love—scorch the fountains of tears : curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace—so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen—sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."\*

Wonderful is the sustained sublimity of the entire section of which this memorable passage forms a part. Amid the beauties and grandeurs, the spells and august mysteries, of the literature of Dream-land—be it of the east or the west—be it Arabian or German—we know of nothing to equal this apocalypse of Our Ladies of Sorrow—nothing at once so deeply moving in impassioned yet chastened earnestness, and incarnated in so peerlessly proportioned a form of speech.

How the Sisters wrought out their mission in the instance of their dedicated ward—dedicated to be made perfect *in*, if not through, suffering—is to be learned by direct and indirect testimony in his various writings, by detailed confession of personal affliction, by hint, by allusion, suggestion, parenthesis.

The Confessions of an English Opium-eater give direct testimony the most explicit. There we see him houseless among the Welsh mountains, homeless among the streets of London. There we see him a-hungred—fain to eat the crumbs off a dunned outcast's tangle, and no man giveth unto him. There we watch his midnight wanderings with the poor, friendless, branded, sorrow-and-shame-haunted, but "noble-minded Ann," whose "ingenuous nature" the brutalities of ruffians had not yet transfigured, and for whom he supplicates the grave of a Magdalen. There we witness his first tampering with opium, "dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain"—his gradual subjection to its tyranny—his consequent farewell to peace of mind, to hope and tranquil dreams and the blessed consolations of sleep—his habituation to deep-seated anxiety and gloom incommunicable by alphabet of this earth—his nightly descent, literally it seemed, not metaphorically, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, whence re-ascend seemed hopeless—his commerce with tremendous agencies, hateful and abominable, beneath whose monstrous sway horror was awhile absorbed in sheer astonishment, and over whose "every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove him into an oppression as of madness"—his suffering under mysterious eclipse, and labouring in dread extremity, his motionless enthrallment

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\* *Suspensio de Profundis*. Part I, pp. 745-7.



below the weight as of twenty Atlantics, or the burden of inexorable guilt.\*

From the Confessions, as a formal narrative, and from others of his scattered writings, we now put together, in immethodical but self-interpreting sequence, a few fragmentary sentences, to illustrate (in particular) that conference of the Three Sisters just quoted, and (in general) the subject of this sketch—viz., the pathos of the Author, one so versed in spiritual conflict, so tossed with tempest, so more than kin in acquaintance with grief. Keeping in mind, throughout, his constitutional tendency to sadness, and proneness to deep searchings of heart: even as he once exclaims, "Ah! Pariah heart within me, that couldst never hear the sound of joy without sullen whispers of treachery in ambush; that, from six years old, didst never hear the promise of perfect love, without seeing aloft amongst the stars fingers as of a man's hand writing the secret legend—'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!'"†

Little dreamt that poor forlorn Ann, when she saved his life, of the monument he would rear to her nameless memory. Not often, he tells us, does he weep—the sternness of his habits of thought presenting an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears; yet, to hear again, by dreamy lamp-light, those airs played on a barrel-organ which solaced him and his poor orphan companion in the days of long-ago,—how can *that* but blind his eyes with natural drops!—Hear his apostrophe of the unhappy girl:—"Oh, youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times, the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so, the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to waylay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!"‡ Thrilling apostrophe§ of her for whose

\* Confessions of an English Opium-eater, *passim*.

† The Vision of Sudden Death. (1849.)

‡ Confessions of an English Opium-eater. Part I.

§ Another example or two of this writer's impressive use of the APOSTROPHE, in its relation to the subject of this paper, may here be cited in a note; and let it be held a *nota bene*. Suffer the quotations inevitably and perhaps vitally must, by this fragmentary mode of presentation; yet quote we will.—A bereaved husband and father thus hails the recurrence of his marriage day:—"Oh! calendar of everlasting months—months that, like the mighty rivers, shall flow on for ever, immortal as thou, Nile, or Danube, Euphrates, or St. Lawrence! and ye, summer and winter, day and night, wherefore do ye bring round continually your signs, and seasons, and revolving hours, that still point and barb the anguish of local recollections, telling me of this and that celestial morning that never shall return, and of too blessed expectations, travelling like yourselves through a heavenly zodiac of changes, till at once and for ever they sank into the grave!"—*The Household Wreck*. (1838.)

Again. The celebrated Edward Irving is thus apostrophised:—"Terrific meteor! unhappy son of fervid genius, which mastered thyself even more than the rapt audiences which at one time hung upon thy lips! were the cup of life once again presented to thy lips, wouldst thou drink again; or wouldst thou not rather turn away from it with shuddering abomination? Sleep, Boanerges! and let the memory of man settle only upon thy colossal powers, without a thought of those

blighted face he looked in vain, among "many, many myriad of female faces" anxiously scrutinised by him in later visits to London, when the

intellectual aberrations which were more powerful for thy own ruin than for the misleading of others!"—*Sketches of Life and Manners: from the Autobiography of an English Opium-eater.* (1840.)

To his early-lost sister pertains this fragment:—"Dear, noble Elizabeth, around whose ample brow, as often as thy sweet countenance rises upon the darkness, I fancy a *tiaara* of light or a gleaming *aureola* in token of thy premature intellectual grandeur . . . thou next, but after an interval of happy years, thou also wert summoned away from our nursery; and the night which for me gathered upon that event, ran after my steps far into life; and perhaps at this day I resemble little for good or ill that which else I should have been. Pillar of fire that didst go before me to guide and to quicken,—pillar of darkness, when thy countenance was turned away to God, that didst too truly reveal to my dawning fears the secret shadow of death, by what mysterious gravitation was it that my heart had been drawn to thine?"—*Selections Grave and Gay*, vol. i. (1853.)

Again, take the peroration of the "Pleasures of Opium":—"Oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man a brief oblivion for

'Wrongs unredress'd, and insults unavenged;'

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges:—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatompylos: and 'from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,' callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the 'dishonours of the grave.'"—*Confessions of an English Opium-eater.* Part II.

What solemn beauty, what perfectness of rhythm, in this apostrophe to the Greek Antigone!—"Holy heathen, daughter of God, before God was known" [i.e. known in Greece], "flower from Paradise after Paradise was closed; that quitting all things for which flesh languishes, safety and honour, a palace and a home, didst make thyself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah king, thy out-cast father, should want a hand to lead him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in his misery; angel, that badest depart for ever the glories of thy own bridal day, lest he that had shared thy nursery in childhood, should want the honours of a funeral; idolatrous, yet Christian Lady, that in the spirit of martyrdom troddest alone the yawning billows of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlasting despair should settle upon the grave of thy brother," &c.—*The Antigone of Sophocles.* Part I. (1846.)

From Antigone turn to Joan of Arc:—"Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to do—never for thyself, always for others; to suffer—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own:—that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short: and the sleep, which is in the grave, is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."—*Joan of Arc.* Part I. (1847.)

There is a grandly pathetic apostrophe to the Bishop of Beauvais, in the second part of the essay on Joan of Arc; but its effect would be so completely lost by parcel quotation (and it is far too long to give entire), that even our sharp practice in decimating fractions and compound division, shrinks from abridging it. One more illustration, however, we annex—suggested by a nearly fatal accident

time had come that he no more should pace its "never-ending terraces;"\* no more "should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger." That he never could learn a syllable of her fate, this, he says (1821), "amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction." And what reader has not been *unforgettably* moved by that calm interval of vision in the Opium-eater's tumultuous dreams, when the scene was in the East, and it was an Easter Sunday in May, very early in the morning, and the domes and cupolas of a great city were visible in the remote distance:—"And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judæan palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: 'So then I have found you at last.' I waited: but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago [*i.e.* A.D. 1802-3], when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children."†

To take a few scattered illustrations of a wholly diverse order.

But, be it premised, we here tread on the ground of griefs the allusions to which we perhaps arbitrarily string together; griefs which are perhaps *not* "self-interpreting;" and which, above all, may be considered too sacred to be babbled about. Yet, inasmuch as the author has written the actual paragraphs in question, and as they appear to us instinct with a pathos the character and intensity of which gathers touchingly in significance by their juxtaposition, we trust it is no infringement of the *dulce et decorum*, no sacrilege on the Sanctuary of Sorrow, to collate such sundered intimations of personal affliction. To supply any clue to of which the Opium-eater was once a shocked witness, and the memory of which formed thenceforward a capital feature in his dreams:—"Passion of Sudden Death! that once in youth I read and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted signs;—Rapture of panic taking the shape, which amongst tombs in churches I have seen, of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds—of woman's Ionic form bending forward from the ruins of her grave, with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands—waiting, watching, trembling, praying, for the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever;—Ah! vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of abysses! vision that didst start back—that didst reel away—like a shivering scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror—wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too stern, heard once and heard no more, what aileth thee that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after thirty years have lost no element of horror?"—*The Vision of Sudden Death*. (1849.)

A divine apostrophe to Solitude, and others, we are compelled to omit.

\* So then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted stepmother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee," &c.—*Confessions of an E. O. E.* Part II.

† Ibid. "The Pains of Opium."

their coherency—assuming them to *have* a cohesive affinity at all—is utterly beyond our power or intent. In that respect they must, and will we think, tell (though in faintest whisper, though in broken sigh, though in hurried ejaculation) their own tale, so far as told it may be.

As the boy-vagrant of 1802-3 traversed the streets of mighty London, sometimes he would wistfully gaze up the vista of the northern road, and commune with his agitated heart, and say, "If I had the wings of a dove, *that way* I would fly for comfort." In that northern region whither his heart tended, it was, "even in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which his erroneous wishes pointed, that the second birth of his sufferings began." There it was, that for years he was haunted like Orestes—excepting in this, that the Greek was of guilty conscience, and that to *him* sleep came as a blessed balm, but to the Opium-eater as a bitter scourge. "My Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains: but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sat my Electra: for thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affliction, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. . . Nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies that oftentimes bade me 'sleep no more!'—not even then didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she, too, though she were a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the King of Men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face in her robe."\*

Giving hints to a supposed artist how to limn the interior of his Grasmere cottage, during its divinest happiness, the Opium-eater abruptly checks himself when, in gay allusion to this beloved Presence, he had said—"Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's." *That* direction must be cancelled. "But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil."† And now, to testify further to the sovereignty of home affections in this man's deep heart—"personal ties which would for ever connect him with the sweet solitudes [of Grasmere] by powers deep as life and awful as death,"‡ and of which he had felt a prophetic instinct when, ere even he saw that hill-country, "chasing day-dreams along the pictures of these wild mountainous labyrinths," he had been moved to exclaim, "Here, in some distant year, I shall be shaken with love, and there with stormiest grief,"§—to illustrate further this source of emotion, and the *indispensableness*|| of love to his very sense of life,¶ take the expressive fact,

\* Confessions. Part II.

† Ibid. The Pleasures of Opium.

‡ Lake Reminiscences. No. I. (1839.)

§ Ibid.

|| " . . . People there were in this world whose respect I could not dispense with: people also there *have been* in this world (alas! alas!) whose love was to me no less indispensable. Have it I must, or life would have had no value in my eyes."—*Ibid.*

¶ So Mr. Bailey finely says—or his strange hero for him—

"*I cannot live unless I love and am loved;  
Unless I have the young and beautiful  
Bound up like pictures in my book of life.*"—*Festus.*

that being forced in 1823 to visit London, for purposes of literary toil, and suffering from extreme physical depression, increased by grief at what seemed a state of permanent exile from his Westmoreland home,—so powerful was his “feeling of some long never-ending separation from his family” (his “three eldest children at that time in the most interesting stages of childhood and infancy”), that “at length, in pure weakness of mind,” he was “obliged to relinquish his daily walks in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, from the misery of seeing children in multitudes, that too forcibly recalled his own. The picture of Fox-ghyll, my Westmoreland abode, and the solitary fells about it, upon which those were roaming whom I could not see, was for ever before my eyes.”\* Beside this, place an excerpt from the opium-dreams—where monstrous scenery of the East revolted the dreamer—evil eye’d birds, snakes, and crocodiles, tormenting his sleep—especially “the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes,” under a thousand repetitions of which the dreamer stood loathing and fascinated: “And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me . . . and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.”†

Understand, then, reader, the intensity of anguish such a nature was susceptible of, when assailed in that particular direction—there—

— *there*, where he had garner’d up his heart;  
Where either he must live, or bear no life.

And interpret thereafter the profound measure of his suffering, when household love was the treasure imperilled or wrecked. Learn thereby how crushing a burden of grief the Opium-eater’s dreams imposed on him, when, amid such thickly-serried horrors of imagery, his ear would be startled by “trepidation, as of female and infant steps that fled,” and “ah! rushing, as of wings that chased,”‡ when, after mystic hurrying to and fro, of innumerable fugitives, and tumultuous processions and interminglings of darkness and lights, tempests and human faces, there would come “at last, and with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells; and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

“And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—‘I will sleep no more.’”§

To this appalling record of visionary, but not unreal, woe—almost overcharged with what is dreadful and “curdling” in the sublime—we annex, as a last illustration of our general meaning, a passage electric in

\* Recollections of Charles Lamb. No. II. (Autobiography of an E. O. E.) 1838.

† Confessions. Part II.

‡ Vision of Sudden Death. (1849.)

§ Confessions. Part II.

every syllable with reality—a passionate memorial of harrowing experiences—than which we remember no passage more painfully characteristic, more *idiosyncratically* pathetic, more wildly wailing, in all the writings of Thomas de Quincey. He has been speaking of the impression produced by the love of woman—there recurs to him, in thus speaking, an echo of “young, melodious laughter”—he recalls “years through which,” he piteously says, “a shadow as of sad eclipse sate and rested upon my faculties; years through which I was careless of all but those who lived within *my*\* inner circle, within ‘my heart of hearts;’ years—ah! heavenly years!—through which I lived, beloved! *with thee, to thee, for thee, by thee!* Ah! happy, happy years! in which I was a mere football of reproach, but in which every wind and sounding hurricane of wrath or contempt flew by like chasing enemies past some defying gates of adamant, and left me too blessed in thy smiles—angel of life!—to heed the curses or the mocking which sometimes I heard raving outside of our impregnable Eden; . . . as much abstracted from all which concerned the world outside . . . as though I had lived with the darlings of my heart in the centre of Canadian forests, and all men else in the centre of Hindostan” . . . . . “O heart, why art thou disquieted? Tempestuous, rebellious heart! ah, wherefore art thou still dreaming of things so long gone by? of expectations that could not be fulfilled, that, being mortal, must, in some point, have a mortal taint! Empty, empty thoughts! vanity of vanities! Yet no, not always; for sometimes, after days of intellectual toil, when half the whole world is dreaming—I wrap my head in the bed-clothes, . . . and then through blinding tears I see again that golden gate; again I stand waiting at the entrance; until dreams come that carry me once more to the Paradise beyond.”†

Shall we comment on this outburst, in our puny right of criticaster? Pahaw, criticaster! add not thereto, lest thou diminish from it. Or indite a peroration to this paper?‡ Pahaw, criticaster! forget thy puling self; and if thy hands are not to thine eyes, lay thy hands upon thy mouth.

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\* Greatly would this extract gain in import by our supplying the context. But, apart from the limits of space, from which we have allowed so many preceding extracts to suffer, this context involves distressing associations, now connected with the illustrious dead.

† Lake Reminiscences. (1839.)

‡ *Limits de jure*, already *de facto* transgressed, forbid absolutely the insertion we had meditated of other and miscellaneous illustrations of the Opium-eater's pathos. An interesting example of his singular capacity of grief, and of giving sorrow words (in impassioned review), we can now only refer to, in his story of the early death of Catherine Wordsworth, and its stanning effect on himself, making him “like one,” in Shelley's words,

“Like one who loved beyond his Nature's law,  
And in despair had cast him down to die,”

on the child's new-made grave. Let the reader who would follow up the subject, examine (among the papers we had marked for extract) “The Household Wreck” (1838), parts of “Joan of Arc” (1847), and the “Nautico-Military Nun of Spain” (1847), the introduction to the essay on Sir William Hamilton (1852), &c., besides the “*Suspensio*,” the “Lake Reminiscences,” and the opening volume of the collected (or rather selected) works, now in course of publication. The second volume of which is due this present month (August).

## THE NIGHT-ALARM.

BY H. SPICER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "SIGHTS AND SOUNDS."

THE capacious and cheerful servants' hall in the mansion of worthy Mr. Lovelands, one of the lesser merchant-princes of Lancashire, exhibited on the evening of the 20th of November, 1852, an aspect greatly at variance with the looks and occupation of Madam Nature without. She, good lady, with her cap torn to ribbons, her hair about her ears, her whole attire sadly discomposed, and herself altogether as unlike as possible to the trim housewife she arose, was in the very thick of one of those sudden storms that so often disarrange her domestic economy. She had been extremely hysterical since noon; had, during the last paroxysm, completely exhausted herself with alternate raving and moaning; and, at the moment our tale opens, was sullenly weeping over the remnants of her autumn pride, now scattered in every direction, over terrace, lawn, and glade.

Could Mr. G. P. R. James have peeped through the storm-beaten casement into the ruddy world within, it might have suggested to him a pleasing variation upon the inn parlour in which are seated the immortal *two*, refreshing their duality with the indestructible pasty, flanked by its faithful ally, the evergreen flagon of mellow October.

It really seemed absurd, that easy, gentle, charitable Mr. Lovelands, should have ever made his comfortable fortune by iron! He was a model master; that is to say, in retiring from business, he permitted his business-habits to retire from him. His butler, housekeeper, and coachman, arranged all financial matters in a joint-committee, and the books were regularly audited by master every Saturday—a process simple enough, it being comprised in drawing forth his cheque-book and disbursing whatever the total happened to be. No wonder his servants loved him, and his excellent lady, and his amiable son, Mr. Peter, and permitted no living soul to rob him—but themselves.

On the occasion we speak of, there were assembled in ante-prandial chat, or cogitation, the following members of the lower, and, as sometimes happens, more powerful house, viz., Mrs. Plumbly, housekeeper (with a private room, when she chose to assert her dignity); Mrs. Turnover, cook; Miss Jessy, lady's-maid; Miss Poke, kitchen ditto; Mr. Thomas, footman (and *arbiter elegantiarum*); Mr. Wrumble, coachman; Mr. Harry, groom; and Master Buttons, page and tea-boy. Mr. Bam, the butler, was absent on a special summons to the upper house, and his return, as the signal for supper, was looked for with considerable impatience.

Mr. Thomas, who took in his master's papers, was seated in an attitude at once easy and graceful, on the dresser, and had been beguiling the tardy moments with snatches of news, addressed from time to time to the company present. We take up the conversation at the conclusion of a paragraph apparently of more than common interest.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Turnover.

"What oudacious creatures!" said Poke.

Mr. Thomas continued to read :—" ' Muster Holford is at present in Ameriky——' "

" Ojous villins!" burst in Poke. " They knew it, and thought they could get at the plate unbeknown."

Thomas resumed :

" ' It is supposed as a hentrance was affected by means of a jemmy.' "

" Ah, that Jemmy!" remarked the housekeeper. " Oh, James, James, I've heerd of you before. You seems to know the way into everybody's house. Buttons, don't forget the window-bell in master's study to-night."

" No, mum," responded Buttons.

" What were you reading about the villin in the bush, Mr. Thomas?" asked the cook.

" He hid himself there, Mrs. Turnover, when he saw Muster Paul, the butler, and his six men ; and as he seemed to be unarmed, and cried for mercy, Muster Paul thought it was all right, and, like a brave Briton, walked up and shot him through the head. He's killed!"

" And I hope it will be a warning to him," said Mrs. Plumbly, who was slightly deaf, and had lost the concluding words. " But where was the pelisse?"

" The pelisse," said Thomas, referring to the paper, " ' were extremely active—on the following morning.' Yes, that's always the Lon'on way. The day after the shindy."

" *Shindy*, Mr. Thomas!" said Jessy; " 'ow vulgar!"

" Well," said Thomas, insensible to the reproof, " I hopes Muster Holford will behave handsome. Servants *expects* to be paid for beating off thieves. There's such temptations to be dishonest!"

" That's very true, Thomas," sighed the cook. " Ev'n in the matter of dripping, it's hard to keep one's fingers clean."

" And," observed Poke, " service, you know, Mr. Thomas, is no——"

" Inheritance, you were about to say, Miss Poke," said Thomas, loftily. " No, ma'am, I hope it is *not*. I don't want my progenitors, for inborn ages, to sport the plush. If I demean myself—if I, Thomas Pippington, forget myself so far as to scrub dining-tables and answer bells, it is simply because——"

Here the bell rang.

" I can't help it," concluded Thomas, as he quitted the room.

" Well," said the housekeeper, " I'm in hopes that queer visitor is going at last. Yes, there's the parlour door. Well, Thomas?" she continued, as he re-appeared.

Thomas was more elegant than ever.

" I shall reelly disregeard the parlour-bell," he said, affectedly, " if master is not more considerate to one's feelin's. Mr. Bam is to open the door, and he was listening at the parlour keyhole, to be ready. When he comes, we shall have a chance of supper."

" Bam," growled Mr. Wrumble, who was sitting by the fire, " is the man for my money. If this 'ere house was 'tempted now, and thieves was lurking in bushes a-crying for mercy, he'd just shoot 'em all, and no mistake."

" Hooray!" said Buttons, excited.

" He's the coolest man, Bam," said Jessy. " Don't you remember



that night when the old picture came lumbering down, and we all ran shrieking about, how hard it was to get him to take the trouble to wake and see what was the matter? Nothing ever frightens him. He's more like a banditty than a butler."

"Yes, drat that Bam," said the cook, in corroboration; "if a boor-constructor was to march into this kitchen, and sit down on the dresser, he wouldn't move—not he."

"Hooray!" said Buttons.

"Hush, Buttons," said Jessy. "Here he is."

And so, indeed, he was, but with such an aspect as induced every one present (Wrumble excepted, who had sunk into a soft slumber) to start to their feet in alarm and agitation scarcely less than his own.

"Parlour chimney a-fire?" exclaimed the housekeeper.

"Missis in a fit?" shrieked Jessy.

"The cob ain't cast hisself, sure-ty?" said Harry, half in soliloquy.

The butler gazed wildly round, and sank into the nearest chair.

"Neither cob nor chimley," he gasped out, with difficulty. "But—but—Master Peter's taken up, and he's going in the coach to Lon'on, for to be tried!"

"Master Peter!" "Tried!" "Lon'on!" "Taken up!" "That gentle creeter, as never harmed a babe unborn!"

Such were some of the ejaculations which burst from the astonished circle.

"It's true," resumed Mr. Bam, growing somewhat calmer. "I have just let the villin out that did it—little Tadpole, the lawyer's clerk, at Maldon."

"Him! That hop-o'-my-thumb!" said Harry, scornfully. "I'd stuff him into my jacket pocket; only," added Harry, on consideration, "being a 'torney, he'd steal the browns."

"He's the law's ambassador, as we may say, gentlemen," observed Mr. Bam, with an air of some severity, "and, consequentially, entitled to be spoke of respectfully—the little beast! He had the impudence to wish me good evening as he went out, and *that* after I had seen him go up to Master Peter, and give him the spencer."

"Did it hurt him much?" asked Poke.

"Not at all," returned Mr. Bam. "He put it in his pocket."

"Ah, he was always a weak-sperretted creeter," sighed the housekeeper.

"Excuse me, Mr. Bam," said Thomas, "perhaps—eh—these ladies might like to know exactly what a spencer is."

"A spencer, ladies," said the butler, "is a sort of polite message, inviting you in the Queen's name—God bless her!—to come forward and explain why you would rather not be transported for life."

"Transported! Hooray!" shouted the excitable Buttons, whose ideas of transportation only suggested a row of some description.

"Be silent, boy," said Mr. Bam, severely.

"But master and missis," said Mrs. Turnover. "What did *they* do?"

"Nothing. Master started like, and then he offered Tadpole a glass of wine."

"Surely, Mr. Bam, you mistake," said Jessy. "Master would never be so polite to——"

Mr. Bam drew himself up.

"Ladies," he said, "I believe I am not in the habits of mistaking. Master, he says to Master Peter, says he, 'you must go, my dear boy. There's no help. You didn't think, Peter, that you'd have to appear before the judges; but keep a good heart,' says he; 'it may all end well yet.'"

"At all events," put in Poke, "he's going to Lon'on, and that's a dreadful place, by all accounts. My cousin, as is in place there, says there's pitfalls dug in every street; and a great square, called Common-garden, quite paved with the bones of poor country folks who come up to sell cabbages, and——"

"Are cabbaged themselves," said Bam. "No, no, I don't think Lon'on's quite so bad as that. I've been there, and never lost nothing, 'cept my way, and," concluded Bam, recollecting himself, "a watch."

"Ah, *you* Mr. Bam!" said Poke. "But you don't care for nobody. I never see such a man; you need have nine lives. If Master Peter goes to Lon'on, we may take our leaves of him. He'll be murdered and put by, and nobody will know nothing about it till his unburied sperrit walks through my scullery. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish I was a man."

"Hallo, Miss Poke! Hold up. Steady," said Harry, in a cautionary tone, as though he were addressing a skittish colt.

"And 'spose you *was*, Miss Farrant," observed the cook, "what would you do?"

"I'd smash that cussed Tadpole into little bits," said Poke. "Why is *he* to come with his sponsors to this 'ere 'appy 'ome, inviting Master Peter to be transported, and making everybody low? He's worse than Ally Croaker."

"Ally, *who*?" said Thomas.

"I mean Ally Baby and her forty thieves. I only wish I was a man!"

"Upon my word, young woman," began the housekeeper, gravely; but Poke, whose spirit was up, cut her short.

"Very well. I'm a young woman, am I? Thank you keeindly, ma'am. You always gives me *your* good word. What next, I wonder? But never mind. I know I'm only a poor kitchen-maid, but all folks knows that some folks were once no better than other folks, and may live to be worse, if they don't mend their manners. Pooh, Mrs. Plumbly, don't be angry. Don't put yourself in a fatigue, ma'am. I don't care. But I do wonder you're not ashamed of yourself, to sit there, a-twiddling of your thumbs, and Master Peter g—g—going—to—to——"

And Poke burst into a flood of tears.

"Well," said Jessy, sobbing hysterically, for company, "I do think Poke's right. I almost wish I was a man too. Oh, Mr. Bam—oh, Bam, Bam—fie!"

"Oh, *fie*!" repeated that gentleman, rather taken aback by the sudden change of popular feeling. "Why, what could I do?"

"With your c—c—courage, and all!" murmured Poke.

"*What—could—I—do?*" roared the baited Bam.

"Just pushed Tadpole down stairs—or set fire to his coat-tails—or something."

"I'm sorry I didn't," said Bam. "It really didn't occur to me, or

else—— The villin! The grinning little seedy-coated scoundrel! If I had only thought of it—or if anything could only bring him back——”

A sudden knock at the window made all the party start but Mr. Wrumble, who simply snorted in his dream.

“What the deuce can that be?” said Mr. Bam, in a slightly agitated voice.

“Don’t say ‘deuce,’” whispered Mrs. Turnover.

“Oh, my gracious!” said Jessy, “if it should be buglers?”

“Buttons,” said Thomas, “see who’s there.”

“I *won’t*,” sobbed the tea-boy.

“Thomas!” said Mr. Bam, indicating the window.

“Tain’t my place,” replied that gentleman, curtly.

“Harry! Harry!” said the butler.

Singularly enough, Harry slept.

“Hillo, you!” cried a voice without. “Is any one there?”

“Too many for *you*, old chaps,” replied Mr. Bam, with spirit.

“Fourteen men—women included—nine blunderbusses, the poker red-hot, and the plate at the bank.”

“Nonsense! Open the window, man,” said the voice, impatiently.

“My stars and thingumbobs!” cried Poke, “if it ain’t that Tadpole! How providential! You was wishing for him, Mr. Bam.”

“Courage, Mr. Bam. You’re not afraid, sir!” said Harry, suddenly awaking.

“*Afraid!* I?—Ha, ha, ha! Make way there!” said the reckless butler, approaching the window in the most daring manner, while cries of “Brayvo!” “Hooray!” &c., &c., accompanied the demonstration.

The butler paused.

“I am about,” he said, addressing the party behind him, “to open that window, and admit the whole of the desperate gang, or—whoever it may be. Arm yourselves with such weapons as come most readily to hand, and defend your master’s property. No quarter—rule Britannia! and open the window,” concluded Mr. Bam, in a breath.

With these words he threw open the casement, and, with a single spring like a harlequin, in leaped Mr. Tadpole, his clothes torn, and his whole person plastered with mud from head to foot.

“I say, here’s a jolly go!” he gasped.

“Oh, sir, is it *you*?” said Mr. Bam.

“Graceful ‘Evins!” ejaculated Poke, “what a figure of fun!”

“Fun, eh! Very likely. I had a fall in trying to climb over the park-gate.”

“What, is it bolted, sir?” said Bam.

“Yes, and the porter too. At least, I could make no one hear. I didn’t like to disturb the family.”

“The ojou hypocrite!” said Poke, aside.

“I say, lend us a clothes-brush some of you,” continued Tadpole.

“We arn’t got no luckaheries here,” said Harry, with a grin, “but here’s a currycomb.”

An insulting laugh followed this first hostile demonstration. Tadpole stared.

“You all seem very merry over a man’s misfortunes. What the deuce, now, were you all doing with these fire-irons and broomsticks?”

"Having a Christmas gambol, sir," said Thomas, with ready wit.

"Christmas gambol in November? Well, fire away. Let's see the fun. Don't stop for me, I beg."

"Please, sir," said Poke, with a solemn curtsy, "we wouldn't take the liberties."

"Why, I do believe I frightened the whole kit of you. What did you take me for?—a thief?"

"Wuss," said some one, emphatically.

"An assassin?"

"Wuss still."

"A ghost?"

"A little villin that'll never do no *more* harm," said Poke, who had quietly edged round him, and now flung a large dishcloth over his head.

"Here, Thomas! Harry! Buttons! catch his leg. Ah, *you* may struggle. He's biting—the coward! Ah, *would* you? There—he's fast. Now, what shall we do with him?"

The unfortunate youth was indeed completely fast, and could neither move nor shout for help. But the conflict had not been noiseless, and a door was heard above.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Turnover. "I'm sure I heard master. Quick, Bam! Push the little divvle into your pantry."

"The cellar," suggested Poke.

"No, the coal-hole's good enough for he," said Harry. "Get along, you contrary creeter;" and, with Bam's assistance, the captive was forced into the dark den.

He was barely concealed and the door closed, when Mr. Lovelands, *en robe de chambre*, made his appearance on the scene.

"What does this tumult mean?" he asked, sternly for *him*. "I have been accustomed to imagine my servants quiet and respectably-conducted, but really this uproar is worthy of Bedlam! I desire, Mrs. Plumbly, to hear from you some explanation of this disgraceful disturbance."

"Sir—I—eh?" stammered the lady addressed. "I can't say as I heard much."

"It is very extraordinary. Your mistress and myself heard it distinctly enough. It is at least fortunate that you permitted my visitor—my good friend Mr. Tadpole—to depart before you commenced it."

A loud kicking at a distant door interrupted him.

"Puss! *be* quiet," said Poke, at a venture.

"Puss! It's more like a sledge-hammer," remarked Mr. Lovelands. "What *is* it?"

Nobody replied; and the dead pause was enlivened by a second volley of kicks, that almost shook the floor.

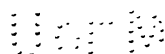
"What is that, I ask? If some one does not speak immediately, I'll send for the police."

"Oh, sir, don't, please," said several.

"I don't care. I'll speak," said the impetuous Poke. "If you please, sir, we——"

Another terrific thump.

"Please, sir," said Thomas, "it's the carpenter. He's putting up the decanter-stands that Buttons broke."



"I didn't," said Buttons. "Oh, you story-teller!"

"You have some one confined in the cellar, and I will see who it is."

"Oh, sir, don't," said Poke. "Oh, if you please, sir, it's all for the best."

"For the best! Nonsense. Stand aside."

Mr. Bam gallantly threw himself into the breach.

"Well, sir," he began—"hem!—you see—understanding as this interfering person, Master Tadpole, had come here to spoeener Master Peter, we felt we couldn't stand it, and so, when we heard (for the words often comes down the chimley quite distinct) that Master Peter was to go to Lon'on to be transported, and what not, why then we got to considering how we could perwent it; and, just then, it happened that Master Tadpole come knocking at the kitchen window, and we thought 'twas only thieves, but 'twas him—himself!"

"You don't mean to tell me you——"

"And so, sir, Poke threw a dishcloth over his head."

"So I did, and I'm glad of it," said the lady referred to. "Thomas tied his arms."

"And Buttons," said Bam, solemnly—"Buttons, sir—alone—cut his——"

"Good God! man, what do you mean?" exclaimed Lovelands, turning pale. "The boy cut his *throat*?"

"No, sir, no, bless your heart. The boy cut his stick, I was a-going to say, and hid himself in a corner."

"The wisest of the party," said Mr. Lovelands, much relieved. "Now listen to me, my friends. You have all been making great fools of yourselves, and very sadly ill-using a worthy young gentleman who came hither on business from my excellent solicitor and friend, Mr. Mackrell. The matter is of much interest, and fraught with great future benefit to your friend, Master Peter. The subpoena, which so alarmed you, is a mere legal form, intended to secure the attendance of a necessary witness. Your intentions, I doubt not, are excellent; but, in future, before you attempt to take justice into your own hands, take care that your ignorance do not betray you into still more dangerous error—nay, into crime."

With these words he descended to the cellars, and quickly returned with the captive on his arm.

"I desire," he resumed, "that you will now all apologise to my friend for this extraordinary outrage. Mrs. Plumbly, you will begin."

"Sir," said Mrs. Plumbly, succinctly, "I'm sorry. I thought you was a wiper."

"I *must* be, soon," muttered poor Tadpole, looking ruefully at his bespattered attire.

"Please, Mr. Tadpole, sir," said the cook, "I beg your parding, and will you let me get you something for supper? Just a homlette, or a nice cold Norfolk dumpling?"

"No, no—psaha!"

"Bless me," said Poke, "if my dishcloth ain't a-hanging to his coat still! Oh, goodness! If you please, sir, there's a bit of fluff on your collar." And she whisked off the cloth.

"Off, woman," said Tadpole, shrinking. "For mercy's sake, sir, keep off that black-eyed vixen—she's the worst of the lot!"

"Oh, he's afraid of me!" exclaimed Poke. "Well, I never! Oh, go along with you. I believe, after all, you're no better than you should be."

"Woman, you forget yourself," said her master, sternly.

Poke tossed her head.

"I gives warning where I stands."

"Come, come," said Tadpole, recovering his natural good-humour, "though it is not usually the interest of my calling to enact the peace-maker, I must be permitted, my dear sir, to interpose here, and say that I am perfectly satisfied with the apologies of these good folks. Pray let everything be forgotten."

"Well said, Mr. Tadpole," returned his host. "Now I will beg you to come with me, and let us see how far the willing hospitalities of the parlour may compensate for the too inconsiderate zeal of the servants' hall."

## THE IRISH BAR.

THE respective Bars of England and Ireland have, from an early period, enjoyed, and justly enjoyed, a very high position. In England, it has been for centuries the main source from which the nobility has been recruited: and we believe, that on examination, fully one-third of the peerage will be found to derive its origin from successful lawyers. In Ireland, since the Union, but few of our eminent barristers have been ennobled; yet the bar still continues to be the profession most considered, and the one which is most eagerly embraced. Even while the Irish parliament sat in College Green, our most eminent lawyers, who were also in general members of the House of Commons, enjoyed a very high position; and since the Union, they have, in consequence of the total absence of a resident aristocracy, become, at least in Dublin, the leaders of society. From this results that the habits of the bar are so well known; and mixing more in general society than their English brethren are in the habit of doing, an eminent barrister in Ireland becomes more of a public man than one in equal practice in the sister country.

Several years ago, a series of interesting biographical sketches of the most distinguished members of the Irish bar appeared in the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. They were the productions of the late Mr. Shiel and Mr. Commissioner Curran, the son of the famous John Philpot Curran, and at the time they appeared created some noise; and were they presented to the public in a collected form, we have no doubt would still have an extensive circulation. We have recently been perusing these "Sketches," and were much struck with the ability displayed in the composition of some, the keen but polished sarcasm contained in others, and the graphic delineation of character manifested throughout; but were still more astonished at the many particulars in which the bar

of the present day resemble their predecessors of thirty years ago, although we feel compelled, at the same time, to admit that in other respects they have sadly changed. How difficult would it now be to select a dozen, or even half that number of barristers, so distinguished for their forensic or professional abilities as to deserve the prominence that a Plunket, a Bushe, and a Saurin, occupy in the graphic pages of their biographers? Who at the present day approaches even near the transcendent eloquence of Curran? Who can lay claim to the genius or the patriotism of Plunket? What has become of that wit which was formerly so distinguishing a trait of the Irish bar? Alas! how have we fallen off in these particulars. Still, as we remarked above, notwithstanding the deterioration to which we have just alluded, many, very many, of the incidental descriptions contained in the "Sketches" are closely applicable to the present day. Take for instance the following:

"From the hours of twelve to three it" (the hall of the Four Courts) "is a motley scene. You will daily find, and pretty nearly upon the same spot, the same little circles, or coteries, composed chiefly of the members of the junior bar, as politics, or community of tastes, or family connexions may bring them together. Among these you will readily distinguish those who, by birth or expectations, consider themselves to be identified with the aristocracy of the country; you see it in their more fashionable attire and attitudes, their joyous and unworn countenances, and in the lighter topics of discussion on which they can afford to indulge. At a little distance stands a group of quite another stamp; pallid, keen-eyed, anxious aspirants for professional employment, and generally to be found in vehement debate over some dark and dreary point of statute or common law, in the hope that by violently rubbing their opinions together, a light may be struck at last. A little further on you will come upon another, a group of learned vetoists and anti-vetoists, where some youthful or veteran theologian is descanting upon the abominations of a schism, with a running accompaniment of original remarks upon the politics of the Vatican, and the character of Cardinal Gonsalvi."

The above was written nearly thirty years ago; and yet, with but a slight variation or two, it may be taken as an accurate description of what can on any day be still descried within the hall of the Four Courts. Still may be seen the exclusive coteries of the aristocratic members of the junior bar—fashionable in their dress—joyous in appearance—and not overburdened with business; members of the Kildare-street Club, although, in most instances, owing their adventitious position in society to the fact of their fathers filling judicial, or other high official situations. They seem to be very earnest in conversation; but their looks are too gay, and their laugh too hearty to result from any legal *bon-mot*. No; they are discussing the incidents of the latest ball at the Castle; relating an anecdote of some "fast" young lady; and criticising the dress and looks of the rival belles.

And so they pleasantly pass the day, cutting jokes—and their less fashionable compeers, until the clock warns them that the hour of three, before which, by a legal fiction, no barrister is supposed to leave the courts, has arrived, and that it is time for them to mount their well-groomed steeds, and endeavour, by a canter over the Fifteen-acres, to re-

fresh themselves, jaded as they are with the toil of their imaginary business.

Close to them may be seen a different group, not so well dressed, and with greater traces of study imprinted upon their faces; yet gay withal, and interspersing their discussion upon the latest judgment of the Lord Chancellor with an account of a pun perpetrated by one judge, and some hapless officer snubbed by another. At a little distance stand a select few in eager controversy about the Maynooth grant, the Defence Association, and Primate Cullen; while, scattered here and there, leaning against the wall, may be seen a few old stagers; some spruce in all the silken elegance of a recently-made Queen's counsel, some in all the negligence of a well-worn and snuff-begrimed stuff gown; these are the politicians of the place, who, with all the seeming importance of official authority, settle the affairs of the state, and look around upon the more youthful groups with all that compassionate contempt which only he who has attained to the dignity of twenty years' standing can feel for the juniors of six. Now and then a stately senior stalks majestically along in his course to one of the numerous courts, bowing most condescendingly to the junior who is happy enough to claim his acquaintance; while some youthful barrister impatiently elbows his way through the crowd, ostentatiously displaying his brief in one hand, while he endeavours to secure under his other arm a formidable library of reports, followed in his rapid career by his panting attorney.

And so the motley scene shifts and changes amidst a crowd of barristers, attorneys, clients, and idlers of every description, until, as the evening advances, it is gradually left in the quiet possession of the cake-women, and of that mysterious class of human beings yclept bag-carriers, who spend the day no one knows how or where, but suddenly, as if by magic, begin to reappear when the witching hour of three arrives.

Within the courts a different scene is enacted. In each will be found some Queen's counsel with huge distended bags before them, poring over their voluminous briefs; while one of them is engaged in some long and learned argument, which, from his tones, portends a two hours' speech at least. Behind him are seated the members of the outer bar, who are to assist their learned leaders in the conduct of the suit. In close proximity may be seen the reporter, covering page on page with his mysterious hieroglyphics, in his frantic attempts to keep up with the speaker. On a bench above it some few young barristers, who, with note-book in hand, appear to be deeply interested in the case before the court, and assume an aspect of solemnity when some abstruse point of law is raised. Behind them may be seen some others, who carry on a low conversation together, broken now and then by a stifled laugh. Not far off, a few listless men are seated, lost, apparently, in the contemplation of the delights of the legal profession; and at last, by an ascending gradation of idleness, we reach those whose sole occupation seems to be the carving upon the benches some memorial of their indolence, an occupation which, from the number and variety of its traces, must be very general.

Leaving the court, and escaping miraculously from its swinging doors, which seem expressly intended to inflict what in legal parlance is styled "mayhem" upon the incautious intruder, you mount the spiral staircase which leads to the library. And there another and far different scene



presents itself. The tables appear one confused mass of papers, books, and bags, huddled promiscuously together. Countless barristers hurry to and fro, some seeking for places, or in a frantic search for their bags; others hastening to respond to their names as they resound throughout the room; the old practitioners looking as if they resented as impertinent being disturbed even by solicitors; the young endeavouring to appear indifferent, as if they were well accustomed to such a summons, but with their hearts secretly bounding with the hope that the favourable time has at length arrived, and briefs and guineas will soon commence to flow in from discriminating attorneys. Hopes, alas! how quickly and how rudely dashed to the ground! Around the fireplaces are seated others, who look as if the fire was by prescription exclusively theirs, and their duty was sedulously to prevent any one but themselves from even catching a glimpse of its blaze—a duty which, to do them justice, they most conscientiously discharge. Here and there the youthful attendants flit about as if endeavouring to be everywhere at once. Scattered through the room are groups, some, as is evident from their looks, engaged in deep consultation together; others, more pleasantly employed, to judge from their frequent bursts of boisterous laughter. And if to this be added frequent shouts of “Tom, bring me Coke Elizabeth,” “Robert, I want 15th Meeson and Welsby,” with repeated cries for Mr. M'Donagh, Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Serjeant O'Brien, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, and the numerous other names that panting clerks and expectant attorneys entrust to the euphonious janitor, some idea may be formed of what a Babel of noise and seeming confusion is the library of the Four Courts. And yet, notwithstanding what would appear to be insuperable obstacles to study, on a close investigation many will be found diligently reading, and so deeply engaged in the subject of their studies as to seem unconscious of the various distracting noises which prevail around.

It is curious, too, to observe the peculiarities of several individuals, how, from the beginning to the end of the week—we had almost said the term—they enter the library almost at the same minute, seat themselves at the same places, and cease their labours at the same hour each succeeding day. It is pleasant, also, to observe the good feeling which seems to actuate them all; frequently will the senior be seen kindly assisting the junior in his difficulties; all, with but few exceptions, appear considerate and courteous to each other, anxious to help their compeers when perplexed, to congratulate them when successful. But there is nothing which is more striking and pleasant than the gaiety of heart which seems to prevail; and this is the more surprising when we take into consideration the extraordinary diminution of business which has recently taken place, and the consequent suffering entailed on so many of the profession. This gaiety may be, and probably in many instances is, assumed; but a cursory view would have the effect of impressing strangers with the idea that there could not well be a lighter-hearted set of fellows than the junior bar. There are, of course, exceptions. Some, though still young, show the effects that disappointment and the sickness of hope deferred will produce upon the countenance even of youth. We have frequently felt melancholy at beholding the sad, careworn face of some briefless barrister; and, although our own fees are, alas, but “few and far between,” have sometimes thought that, if

allowed to choose between employment for ourselves or our woe-begone neighbour, our choice would fall upon him. But much as we pity such an one as we have just described, our compassion is tenfold greater for the seniors who may be seen pacing the hall with empty bags and heart-broken looks. They are melancholy spectacles upon other accounts; they seem, as it were, beacons to deter the young and inexperienced from attempting that course which to them has proved so disastrous; and we begin to tremble lest our fate should be the same, and some twenty years hence the juniors of that day point at us with that half-compassion, half-derision, with which an old briefless barrister is too frequently regarded. Of late years the bar have indeed suffered grievously. One half of the business formerly diffused among the juniors has, at one fell swoop, been swept away by the hateful Glengall clause; while Mr. Whiteside's revolutionising bill threatens the annihilation of the small remnant left. Nor is it the juniors alone who have suffered; the emoluments of the seniors have also been sadly curtailed by the operation of the "Encumbered Estates" and the "Chancery Regulation" Acts. We have sometimes amused ourselves by imagining what would be the feelings of a barrister who had flourished in the good old times, when, to use the words of the illustrious Burke, "our inheritances were a prize of disputation, and disputes and litigations were become an inheritance;" when it was not an unusual occurrence to have a Chancery suit in existence for half a century or so, and a succession of lawyers was formed and supported by it; if he could now revisit the scene of his former labours and behold the rapid manner in which an estate is now inalienably transferred—if he could see matters which, if required to be stated in a good old bill, would have filled folios on folios, now shrunk into the small compass of a cause petition of half a dozen paragraphs or so—how he would stare with surprise at the unsparing manner in which what in his time were considered as the legitimate and reasonable emoluments, have in these days of trenchant economy been so ruthlessly curtailed! And would he not return to his grave almost with alacrity on beholding attorneys venturing to address a judge on matters which, some quarter of a century ago, a serjeant would have approached with diffidence. But a truce to these reflections. The distressed state of the country tells sadly, in many instances, upon the bar. Some were themselves landlords, and suffer with the rest of that ill-fated and them-maligned class. Others have been swept away in the tide of ruin which has overwhelmed so many whose fortunes mainly consisted of charges upon land; while not a few have been compelled to quit their native country, and seek for better fortunes in another and a more prosperous land.

There are, however, other and pleasanter prospects to diversify agreeably the scene. The heavy-bagged practitioner in extensive employment, who seems to revel in the consciousness that his fee-book is well thumbed, his faculties well used—the newly-appointed official, whose promotion is too recent to have blunted the feelings of delight which we are sure (would that we could speak from experience) must prevail on such an occasion—the junior who has just been complimented by the judges for the ability and industry he has displayed. These, and other

stimulants of a similar nature, urge on our energies when we begin to flag, and keep alive our almost expiring hopes.

Mr. Shiel, in one of his "Sketches," alludes to the matrimonial propensities of the bar in his time. We are happy to say that, in that particular at least, the barristers of the present day have not degenerated from their predecessors. Still are they found the most earnest votaries of matrimony: still with praiseworthy courage do they rush into marriages, which to the coldly prudent must appear rash in the extreme. Their excuse being, we suppose, that of the Irish pauper, who, on being censured for his improvidence in marrying a woman as poor as himself, declared in vindication of his conduct that a wife was the only comfort left him. Or perhaps some of these rash marriages are made on speculation, for in the lives of almost all the great lawyers of England and Ireland mention is made of an improvident marriage contracted in their youth; they therefore conclude, that to be guilty of a similar act of imprudence is the first step towards future fame and success. And perhaps, after all, they are not wrong. Lord Kenyon would have said they were in the right; as that distinguished judge once told an anxious parent, that for his son to succeed at the bar he ought first to spend his own fortune, then marry and spend his wife's, and he would then have some chance of succeeding in his profession. That certainly was carrying the doctrine to an extreme. As incidental to marriage we may also mention that, like their predecessors of thirty years ago, most of the Irish bar are the happy fathers of large and increasing families, and, in practice at least, most zealous anti-Malthusians.

Let us now reverse the picture, and examine the particulars in which the Irish bar of the present day differ from their predecessors. And to begin with the judges: what a wonderful improvement has taken place in them within the last half century. No longer will a Norbury be found to convulse his auditors with laughter, and scare away justice; a Clonmell to bandy jokes upon the convicted felon; nor a Clare to use his authority for the purpose of injuring a political opponent. The judges who at present adorn the bench are, with scarcely an exception, men of acknowledged ability, and not less distinguished for their talents than for that courteousness of manner which in a person in authority is inexpressibly charming. In many instances, the kind and encouraging manner which they display towards junior barristers is most cheering to the individual himself, and inspiring to the hearers. We have ourselves heard the most nicely-turned compliment paid by a judge to an intelligent but diffident junior.

The barristers, also, are, in one respect at least, far superior to the former generation of lawyers. The extent of their knowledge of law is vastly increased, and some of our leading counsel might fearlessly challenge comparison with the ablest lawyers of England. Lord St. Leonards, no mean authority, and who had a good opportunity of judging, has stated that the bar of Ireland contained several most accomplished lawyers, and that justice is not done them in England. Nor is it surprising that justice is not done them in England, when they will not do themselves justice. By their want of unanimity, by their shameful subserviency, by their disgraceful want of public spirit—in this re-

spect, alas ! how different from their predecessors—they have made themselves despised as the ready and willing tools of any ministry ; instead of forming, as they might, a compact body which would cause itself to be respected, and the opinions of which no government would be so venturous as to disregard.

In another respect the bar, as at present constituted, is peculiarly different from that which flourished at the time when the “Sketches” appeared. Then Bushe, Plunket, Saurin, O’Connell, and others, towered pre-eminent above their fellows, and their superior talents were universally admitted. But at present, although some are in greater request than the others, it would not be so easy to select even three or four who, by the unanimous voice of their compeers and the public, are allowed to surpass in ability the rest. On the contrary, there seems to be a vast level of mediocrity, above which few rise, and those few to a scarcely perceptible height above the crowd. There are a great number of clear-headed and well-read lawyers, any one of whom would be fully competent for the discharge, and skilful discharge, of business ; but scarcely one the securing of whom for the conduct of a suit would be looked upon as an all but certain pledge of success.

In eloquence, particularly, have we sadly fallen off. Mr. Whiteside is undoubtedly eloquent, and unsurpassed by any one at the bar in mocking, sarcastic, and even humorous raillery ; and Mr. Butt as undeniably the most powerful and original advocate we possess ; but neither of these learned gentlemen are entitled to be called orators. Neither of them would produce the effect upon a jury which Curran, by his almost superhuman fire, Bushe by the force of his accomplished oratory, Deane Grady by his pantomimic fun, and to come nearer our own days, O’Connell by his wonderful talents and matchless effrontery, are known to have done. At the same time, however, there are several who can make a very good, effective, and even telling address. This change is not surprising. Curran and his contemporaries had a school of eloquence wherein to study seldom if ever surpassed—the Irish House of Commons ; and they lived at a time when every Irishman was an orator, and when subjects for debate equalling in interest the events which fired Demosthenes and inspired Cicero, almost daily presented themselves for discussion. Their immediate successors had Curran himself and Bushe to copy ; but at the present day no model remains for our imitation ; no school exists wherein to take out a degree in eloquence.

The Irish bar was formerly, also, particularly distinguished for wit. And, indeed, from the *bon-mots* still retailed, and the numberless anecdotes still recounted of Curran, Plunket, Bushe, we can readily believe that it well deserved the reputation it enjoyed. In this respect we have also deteriorated. A pun may now and then be perpetrated ; an entertaining scene of humorous retort and amusing cross-examination may sometimes enliven a trial at *Nisi Prius* ; but few, if any, claims can be made to real genuine wit. It thus appears upon the whole, that with the increase of our legal knowledge, our wit and our eloquence have proportionally declined.

Shiel, in one of his “Sketches,” alluding to the crowded state of the profession at that time, says : “I was particularly struck by the numbers

of young men (many of them, I was assured, possessed of fine talents, which, if differently applied, must have forced their way) who, from term to term, and from year to year, submit to trudge the 'Hall,' waiting till their turn shall come at last, and too often harassed by forebodings that it may never come." The crowded state of the profession is still the great topic of almost universal complaint. It is the regular remark with which each term invariably opens; a remark, by the way, which appears to us a kind of a hint to the person to whom it is addressed that the sooner he leaves himself the better. Dire are the anathemas uttered against the folly and the madness of young men coming to the bar when the list of "calls" is a long one; but a comparative degree of good-natured compassion is displayed when only one or two (as now occasionally happens) are venturous enough to endue themselves for the first time with the barrister's wig and gown. There is, however, unfortunately a great deal of reason in the complaint of the numbers at present at the bar. We are so numerous, that were all the business now transacted to be equally divided amongst all the practising barristers (adopting the definition of "practising barrister" given by a learned judge, that it means one who goes down to the "Hall" during term), we much question if the income derived by each would average fifty pounds a year. In fact, our only chance of success lies in outliving our compeers; and there is a kind of barbarous politeness in making inquiries about the health of any of our brother barristers, for it is only a civil way of asking if there is any chance of his soon departing, and leaving the business he may be so fortunate as to enjoy to be divided amongst his survivors. Our vast numbers are now peculiarly felt in consequence of their disproportion to the diminished amount of the legal business of the country. Indeed, we sometimes find our thoughts wandering from the pages of Coke upon Lyttleton, Plowden's Commentaries, or any other erudite black-letter folio, which lies pretendingly open before us, and engaged in a calculation as to the number of years which will elapse before we can hope that our seniors will quit the scene of their toil and lucrative labour; the result of which is the melancholy conviction that, if our calculation of the chances be correct, we shall have attained the respectable age of fifty-five before we can hope for an opening.

This leads us to the consideration of the prospects of the bar. But here such a dismal scene of protracted hopes, and broken down spirits, opens upon our view, that we have not courage steadily to regard it. Blinded not with the "excessive bright," but with the "darkness visible" of the prospect, we gladly shut our eyes, and thus endeavour to remove from our minds the sad impression which the mournful vision is so calculated to produce.

Visions of evil spare our aching sight,  
Ye unborn horrors crowd not on our view.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE great interest which is felt in the existing crisis in the East, more particularly in what regards the state of parties within the Turkish empire itself, is sufficiently attested by the number of publications that have issued from the press, and the quantity that has been written, often almost at random, and with a very partial acquaintance with the facts of the case, since we last took up the subject.

As to the crisis itself, the Russians have, as was anticipated, occupied the Dacian provinces; and, as we further anticipated, no *casus belli* has been made of the said occupation. The Tsar has avoided all discussions as to his right to the said invasion of territory founded upon treaties, by the miserable subterfuge—it can be called nothing else—of throwing the responsibility of that occupation upon the attitude assumed by the English and French fleets. “The two maritime powers,” writes Count Nesselrode, in his circular of the 2nd of July, “did not consider it proper to defer to the considerations which we recommended to their serious attention. Taking the initiative before us, they have deemed it indispensable to anticipate at once, by an *effective* measure, those which we had only announced to them as eventual, since we left the act of putting them in force in dependence on the final resolutions of the Porte; and that at the very moment I write the execution of the said measures has not commenced. They sent their fleets at once into the Constantinopolitan seas. They already occupy the waters and ports under Ottoman domination within reach of the Dardanelles. By this threatening attitude the two powers have placed us under the weight of an accusing demonstration, which could not but, as we had intimated to them, add new complications to the crisis.

“In presence of the refusal of the Porte, backed by the manifestations of France and England, it becomes more than ever impossible to modify the resolutions upon which the Emperor had made the adoption of certain measures to depend.

“In consequence, his imperial majesty has just sent to the division of the army now stationed in Bessarabia, the order to pass the frontier, and to occupy the principalities.”

Now, one word to all this diplomatic twaddle. Would England and France ever have moved at all but for the hostile attitude assumed by the Tsar? To carry out the same argument, England and France might say that they did not go to Constantinople till Russia occupied the principalities. Russia might retort, that it did not cross the Danube till England and France passed the Dardanelles. England and France, on their part, did not destroy the Russian fleet till Russia had fired the first gun; Russia did not enter Constantinople till England and France had begun the war; and so on complication might be heaped upon complication, with neither moderation to guide counsels, reason whereon to found measures, or principles by which to carry them out, or bring them to any tangible solution or termination.\* If matters go on this way, that which

\* M. Drouyn de Lhuys has written an able official reply to the extraordinary statements made by Count Nesselrode. The French minister points out, that on

originally was a mere case of protocols, harshly insisted upon, will become a case of princely jealousies and imperial dignities, and war, disastrous to all parties concerned, will be inevitable. It is to be hoped that reason and moderation will, however, still be admitted into the counsels of those in power. England and France have undoubtedly been hasty in propping up their tottering ally. There was a rivalry between the two fleets as to which should be first in what Count Nesselrode chooses to dignify, for diplomatic purposes, "the Constantinopolitan seas;" once there, they were as loth to advance further as they were hurried to arrive in the *Ægean*. Wisely has it been so. There is thus still time for negotiation. Russia avers nothing but pacific intentions. It does not enter the principalities with warlike intentions—"pour faire à la Porte une guerre offensive;" the occupation is to be a merely temporary one; there is no idea or intention of conquest; no upraising of the Christian population of Turkey is sought for; the principalities will not even be put to any expense; Russia will retire the moment the satisfaction demanded is granted, and *the pressure exercised upon them by the two maritime powers ceases*. All this is very absurd; Russia will remain in the principalities unless bearded out by the Western powers, till the resources of Turkey are exhausted, the Greeks have risen in rebellion, or every requisite concession and humiliation has been granted.

Now about these Russian demands, which, according to some writers, should be resented by immediate war, what are they but the right of protecting their co-religionaries in Turkey? It has been asserted, and we have repeated it, that as well might France assert a claim to protect the Roman Catholics in Great Britain; but this argument has been fairly disposed of by the author of a pamphlet before us. The Romanists of Great Britain and Ireland are under a civilised and a Christian government. "Were it Hindoo or Buddhist," says G. D. P., "there might be some analogy—though neither of these religions is fierce, savage, and brutal in its propaganda, as is that of the Osmanlis." The Christians of the East dwell under a Muhammadan and semi-barbarian government; one under which they positively require protection. If the Western governments fear that the extent of protection demanded by Russia towards her co-religionaries is too great to be consistent with the independence of the Porte, let them procure a similar treaty or arrangement in favour of the Christians of other denominations, and surely no party has a right to complain. If the Tsar is really so little influenced by pride, ambition, and love of conquest as he assumes to be, he will not refuse to be gratified in his demands in common with other Christian nations. This is the true and only solution of the present crisis; it has presented itself to the minds of many.

But in the mean time the barbarian Turk, backed by the manifestations of England and France, is withdrawing all right of protection on the part of Russia, and grievously complicating affairs.

"If we were for a moment," justly enough remarks Count Nesselrode, "to admit so absolute a principle, we must tear with our own hands the treaty of Kainardji, as well as all those which confirm it; and willingly

the 31st of May, when it was impossible that the resolutions adopted by France and England could be known at St. Petersburg, a last ultimatum was addressed to Reshid Pasha by Count Nesselrode himself, announcing the proximate occupation of the principalities.

give up the right which they conferred upon us to see that the Greek worship should be efficiently protected in Turkey.

"Is that what the Porte wants? Does she intend to disengage herself from all anterior obligations, and to work out of the existing crisis a perpetual abolition of a whole order of relations that time had consecrated?"

"Impartial Europe will understand that if the question is placed upon such a footing, it would become for Russia, notwithstanding its truly conciliating intentions, *incapable of a pacific solution*. For, with us, it would implicate all our treaties, our secular influence, our moral credit, our dearest sentiments, both national and religious."

The Russian diplomatist insists—and not without good show of reason, even supposing his loyalty to be open to doubts—that the bearing and extent of protection demanded by Russia has been altogether exaggerated. "C'est," writes the count, "*à ce triste malentendu que tient toute la crise du moment*." The misunderstanding here alluded to is the oft reiterated statement that the independence of Turkey is threatened by the demands of a religious protectorate—a protectorate that has existed from ancient times, and has only been renewed in the present day because the bigoted Muhammadans grant treaties which they never intend to put in force, and promise protection where they permit insult, outrage, and robbery with impunity.

But take up this question of threatened independence in another point of view—taking Asiatic Turkey into the question; it is altogether a phantom. In Turkey in Europe it assumes, from the parity of populations, a more serious aspect, and the consequence is, that the moment the long anticipated crumbling to pieces of the Ottoman power looms in the horizon, we have a whole host of pamphleteers that rise up to fight on the one hand for the rights of the Pan Slavonic party to dominion; the other to defend with equal vigour the Hellenic. This alone shows how difficult the question is to settle, the discussion of which is further complicated by the presence of the English and French fleets.

With regard to such questions we have already expressed our political sentiments, founded on seven long years' personal acquaintance with the countries in question, to be in favour of the separate nationalities. We have seen some strong arguments against such an arrangement; one of which is, that the existing Christians of the Turkish empire are too debased by long prostration to be capable of self-government. There is a great deal of truth in this, and they would require at first a common protectorate. But this is no more than the revived kingdom of Greece itself required. Another is, that a strong government is required, a revival of a Byzantine empire to check Russian ambition. We doubt this; separate states, even when confederated, would be less threatening to the peace of Europe than a little civilised and very vain Byzantine empire. Nor are there, indeed, materials for such an empire; and the consideration of this question meets at once the supposed influence to be obtained by Russia by the concession demanded, and the eventualities of war in calling forth old nationalities to independence or dominion.

It is impossible to arrive at a precisely correct estimate of the population of Turkey in Europe, but the following may be considered as the best approximation:



Bulgarians (Greek Church)	4,500,000
Wallachians, or Rumani	3,821,132
Albanians (Illyrians)	1,600,000
Servians	886,000
Muhammadans in Servia	10,400
Greeks	900,000
Turks	700,000
Bosnians	700,000
Herzegovinians	800,000
Zinzares, Rumani, or Wallacks of South-West Turkey	800,000
Jews	250,000
Croatians	200,000
Zingares, or Gipsies	150,000
Armenians	100,000
Montenegrians	100,000
European Strangers	60,000
	<hr/> 14,577,532

It would appear from this that the proportion of Europeans in Turkey in Europe to Asiatic Turks is as 13,877,552 to 700,000. The proportion of Christians to Muhammadans, including renegade Albanians, Slavonians, &c., as 12,867,552 to 1,710,000. The proportion of Greek Christians to Romanists or Latins is 11,207,132 to 500,000. The proportion of Slavonian Greeks to Hellenic Greeks is as 2,186,000 to 900,000, or possibly 1,000,000. The proportion of Christians of the Greek Church, including the Rumani, Bulgarians, Illyrians, and Zinzares, with the Slavonians, is as 12,407,132 to 1,000,000 at the utmost. So much for an Hellenic empire. G. D. P. estimates the Greeks in European Turkey, the islands and coasts of Asia Minor, as 4,800,000; the estimate is too great; but if we admit the Greeks of Asia Minor and of the islands into the consideration, then we must counterbalance it by the number of the other populations, Turkish, Turkman, Kurdish, and Arab, on the one side, and of other Christian communities, Syrian, Greek, Maronite, Nestorian, and Jacobite, on the other.

It is evident that in Turkey in Europe the most powerful nation is the Slavonian, which numbers 2,186,000 souls, and counts 2,000,000 more in the Austrian dominions. Ami Boué estimates the slave population altogether at 5,000,000; of whom 3,000,000 belong to the Greek Church, about 1,000,000 to the Latin Church, and nigh 1,000,000 are Muhammadans. The Slavonians, as a nation, are neither partial to Russians nor Greeks. The next in power and industry is the Bulgarian; third on the list comes the Rumani, crippled by Russia; fourth, the Greek; and fifth, the Turk. A great number of Rumani live under Russian and Austrian rule; the total population is estimated at 5,700,000 souls.

By assuming the protectorate of the Greek Church in Turkey in Europe, it has been too much taken for granted that, whilst serving the interests of Christianity, Russia is establishing a political supremacy. This would, to a certain extent, be unavoidable; but any practical results would be ultimately overbalanced by the antagonism of nationalities, more especially the Slavonian, the Wallachian, the Bulgarian, and the Greek. The duty of such a protectorate is called for from Russia from

its position, its political power, and its religious sympathies; and the benefit derived from such a protectorate by upwards of 13,000,000 out of 14,000,000 of inhabitants of Turkey in Europe, ought to be too dear to Christianity at large to make it a subject of political jealousy, and the upholding of that duty imposed upon the Tsar as a traditionary and hereditary moral, social, and religious obligation—a matter of war. In case of war breaking out between Russia and Turkey upon such a question of protectorate, the results even of the overthrow of Osmanli dominion in Europe could not be solely advantageous to Russia; the nationalities above enumerated must be taken into consideration; Austria is concerned on the Danube and in the western provinces, where she is evidently prepared to defend her interests at all hazards; and England and France could have moved in unison at such a juncture to settle the protectorate of the East, with far greater effect, and in a far nobler attitude, than when badly bound together to uphold a dominion of barbarian Mussulmans—a people they cannot but despise—and a cause which sets the rapacity and bigotry of 1,000,000 of Turks against the interests of 13,000,000 of Christians.

It is a fact of no small insignificance, that while a portion of the press, which has generally to rely for information upon difficult questions like this upon what topics come to hand through the contemporary and the foreign press, diplomatic documents, parliamentary discussions, and whatever other materials which present themselves of facile access, supports the policy of government in attacking Russia and upholding the anti-Christian policy of Turkey, that no pamphlet or book, originating as such better digested publications generally do, from authors personally versed in the matter in dispute, which has come in our way, follows out the same principles, but more or less ardently embraces the same or an analogous view of the question which we have adopted from combined long consideration and experience.

The anonymous author of "Russian Turkey; or, a Greek Empire the inevitable Solution of the Eastern Question," is a Hellenic Greek, who can see nothing so desirable as the simple revival of a Byzantine Hellenic empire to the total neglect of Slavonian, Wallachian, Bulgarian, and other interests, although each of the three first are numerically far greater than the Greek population of Turkey in Europe. But although we do not agree with the author as to the solution of the Eastern question, some of the arguments by which he establishes the superior claims of the Greeks over the Turks, are of prominent interest at the present moment, as applicable to all those poor Christians who groan and travail under the iron sway of a bigoted Muhammadan despotism.

A large portion of the British public are led by their anti-Russian feeling to believe that no convention is necessary; but the pages of every modern work written on Turkey, and the experience of every individual traveller or resident, teem with evidences of the insolent extortion, persecution, and outrage committed by the Turkish authorities on the Christian population, more especially when at a distance from the head government. Look to the massacre of the Nestorians—an exploit of only three or four years back! The Turkish invasion of Montenegro was distinguished by scenes of bloodshed and atrocious profanations that proved the Turkish tiger had not forgotten his old relish for Christian blood.

There is another point of view in which the subject remains to be considered. England and France are united to support the Turkish empire—nominally out of regard for treaties and to protect an old ally, really to check the ambitious designs of Russia. Now it remains to be considered, would the position of Turkey in Europe be worse in its social and commercial relations towards us under any other domination than that of the bigoted Muhammadans? The Turks have been liberal in their treaties of commerce with us; beyond that they have done little or nothing to unfold the resources of their vast empire: industry and commerce are, it is well known, in the hands of the Rayahs, or Christian subjects. The condition of the country might improve under Russian domination, but not to the extent that is desirable. Russia has shown itself semi-barbarian in many of her institutions—in her steadfast adherence to an old feudal system, the serfdom of peasants, in a military organisation out of all reasonable bounds, in religious bigotry, in jealousy of foreigners when in Russia, in despotic rule at home, in her system of espionage, in her commercial monopolies and restrictions, in the speculation common among *employés*, and as flagrant as in Turkey. This is not the nation then to see at Constantinople—the Queen city of Europe—this is not the power to evolve the resources of the finest provinces of the world, to pour their social and commercial wealth into the lap of humanity at large, and to open the great thoroughfare of the Eastern and Western worlds. But there is nothing in the antecedents of the native Christians opposed to a belief that their social and commercial spirit would have a liberal tendency.

“When Englishmen,” says G. D. P., “are told of the possible loss of the English commerce in Turkey, ought they not, my lord, to ask themselves whether these 12,000,000 will cease to consume English goods because they have become free?”

The trade in corn from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and Black Sea, which has become of vital importance to England, is in the hands of the Christians. This is another point of view, from which, considering the inevitable decline and fall of the Turkish empire, and the expenses, difficulties, and dangers attendant upon propping up the old tiger-like carcase, makes it so important to duly weigh the advantages of such a support as compared with that of the native Christians, even to letting Russia have her own way till the time comes for the settlement of the true Eastern question—that of the government of Constantinople and the provinces—when England and France could come forward to back the claims of 12,000,000 of Christians, instead of, as at present, supporting the barbarian dominion of 2,000,000 of Muhammadans (in Turkey in Europe 900,000). Commerce, religion, self-interest, ordinary caution, ultimate results, all point to the same conclusion. Even if the interference of England and France were to stave off for the present the fall of the Porte, it would be delaying an inevitable result.

“Let me ask your lordship,” writes G. D. P., “if it be likely, in the present state of the world, that the industrious, active 12,000,000 of Christians will allow themselves any longer to be enslaved for the sake of 700,000 drones?”

But the interference of England and France will most likely not settle the question in favour of the Turks even for the present moment, and then what will be the result of the false step taken? To use once more the words of G. D. P., “What politician, aware of the disposition Russia

has shown by her retirement from Hungary, to avow that she entertains no notion of further aggrandising her power towards the West—who is there, I say, my lord, can suppose that if an opportunity be afforded her, she will not indemnify herself for such self-denial by turning towards the East? Is not England, my lord, about to afford her that occasion? Are you not, by this resistance to the religious freedom of the Christians of the Greek Church, putting arms in the hands of Russia?—pointing out to her vast territories, the priceless gem of the whole world stretching out before her; and do you not actually, while seeming to oppose, place all of them within her grasp?"

Three more pamphlets, one entitled "Hints on the Solution of the Eastern Question;" another, "The Eastern Question in relation to the Restoration of a Greek Empire;" and the third, put forth in French at Athens, called "A Few Words on the Eastern Question," have been published in advocacy of Hellenic interests, and the same interests are now represented in this country in a weekly paper called the *Eastern Star*.

We have also "The Turks in Europe; a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire," by Bayle St. John (Chapman and Hall), at once explicit and detailed in its condemnation of the ignorance, incapacity, and misrule of the Turks, attesting the impossibility of the Ottoman empire continuing to exist as part of the European system, and embracing the purely Hellenic side of the question. To this we have only to answer, that the Hellenic Greeks in European Turkey are at the best only as 1,000,000 to 12,000,000 Slavonian, Illyrian, and Rumanian Greeks. They are neither as warlike as the Servians or other mountaineers, nor as industrious or persevering as the Bulgarians, and barely excelling the Rumanian in the arts of life. Their claim could only be a separate Byzantine or Macedonian nationality, or an incorporation with the kingdom of Greece. Events will, however, no doubt precipitate measures. In a war of religion, the bigoted Turk will assail every Christian alike, and more especially his Rayah subjects, whom he suspects of sympathy with the Muscovite. The Greek, backed by the hostile demonstration of Russia and its avowed religious sympathies, will retort, collisions will occur, and numerous complications of the so-called Eastern question will speedily arise, among which may be enumerated the further sources of complication arising from the fanaticism of the Turks themselves, which only the other day threatened the stability of the empire, and which cannot yet but be productive of excesses that will hasten the fate of Osmanli dominion. According to the latest information, mediation was for the moment triumphant. The three following points are said to be established:—1. That Reshid Pasha signs the Russian ultimatum. (It was certain that Russia would gain its point notwithstanding the presence of the fleets.) 2. That the fleets of the naval powers retire from the Ægean Sea. 3. That the Emperor of Russia declares to the Porte that he purposes never to make the concessions on the part of Turkey a pretext for interfering in Turkish temporal affairs, and in any way prejudicing the sovereignty of the Sultan. No mention is here made of an evacuation of the principalities. On the contrary, the emperor is fortifying the military stations along the Danube, and avowedly intends to prolong the occupation till he is indemnified for

the expenses incurred in litigation and oppression. As the first instalment of the indemnification for similar expenses incurred in 1848, 49, and 50, has only as yet been paid, two indemnifications will be incurred, and the principalities mortgaged beyond power of redemption. Such is the policy of Russia: she gains her ultimatum and two provinces, and she awaits, with an armed front on the Danube, the progress of events.

Of works of a different character, and not especially adapted to the present crisis, may be mentioned "*The Ansyreeh and Ismaeleeh: a Visit to the Secret Sects of Northern Syria; with a view to the Establishment of Schools.*" By the Rev. Samuel Lyde, B.A., late chaplain of the Anglican Church at Beyrout. (Hurst and Blackett.) A very interesting work, devoted to an excellent purpose—that of raising a so-called Ansyreeh Fund. This fund is to be devoted to the foundation of a mission and the establishment of schools among these curious sectarians, whose vaunted secret, Mr. Lyde justly enough says, probably consists of nothing more than a few unintelligible prayers, a medley of Christianity and Muhammadanism, and a trivial, if not obscene rite. The only objection we have to make to this little unassuming work is, that by a principle only recently introduced among travellers, and which cannot be too energetically denounced and too loudly condemned, Mr. Lyde passes over altogether without notice the much more extensive labours and inquiries of the Hon. Mr. Walpole in the same field. This is a system that will never do.

Another work connected with the East is designated "*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon,*" by Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi, M.R.C.S., and Associate of King's College. (James Madden.) It is written, as the name indicates, by a native Syrian, who describes his early career and national associations, intermingling with his pictures all the small-talk and scandal of the Levant, more especially detailing the circumstances connected with the strange marriage of a well-known military gentleman; the eccentricities of Sayid Ali, formerly one of the interpreters to the Euphrates' expedition; the amours and intrigues of "an old English official," and the vulgar exactions of some English travellers. We doubt very much one statement—viz., that at the bombardment of Acre the Egyptian and Syrian soldiery did not resist the British—nay, even spiked their guns, because the said British were fighting for the Sultan. Risk Allah might as well tell us that the Egyptians, Syrians, and Arabs, let the Turks beat them at Nizib because they, the said Turks, were fighting for the Sultan. It happened, unfortunately, that the Egyptians and Syrians beat the Turks. The guns Risk Allah saw spiked were most likely so disabled by our boat parties that effected a gallant landing at more than one point during the engagement.

The remainder of Risk Allah's work is occupied with details of his visit to this country, the kindness shown to him, and his education and social successes. These reflect the highest credit upon his general character and abilities. The work has been revised for the press by the Reverend Mr. Witts, and it attests how much has been made of the author by the noble and the educated of the land. The raising of a fund for the establishment of a hospital and schools at Bayrut is also earnestly advocated.

# NAPOLEON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE.\*

HITHERTO the story of Napoleon's captivity has been told by writers whose object was not to make known the truth, but to exalt the character of their hero, and depreciate that of Sir Hudson Lowe. O'Meara, Las Cases, Montholon, and Antommarchi, had each of them well-known and well-appreciated causes for ill-feeling against the Governor of St. Helena. O'Meara was removed from his post of physician to Napoleon, and afterwards dismissed from the navy, for conduct at utter variance with his duty; Antommarchi was offended at being subjected to the same regulations as the captives, and at Sir Hudson Lowe's pressing upon the attendants of Napoleon the necessity of having recourse to additional medical advice when his illness became serious; Las Cases and Montholon were fellow-exiles and sufferers with Napoleon. The records of Sir Hudson Lowe's administration, now first laid before the public, attest a constant system of double espionage on the part of O'Meara, unfair to the governor, unworthy of the man, and discreditable to the government that fostered it; and, on the part of Las Cases and Montholon, an incessant hostility to everything emanating from the British authorities, a peevish and ill-natured view of everything done alike for their comfort or for the security of the ex-Emperor, and a constant misrepresentation of facts, purposely made, in order to embitter the feelings of Napoleon against Sir Hudson, and, in consonance with Napoleon's own inclinations, to place his governor before the world in the light of a tyrant, and himself as a victim and martyr.

There can, in the present day, be no doubt of these facts. Napoleon was certainly no hero at St. Helena; his dissensions shrink into the very smallest proportions. His own countryman—De Lamartine—has been fain to acknowledge it. No doubt Sir Hudson Lowe had his faults: we all know the irritating coldness with which some persons, inflated with a sense of responsibility—from the little Jack-in-office to really high authorities—will perform the duties of the state, as if state and people were always in opposition, or whoever they were put in authority over were from that moment a lower order of creation than themselves. Sir Hudson Lowe's manners were evidently to the highest degree repulsive to the lively, intriguing, energetic Frenchmen; they goaded Napoleon to an unwonted degree of irritation. Montholon describes Napoleon as always expressing regret for his violence upon occasions of interviews with Sir Hudson, but he used to add, "Their phlegm leads me on, and I say more than I ought." Las Cases also reports Napoleon as saying, "I must receive this officer no more; he puts me in a passion; it is beneath my dignity; expressions escape me which would have been unpardonable at the Tuileries; if they can at all be excused here, it is because I am in his hands, and subject to his power." On another occasion he said, "Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some amendment. Never during the period of my power did I speak harshly to any one without afterwards saying something to make amends for it. But here I uttered

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\* History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public. By William Forsyth, M.A. 3 vols. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the governor proved himself very insensible to my severity ; his delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him ; but I found nothing of the kind." The two characters were indeed utterly irreconcilable.

Not that Sir Hudson Lowe—the *bête noire* of all Frenchmen—is to be blamed for peculiarity of disposition ; no other governor would have met with better treatment at the hands of the imperial prisoner. The same line of conduct was shown towards Sir George Cockburn. "The policy at Longwood," justly remarks Mr. Forsyth, the editor of the Hudson Lowe papers, "was a policy of deception and intrigue. It was a desperate attempt by Napoleon to create sufficient sympathy in Europe to render probable the chance of his removal from his ocean prison ; and to attain this end no calumny was deemed too gross—no misrepresentation was thought too mean." "My good friend," said General Montholon one day to Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Jackson, at St. Helena, who told him that Sir Hudson Lowe had refrained from appointing him orderly officer at Longwood out of delicacy to Napoleon, because he was then only a lieutenant—"my good friend, you have had a fortunate escape ; for had you come hither as an orderly officer, we would most assuredly have ruined your reputation. It is a part of our system, *et que voulez dire ?*" The whole affair of the sale of plate at Longwood, which excited so much sympathy at the time, was a manœuvre of Napoleon's to create false sympathy for himself, and draw public odium upon Sir Hudson Lowe.

To prove this, we shall cite a witness whose testimony *here* admits of no dispute. O'Meara himself shall reveal the truth. In vain, however, shall we search his printed pages for the real explanation of the circumstance. There we find nothing to lead the reader to believe that the sale was caused by anything but want of food. And yet he had himself written, on the 23rd of September, to Sir Thomas Reade, "You know they have taken out the Eagles, and beaten up into a mass a portion of the plate, openly and avowedly for the purpose of providing money, in order to cover expenses over and above the government allowance. *The object they have in view in this is very evident, and does not require me to point it out to you.*" And again, in a private letter to his friend Mr. Finlaison, on the 10th of October, after mentioning that the French at Longwood daily spent more than the government allowance, to meet which outlay Bonaparte had caused some of his plate to be broken up, he adds,—"*In this he has also a wish to excite an odium against the governor, by saying that he has been obliged to sell his plate in order to provide against starvation, AS HE HIMSELF TOLD ME WAS HIS OBJECT.*"

Las Cases also bears evidence to the same policy. In a *suppressed* passage of the count's journal, eliminated by Sir Hudson Lowe, he says : "We had nothing left us but moral weapons ; that to make the most effective use of these it was necessary to reduce to a *system* our demeanour, our words, our sentiments, *even to our privations* ; that a large population in Europe would take a lively interest in our behalf ; that the opposition in England would not fail to attack the ministry on the violence of their conduct towards us." De Lamartine felt this, and added : "The desire of provoking insult by insult, and of afterwards exhibiting these insults as crimes to the indignation of the Continent, and of making Sir Hudson Lowe the Pilate of this Napoleonic Calvary, is plainly evident

in all those letters." The truth was told by Count Montholon when he said to Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, who visited him at his château of Frémigny, near Arpajon, in France, after their return to Europe, "*Mon cher ami, un angel from heaven could not have pleased us as governor of St. Helena.*"

The *Northumberland* arrived at St. Helena with Napoleon Bonaparte on board on the 15th of October, 1815; so early as the 5th of November Count Bertrand addressed a long official paper to Sir George Cockburn, protesting, in the name of his master, against the whole proceedings of the English government towards the ex-Emperor and his suite, and complaining of the regulations to which they were subjected. The complaints were directed against trifles, such as bad accommodation, want of a bath, and of saddle-horses, but they also comprised two serious items: firstly, the constant surveillance of the ex-Emperor and his party; and secondly, the disavowal of Napoleon Bonaparte's claim to consideration as an ex-Emperor. "You oblige me officially to explain to you," wrote Sir George Cockburn, in answer to the "Grand Maréchal's" letter, "that I have no cognisance of any Emperor being actually upon this island, or of any person possessing such dignity, having (as stated by you) come hither with me in the *Northumberland*." This was a mere piece of official affectation, and we quite agree with the editor, that it was puerile in us to ignore a title by which Napoleon will be known in history as certainly as Augustus or Charlemagne. It was impolitic, also, as it gave rise to a constant source of irritation and vexation. Again, also, as to an equally grievous source of annoyance and vexation—the close surveillance of the persons of the exiles—posterity will undoubtedly agree that it was carried to a ridiculous and most irritating extreme. There can be no doubt that Napoleon and his suite would have tampered with whosoever they came near; but on such a mere rock in the ocean, its shores well guarded, and its coast screened at every side by men-of-war, what evil could have possibly come of the free run of the island? The measures pursued in this respect towards Napoleon were as impolitic as they were absurd and uncalled for.

On the 20th of December, Sir George Cockburn went to Longwood, but the ex-Emperor would not receive him, he was so angry at the restrictions placed upon him, and he ordered Count Montholon to write a series of complaints on the subject—complaints urged in so offensive a manner as to have drawn a strong recriminatory answer from the admiral. Another grievance bitterly complained of by the prisoners was, that all letters whatsoever written by them, or directed to them, must be first delivered to the governor. Sir George Cockburn appealed to his "instructions" upon the point, which were definite; yet Sir Hudson Lowe was afterwards accused of having innovated in this practice upon his predecessor.

It is quite evident that Sir George Cockburn and his measures were as displeasing to Napoleon as any that were put in force by the much-maligned Sir Hudson. O'Meara, in the correspondence with Mr. Finlaison of the Admiralty—a correspondence which throws a very different light upon his character than that which is shed by his published journals—records Napoleon as having said: "Who is the admiral? I never heard his name mentioned as conquering in battle, either singly or in general action." 'Tis true he has rendered his name infamous in America,



which I heard of, and he will render it so here on this detestable rock." And then he added: "Next to your government exiling me here, the worst thing they could have done, and the most insufferable to my feelings, is sending me such a man as him!"

Napoleon fully detested Sir George Cockburn as much as he did Sir Hudson Lowe. And the origin of the feeling can be easily understood. That, however, it was not creditable to him as a man, there can be no difference of opinion. Still less so was it worthy of Napoleon the Great. "In reading," says Lamartine, "with attention the correspondence and notes exchanged on every pretext between the attendants on Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, one is confounded at the insults, the provocations, and the invectives with which the captive and his friends outraged the governor at every turn." It would have been the same with any governor. As Las Cases said: "*Les détails de Ste. Hélène sont peu de chose; c'est d'y être qui est la grande affaire.*"

Sir Hudson Lowe's first visit was attended by a slight incident, almost ridiculous in its character, but which gave rise to considerable ill-feeling, and curiously illustrates the petty intrigues of the ex-courtiers at Longwood. Sir Hudson Lowe's account of the affair, given in a letter to Sir Henry Bunbury, is as follows:

In order that there might be no mistake respecting the appointment being for Sir George Cockburn as well as myself, I distinctly specified to Bertrand that we should go up together. We went, were received in the outer room by Bertrand, who almost immediately ushered me into Bonaparte's apartment. I had been conversing with him for nearly half an hour, when, on his asking me if I had brought with me the Regent's speech, I turned round to ask Sir George Cockburn if I had not given it to him, and observed to my surprise that he had not followed me into the room. On going out I found Sir George in the ante-chamber much irritated. He told me that Bertrand had almost shut the door in his face as he was following me into the room; that a servant had put his arm across him. He said he would have forced his way, but that he was expecting I would have turned round to see if he was following me, when he supposed I would have insisted on our entering the room together. I told him I knew nothing of his not being in the same room until Bonaparte asked me for the Regent's speech; that I had not turned round before, nor would it have ever occurred to me to do so, not having any suspicion of what was passing. Bonaparte was ready to receive him after I had left the room, but he would not go in. Bertrand and Montholon have been with him since, making apologies; but the admiral, I believe, is still not quite satisfied about it. I mention these particulars for your private information, in the event of anything being said upon them, either in an official or private manner, by the admiral.

In his published account, O'Meara says that "Sir Hudson Lowe started up, and stepped forward so hastily, that he entered the room before Sir George Cockburn was well apprised of it. The door was then closed; and when the admiral presented himself, the valet, not having heard his name called, told him he could not enter." In his correspondence with Mr. Finlaison, he gives a different version of the same affair. "After a few minutes' delay, Sir Hudson was called and went in, but on the admiral's attempting to follow him, the servant whose office it is to announce, stopped him, and actually put his hand close to his breast to prevent his entering, telling him at the same time that the Emperor wished to see the governor alone."

Count Las Cases says that Napoleon was delighted with the circumstance. He burst into a fit of laughter, rubbed his hands, and exhibited

the joy of a child—of a schoolboy who had successfully played off a trick on his master. “Ah! my good Noverraz,” said he, “you have done a clever thing for once in your life. He had heard me say that I would not see the admiral again, and he thought he was bound to shut the door in his face. This is delightful!” Count Montholon, however, describes Napoleon’s conduct very differently, and as having been much more becoming his character:—“The oversight of the valet grieved him (*le peina*). He charged O’Meara to say so to Sir George Cockburn, and even sent one of us to express to him his regret.” O’Meara, on his side, makes no mention of being charged with such a message; but he says in his Admiralty correspondence, that “Montholon went the next day to the admiral full of excuses, which I believe to be all lies and (to coincide with ?) his own views, and not authorized by Bonaparte.”

When Sir Hudson Lowe arrived at St. Helena he found the accounts of Mr. Balcombe, purveyor to the ex-Emperor’s house, to amount to somewhere between 13,000*l.* and 16,000*l.* a year. This, it appears, was incurred by the love of good cheer and good wines. There were altogether fifty-one persons, of whom nine alone, with four children, were of his family; the rest, with the exception of two officers in attendance upon Napoleon, were servants. This expenditure Sir Hudson Lowe was most anxious to reduce within the bounds of moderation. Government, thinking that some of the followers would weary of their exile, and that the attendance might be made to undergo reduction, limited the allowance to 8000*l.*; but this was found to be so utterly inadequate, that Sir Hudson added 4000*l.* a year on his own responsibility; yet this unfortunate reduction became the theme of constant wrangling and recrimination.

The following is O’Meara’s description of the style of living of the French exiles, and serves to explain the immense expenditure incurred for their table. We shall look in vain through his printed pages for a passage in which he calls them, “except one or two, the greatest gluttons and epicures he ever saw.”

“With respect to the allowance within which all the expenses were directed to be comprised, viz., 8000*l.* sterling per annum, to which Sir Hudson Lowe has, *on his own responsibility*, since added 4000*l.* yearly, in my opinion a due regard has not been paid to circumstances, and I do not think even this latter sum will be sufficient. The ministers, when they fixed 8000*l.* as the maximum of expenses, doubtless thought that almost all the generals and their families would embrace the opportunity offered them of leaving him, which, however, has not been the case, and in consequence Sir Hudson increased the sum to 12,000*l.* Perhaps it may be thought presumption in me to offer an opinion about a matter which, doubtless, abler heads than mine have maturely discussed; but nevertheless I will venture to suggest something which might perhaps tend to explain why it is not sufficient. You perhaps are not aware of the French mode of living and their cookery; they have, in fact, two dinners every day—one at eleven or twelve o’clock, to which joints, roast and boiled, with all their various hashes, ragouts, fricasees, &c., are served up, with wine and liqueurs, and another at eight p.m., which only differs from the first in being supplied with more dishes. Besides these two meals, they all have (except Bonaparte himself, who only eats twice a day, certainly very heartily) something like an English breakfast in bed, at between eight and nine o’clock in the morning, and a luncheon with wine at four or five in the afternoon. The common notion of the English eating more animal food than the French is most incorrect. I am convinced that between their two dinners and luncheon they consume three or four times as much as any English family

composed of a similar number of persons. These two dinners then, the first of which they have separately, in their respective rooms, cause a great consumption of meat and wine, which, together with their mode of cookery, require a great quantity of either oil or butter—both of which are excessively dear in this place (and you may as well attempt to deprive an *Irishman* of *potatoes* as a *Frenchman* of his *oil*, or some substitute for it). Their '*soupes consommées*' (for they are, except one or two, the greatest gluttons and epicures I ever saw), producing great waste of meat in a place where the necessities of life are so dear, altogether render necessary a very great expenditure of money daily."

Sir George Cockburn bears testimony to the fact that they consumed more than a hundred dozen of wines of various kinds on the way to St. Helena. At the island they were always complaining: the beef was tough, the fowls like crows, the quantity of everything was insufficient, and the quality bad. One day General Gourgaud shot a pig; another, Napoleon himself shot a bullock. J. Legg, the purveyor of Longwood with beef, found the French so "very difficult to please," that he soon declined killing any more. Sir Hudson Lowe merely remarked upon these complaints, that there was some truth in them, and "the governor is constantly abused both as to the quantity and quality of the provisions, as if he could have always had access to a regularly-supplied European market. The difficulties in this respect are little understood in Europe." O'Meara, in a letter to Sir Thomas Reade, which is much in contradiction to the sentiments expressed in his book, says of these matters: "They are sufficiently malignant to impute all these things to the governor, instead of setting them down as being owing to the neglect or carelessness of some of Balcombe's people. Every little circumstance is carried directly to Bonaparte, with every aggravation that malignity and falsehood can suggest to evil-disposed and cankered minds."

It was, in fact, this system of misrepresentation and calumny perpetually at work at Longwood, superadded to a systematic plan of blackening the character of the *employés*, that made it impossible that things should work well. It was not only that there was open hostility to the authorities, there was also discord within Longwood itself. O'Meara wrote, on the passage out, of the ladies: "They mostly hate each other, and I am the depository of their complaints, especially Madame Bertrand's, who is like a tigress deprived of her young whenever she perceives me doing any service for Madame Montholon." Sir Hudson Lowe bears testimony to the same state of things:

"There is not one of them who has not shown a disposition to elude the execution of the established regulations, and abuse the indulgences granted them—but none more so than the one from whom I least expected it, the Count Las Cases; who, feeling his own confinement here miserable and wretched, is known to be constantly increasing the irritation of Bonaparte's mind by all manner of complaints and misrepresentations, and has recently had a quarrel with General Gourgaud on this very ground. They are, besides, all at variance together, and, I feel almost assured, give Bonaparte himself more disquiet than comfort."

There can be no doubt as to the unhappy terms upon which the French lived with each other at Longwood. Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Jackson, who resided there for some time with the orderly officer, says: "The Court of Longwood, like the *entourage* of more powerful sovereigns, was not free from jealousies, envy, and much uncharitableness. . . . Generals Bertrand and Montholon were never

on friendly terms, while the latter and Gourgaud were at openly avowed enmity; and it is a fact that the two ladies, the Countesses Bertrand and De Montholon, only interchanged formal calls perhaps once or twice a year." These disagreements are also mentioned by Count Montholon, and repeatedly by Count Las Cases in his Journal. Napoleon found much difficulty in preserving order among his followers, who proceeded so far as to challenge each other. General Gourgaud's situation was made so miserable by Count Montholon that he was obliged to leave Longwood, and he returned to Europe in March, 1818.

Sir Hudson Lowe having heard that Napoleon was indisposed, had a second interview, to offer the assistance of a medical officer. Such an offer was not only indignantly refused, but it is evident, from what subsequently occurred, that it was either Napoleon's fixed idea that the offer of medical assistance was only an excuse to poison him, or else he assumed such a conviction for purposes of his own.

Matters, indeed, soon came to a crisis between the ex-Emperor and his guardian. The last interview between the two occurred in presence of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and is thus described by Sir Hudson Lowe:

"Having called at Longwood in company with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, we found General Bonaparte was walking in his garden. He went off immediately as he saw us; but having inquired for Count Montholon, and sent a message by him to say we were there, Bonaparte returned to the garden, and the admiral and myself joined him. He spoke solely to the admiral, in which I made no attempt to interrupt him, but, profiting by the first interval of silence, I commenced, and addressed him as follows:—'That I was sorry to be under the necessity of saying anything which tended to incommode him, but I was placed under such peculiar circumstances, from the conduct towards me of General Bertrand, that it became a matter of indispensable necessity I should make known the details of it to him, and endeavour to establish some rule for my future communications in regard to his affairs. He was aware of the instructions I had received from my own government in regard to the expenses of his establishment.'"

Sir Hudson Lowe related to him what had occurred between Counts Montholon and Bertrand on the subject, and described Count Bertrand's rude demeanour and offensive expressions. He then observed to Napoleon:

"It was obvious, after this, I could have no further communication with General Bertrand, and I thought it proper to call and acquaint him of it; that, whatever might have been General Bertrand's personal feelings towards me, I called upon him by the desire of the person whom he acknowledged as his Emperor to speak of *his* business; that it was a failure of respect to him as well as to me; that I wished in consequence to learn with whom it was his desire I should in future communicate on questions of such nature in regard to his affairs. General Bonaparte made no reply for so considerable a space of time that I thought he did not mean to speak at all; but, finally, in a hollow, angry tone of voice, commenced a string of remarks to the following purport, addressing himself entirely to the admiral:

"General Bertrand is a man who has commanded armies, and he treats him as if he were a corporal; he is a man well known throughout Europe, and he (the governor) had no right to insult him. He did perfectly right in speaking about the prohibition against sending letters, and was justified in engaging in a discussion on that subject. He (Sir Hudson Lowe) treats us all as if we were deserters from the Royal Corsican or some Italian regiment; he has insulted Marshal Bertrand, and he deserved what the marshal said to him.' I repeated what I had said in a former conversation—that General Bertrand had first insulted me; that in the conversation which had passed nothing could be more temperate and moderate than my language to him, as could be testi-

fied by my military secretary, who was present at the interview; that I had said nothing which, in tone or manner, could justify the reply he gave to me. He recommenced his reproaches of my having written insulting letters to General Bertrand, and provoked him to say to me what he did. I again referred to his having first written an insulting one to me; that he had said I rendered his (Bonaparte's) situation 'affreuse;' had accused me of 'abus de pouvoir et injustice.' I then added, 'I am a subject of a free government. Every kind of despotism and tyranny I hold in abhorrence, and I will repel every accusation of my conduct in this respect as a calumny against him whom it is impossible to attack with the arms of truth.' He stopped a little on my making this observation, but soon resumed, addressing himself to the admiral, and with language more bitter than before: 'There are two kinds of people,' he said, 'employed by governments—those whom they honour, and those whom they dishonour; he is one of the latter; the situation they have given him is that of an executioner.' I answered, 'I perfectly understand this kind of manœuvre—endeavour to brand with infamy, if one cannot attack with other arms. I am perfectly indifferent to all this. I did not seek my present employment; but, it being offered to me, I considered it a sacred duty to accept it.'—Then, said he, 'if the order were given you to assassinate me, you would accept it?'—'No, sir.' He again proceeded (to the admiral), and said I had rendered his situation forty times worse than it was before my arrival; that, though he had some disputes with Sir George Cockburn, he always treated him in a different manner; that they were content with each other, but that I did not know how to conduct myself towards men of honour; that I had put General Bertrand under arrest in his own house; and had taken away from him the permission to give passes to Longwood. The admiral said it was Sir George Cockburn who had done this. Bonaparte replied, 'No, sir; he told you so' (alluding to me), 'but it is not true.' The admiral again told him it was not me, but Sir George Cockburn, had told him so. Bonaparte then said he could not even write a billet de galanterie to my Lady Malcolm without my seeing it; that he could not now have a woman come to see him without my permission; and that he could not see the lieutenant-colonel and the officers of the 53rd. I interrupted him here by saying he had refused to see the lieutenant-colonel and the officers of the 66th regiment. If they wanted to see him, he answered, why did they not apply to the 'Grand Maréchal?' I had mentioned it to General Bertrand, I observed. 'But the lieutenant-colonel ought to have spoken to him, and not to you.' He again broke out into invectives on my mode of treatment; said I had no feeling; that the soldiers of the 53rd looked upon him with compassion, and wept ('pleuraient') when they passed him. Continuing, he said to the admiral, 'He kept back a book which had been sent me by a member of parliament, and then boasted of it.'—'How boasted of it?' I exclaimed, struck with the falsehood of the assertion. 'Yes, sir' (interrupting me), 'you boasted of it to the governor of the Island of Bourbon; he told me so. You took hold of him' (he said) 'on his arrival here, and made him believe that you were on the best footing with us all, and treated us all particularly well; but this was not true.' He was proceeding with a further repetition of what had passed between Colonel Keating and him, when the admiral interrupted him with a defence of my not having sent the book to him; said a book with such an inscription on it I could not send, and that I ought not to have been made the instrument of delivering it to him. The admiral added, 'Colonel Keating was wrong in mentioning such a thing to him.' 'Yes,' he said, 'in one to boast of it, and the other to repeat it.' He then remarked that I had sent letters to him with the title of Emperor. 'Yes,' replied I, 'but they came from the Secretary of State's office, and were from your own relations or former subjects, and not from English persons. I am personally acquainted with the gentleman who sent the book; he left it to my choice to send it or not, and I am certain he will fully approve of what I did in not sending it.' He paused at this, and dropped the topic. He again addressed himself to the admiral; accused me of having published the contents of a letter he had received from

his mother. The admiral defended me; said he knew I never published the contents of any private letters received from his family. I replied, it was not me that had done so; it must have been his own people that did it; that everything was misrepresented to him. 'You have *bad people about you*, sir,' I said. The admiral shortly afterwards repeated a similar remark, saying, 'You have *bad people around you*.' He appeared to me struck at both our observations in this respect, and made no attempt to reply, but went on again in his strain of invective, general and personal; told me, as he had done once before, 'You are a lieutenant-general, but you perform your duty as if you were a sentinel; there is no dealing with you; you are a most intractable man. If you are afraid that I should escape, why do you not bind me?' I answered, I merely executed my instructions; that, if my conduct was disapproved of, I might be readily removed. 'Your instructions are the same as Sir George Cockburn's,' he replied; 'he told me they were the same.' He said he was to be treated as a prisoner of war; that the ministers had no right to treat him in any other way than as prescribed by the Act of Parliament; that the nation was disposed to treat him well, but ministers acted otherwise; accused me of being a mere instrument of the blind hatred of Lord Bathurst. I remarked, 'Lord Bathurst, sir, does not know what blind hatred (*haine aveugle*) is.' He talked about our calling him general; said he was 'Empereur'; that, when England and Europe should be no more, and no such name known as Lord Bathurst, he would still be Emperor. He told me he always went out of the way to avoid me, and had twice pretended to be in the bath that he might not see me. 'You want money; I have none, except in the hands of my friends; but I cannot send my letters.' He attacked me about the note which had been sent back to Count Bertrand, saying, 'You had no right to put him under arrest; you never commanded armies; you were nothing but the scribe of an *Etat-Major*. I had imagined I should be well among the English, but you are not an Englishman.' He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, 'You make me smile, sir.'—'How smile, sir?' he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and, looking at me, added, 'I say what I think.'—'Yes, sir,' I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt, and looking at him, 'you force me to smile. Your misconception of my character and the rudeness of your manners excite my *pity*. I wish you good day;' and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation.

"The admiral quitted him immediately afterwards with a salute of the hat."

Imagine the conqueror of Jena and Austerlitz exposed to the pity of one whom he described in bitter military spirit as a *Scribe d'Etat Major*! It was evident that the two could never meet again, nor did they, at least to speak to one another, till death took his imperial victim.

The subsequent records refer mainly to further complaints and remonstrances on the part of the exiles; the breaking up of plate for sale for the acknowledged purport of awakening sympathy for their condition; alterations made by Sir Hudson Lowe in the regulations; the discovery of clandestine correspondence and arrest of Las Cases (according to O'Meara, not in his book, but in the Admiralty correspondence, a mere stratagem to get away from St. Helena); conversations with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, among which the details of the proposed plan of invasion of this country will be especially interesting to English readers; dissensions with O'Meara; Napoleon's self-incarceration, and failure of health; plans of escape; arrival of Dr. Antommarchi and his priests; progress of his fatal illness, and his death and funeral.

"While he was dying," it is here recorded, "a violent hurricane swept over the island, which shook many of the houses to their foundations, and tore up some of the largest trees. As the tempest raged and howled, it

seemed as if the spirit of the storm rode upon the blast to tell the world that—

A mighty power had passed away  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

And the warring elements without were an emblem of the thoughts that occupied the mind of the expiring chief. They still turned to the strife of the battle-field, and with the words *Tête d'Armée* on his lips, his spirit passed away for ever from dreams of earthly conquest to meet its Creator and its Judge."

It is needless to sum up the effect produced upon the mind by the perusal of a work like this. It tells its own tale, and that chiefly in minutiae that will be best generalised by the reader himself. As an account of the captivity of Napoleon, it is without a rival in the fidelity of its details, its admirable pictures of the ex-Emperor, and its general veracity; and as such, it comprises a page in history, with a lingering and painful interest associated therewith, which, like everything that is great and tragical, binds us to it, whether we like it or not.

## A N A L L E G O R Y.

BY DR. SCOFFERN.

A TORRENT from the mountain-snow  
Rush'd wildly, wildly on,  
And fell into the vale below,  
And rippled—and was gone.

Then flowing by through shade and sun  
In many a sportive wave,  
It pass'd earth's flowers one by one  
Towards its ocean grave.

Onwards, still onwards to the sea,  
Through dell and mossy grove,  
Far from the blooming flowers away,  
The torrent's waters move.

Its ocean home is gained at last,  
The blue and mighty deep,  
Rolling before the tempest's blast,  
Or cradled as in sleep.

Free as the ocean's wave to move,  
This little mountain stream  
Rises in wreathing clouds above  
Upon a sunbeam's gleam.

The flowers that graced it as it flowed  
Are faded, dead, and gone;  
Yet think not that yon fleeting cloud  
Wanders in space alone.

The odours of the flowers are there,  
Embalm'd in sparkling dew,  
Sweeter than when so bright and fair  
In yonder vale they grew.

Thus will it be with those who love,  
When life's short hours have flown;  
Though fortune sever, death remove,  
Spirits will seek their own.

## THE MOORS IN SPAIN.\*

WHEN the Arabs spread themselves like a deluge over Spain, the only portion of the country that remained unassailed was the Basque provinces: Upper Navarre, Guipuscoa, and Biscay. Asturia, a great part of Galicia, and the northern frontier districts of Castille—in short, the whole country to the north of the chain of mountains which extends from the Pyrenees to the promontory of Finisterre—were regained within the space of forty years by Pelayo, his son Favila, and his successor, Alphonso the Catholic. The Arabs, who had not found sufficient time to settle themselves firmly in those provinces, disappeared again from them, without leaving a trace of their presence behind them; and although they returned on several occasions during the next centuries into these provinces, it was not in the character of conquerors, but of freebooters; and even if they were successful in various attacks—as, for instance, in carrying off the treasures of St. Jago-di Compostella—they scarce ever made an attempt to maintain possession of the towns they had taken by surprise. A settled Arabic population only resided momentarily beyond the northern mountains; 50,000 Arabs, who had taken refuge in Leon, after an unsuccessful rebellion in Merida, in 830, were settled in Galicia by Alphonso the Modest, but soon afterwards killed to a man, through being suspected of traitorous designs. With the exception of this attempt at colonisation, no other Arabs made their appearance in these provinces, save nomade tribes of warriors and isolated slaves, who could leave no lasting impression on the soil, which they only transiently traversed.

The Arabs were entirely expelled at the commencement of the ninth century from the provinces they had held on the southern side of the Pyrenees, and from a greater portion of Catalonia. In these districts, when their rule had lasted near one hundred years, many traces of them could be found, of which some are recognisable at the present day, especially in topographical names; as, for instance, in that of the fortress of Barcelona—Atarazanas.

Although Alphonso the Catholic had, in the middle of the eighth century, undertaken successful expeditions far beyond the Duero, still nearly three hundred years elapsed before the country between this stream and the Asturian mountains was finally regained. In Leon and Old Castille the Arabic rule had, doubtlessly, taken deeper root in the course of so many generations, than it had done in the previously mentioned provinces; but the Mohammedan population, which had been raised under their protection, disappeared utterly before the Christian conquerors. They were either cut down or expelled; and wherever a few fragments remained they were speedily converted into slaves. It was not till the Spaniards had made enduring conquests on the southern bank of the Duero, in the middle of the eleventh century, that they commenced to spare the dense Mohammedan population they found there, and suffer them to remain in their abodes as taxable subjects. The town of Sena was the first whose inhabitants obtained a capitulation on these terms. This humanity, or, if we will, this wise policy, which the Arabs had settled as an established rule from their first landing in Spain, was, however, a rare excep-

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\* Die Moriscos in Spanien. Von A. L. von Rochau. Williams and Norgate.



tion with the Spaniards of the eleventh century. The conquest of Portugal up to the Mondejo, and of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon as far as the Guadarrama mountains, speedily ensued; and before the end of the eleventh century the Tagus was the border of the Christian empire.

While the Castilian dominions were being thus extended towards the south, the state of Arragon was being formed at the foot of the Pyrenees; and the first king of this new province, Sancho, was summoned, in 1076, to the throne of Navarre. With the united strength of these two principalities, the territory of the Ebro, which the Arabs had till then maintained, was gained for Arragon. Monzon, Huesca, and Barbastro fell, between 1089 and 1101, into the hands of the Arragonese, who immediately converted all the mosques into churches, and annihilated the whole Arabic population. Encouraged by this success, and by the capitulation of Zaragoza, Alphonso of Arragon determined on a crusade against Granada, which, however, ended in his defeat.

Arragon and Catalonia became united under one king, in the person of Raymond Berengarius; and he acquired sufficient strength thereby to drive the Arabs from the Lower Ebro. Tortosa, Mequinenza, Lerida, and Fraga were taken in 1148 and 1149, and the conquest of the present Catalonia was completed. About the same time the kingdom of Arragon was formed in its present extent, by the occupation of Albarracin and a few neighbouring districts.

The conquest of Portugal had not advanced so rapidly as that of Castile and Leon. While the upper part of the Tagus had been long in the occupation of the Christians, the lower, and the mouth of the river, were still held by the Arabs. In 1148 the Portuguese conquered Lisbon by the help of some German crusaders, and the Arabs were compelled to quit it, with the exception of a small body of the poorer class, who were confined to an especial quarter—an arrangement which was repeatedly imitated afterwards. After the capture of Lisbon, the rest of Portugal, to the north of the Tagus, was conquered within a short time, and, on the left bank of this river, Evora, Elvas, Albuquerque, and Ourique shared the fate of the capital, so that the Portuguese arms were not at all behind the Castilian in their victorious course towards the south.

For one hundred and twenty-five years the Tagus, and the chain of mountains running along its left bank, remained the frontier of the kingdoms of Leon and Castile. Although the Spaniards made a few conquests to the southward of this line, still these aggrandisements, and even the later fall of Badajoz, were of short duration; the Spaniards were always driven back on the Sierra di Toledo and the Tagus, and the Arabs even advanced in their predatory forays as far as the Duero, without, however, being able to maintain their ground to the north of the Tagus.

Through the great victory at Las Navas de Tolosa in the year 1212, the Arabs were driven for ever beyond the Sierra Morena. The Mohammedan population gave way *en masse* before the victors, who desolated the conquered land with fire and sword, cut down the garrisons of the fortresses, burned the sick and wounded of the Moorish army in Baeza, and murdered or made slaves of 60,000 in Ubeda, after a first capitulation had been broken, by the persuasion of the ecclesiastics in the Christian army, as contradicting the commands of God and the canon law.

Hunger and pestilence, the consequences of their own passion for destruction, rendered it impossible for the Christians to maintain their ground to the south of the Sierra Morena. While, however, compelled to give

up Andalusia again, they succeeded in making a few conquests in Spanish Estremadura, which had remained for the greater part in the possession of the Arabs. Alcantara, on the Tagus, was taken in 1213; but the Spaniards did not obtain firm ground on the Guadiana till seventeen years after, by capturing Merida and Badajoz.

About the same date, Baeza was taken for the second time. The whole population fled to Granada, and founded there the suburb of Albaycin, which plays a very important part in the later history of Granada.

From 1229 the Arragonese employed six years in subjugating the Balearic islands, then exclusively held by the Arabs. The system of desolation carried on by the Christians must have been excessive, for no trace of the old population can be found in history after the fourteenth century.

After the Arragonese had established themselves firmly in Majorca and Minorca, they turned their arms against the kingdom of Valencia, which had been left in peace during the short reign of the Cid. Within seven years Valencia was conquered from the fortress of Morella as far as the Xucar. The capital was surrendered in 1238, on the condition that the inhabitants might have permission to emigrate. The majority—nearly 50,000 persons—removed from the city with their property, and the king, Don Jayme, had great difficulty in restraining his troops from plundering them. Two leaders of the Arragonese army, however, Count de Cardano and Don Artal de Alagon, lay in ambush for the emigrants at Villena, and robbed them of nearly all they had saved from the shipwreck of their property. In the course of the next fifteen years the Arragonese acquired the remainder of Valencia, and afterwards a part of Murcia. The Moorish population, however, obtained more favourable terms than usual, for had they been expelled, the conquered territory would have been almost entirely depopulated.

The Castilians had, in the meanwhile, made such progress in Estremadura, that they were enabled to take Cordova in 1236 by a *coup de main*. The entire population of this great city was driven to emigrate. In the year 1241 the Castilians obtained possession of all Murcia, through a treaty, in which King Mohammed Aben Hud declared himself a vassal of Ferdinand the Saint, and delivered up to him the most important fortresses. In 1246 Mohammed 'Al-hamar, King of Granada, also recognised Ferdinand as his liege lord, and bound himself to the payment of tribute and appearing at the Cortes. In the ensuing war against the province of Seville, Mohammed Al-hamar was forced to take part, and in 1248 this most important city capitulated. The inhabitants emigrated, and their property and estates were distributed among the Christian leaders of the army.

After the fall of Seville, the only Arabic state existing in Spain, with the exception of the pseudo-kingdom of Murcia, was Granada. This principality, though small in extent, was powerful through its position, its immense population, its riches, and warlike equipments, and formed a very dangerous rival to Castille, whose sovereignty it had recognised in a moment of need, only to prepare the way with greater security to a more independent future. The extensive conquests Ferdinand had made during the last twenty-five years were so far advantageous to the Moorish king, that thousands of the inhabitants of Jaen, Cordova, and Seville, had migrated to Granada, and materially increased its strength.

Although the power of the Castilian crown had been so augmented

by the conquests during the first half of the thirteenth century, still it could only gain isolated and transient advantages over Granada till late in the following century. Tarifa was taken by storm in 1292, Alcaudete and Gibraltar in 1309, though the latter was again lost in 1330. after the great victory at Rio Salado in 1340, Alphonso XI., the last of this illustrious name, succeeded in wresting from the Arabs several larger strips of territory, with the towns of Alcala de Real and Algeciras.

The kingdom of Granada, from this time confined to a territory, corresponding nearly with that of the present province, was enabled to defend its frontiers with great success against the attacks of the Spaniards for more than 100 years. From the capture of Algeciras, in 1344, to the year 1482, the Arabs suffered no material loss, with the exception of Antequera, which, in 1410, and Gibraltar for the second time in 1462, fell into the hands of the Spaniards.

After Queen Isabella had removed her niece Johanna from the throne of Castille, she sought to strengthen her usurpation by the renewal of the long-slumbering national war against the Moors. The struggle commenced in 1482, by a daring attack on Alhama. In the course of the next few years the strong fortresses of Ronda, Marbella, Velez-Malaga, Loja, and Malaga, were taken by storm. The inhabitants of Malaga were sold as slaves, those of the other towns were permitted to emigrate, while the rural population was left in peace. At length Ferdinand and Isabella appeared beneath the walls of Granada, a city which, through its strong natural position at the foot of the impregnable Alpuxarras, protected by immense walls, and defended by 100,000 warriors, seemed able to offer a lasting resistance to the Spaniards, who were weakened by the effects of war and pestilence. The wretched King Abu Abdilehi (Boabdil), however, was destined to ruin the powerful capital of his glorious kingdom which he had already irretrievably injured. For two months the King of Granada carried on negotiations with Ferdinand and Isabella, which resulted in two treaties, one affecting the royal family, the other the population of Granada.

By the first, Abu Abdilehi received from the Catholic monarchs, and as their vassal, a present of a number of villages in the Alpuxarras, further the domains he had inherited from his father, and 30,000 pieces of gold. The princesses of the royal house also received their own possessions as gifts.

By the second treaty, the citizens received guarantees that their religion should not be assailed, that their property should be respected, and that all might emigrate who pleased. We shall see presently how these promises were kept.

From the earliest ages of Christian domination all the means and appliances of the most odious tyranny were employed to convert the subjugated Arabs. Religious persecutions practised by Mahomedans on the Christians are, on the other hand, among the rarest events in Spanish history, and when they occurred they were almost exclusively the result of the most brutal provocation. Fanatic priests forced their way into the mosques of Cordova to preach the Gospel; monks, thirsting for martyrdom, proclaimed on the square of Granada that Mohammed was an impostor. The author of the "*Memoriæ Sanctorum*," who gained the name of a saint exclusively by similar provocation and gasconade—the priest Eulogius himself gives his testimony about the Moors: "We live among them without any insult to our faith."

In one word, as the Arabs were superior to the Spaniards in knowledge and education, they were equally so in toleration, true religious feelings, real humanity, chivalrous manners, and faith in their plighted word. In every page, not only of the Arab historians but also of the Spanish chroniclers and annalists, the impartial reader can judge for himself, that the Arabs were the nobler race, and their cause was the better one; and any one who has any recognition of the holy and the beautiful, will join in the feelings of pain and horror, when the Arabic annalists relate the sufferings to which they were exposed in the name of religion. But "so it was written." Islamism sank in Spain through its one single contradiction of the laws of morality; without polygamy it would, probably, have now been the master of the whole German world, in which it would have certainly found a more fertile soil, and have produced very different fruits, than it has done in the exhausted East.

Nothing was more frequent than the jesuitical explanation or open rupture of the capitulations granted to the Moors. Even the best and most honourable of the Spanish kings practised the most shameful treachery towards the conquered and defenceless Arabs. Such was the way in which Ferdinand the Catholic behaved to Malaga. The inhabitants had been bound to ransom themselves at the rate of thirty-six ducats per man, within eight months. This immense sum of nearly half a million ducats was raised within a few hundred or thousand ducats, in the specified time. Ferdinand took the money, and compensated himself for the loss of the residue, by selling the whole population of Malaga, in number 12,000, as slaves. Peter the Terrible murdered with his own hand an Arab prince who had sought refuge with him. Finally, the Cid, the flower of Spanish chivalry, is represented in the naïve accounts of the highly patriotic "*Cronica General*" as a pattern of faithlessness and cruelty.

Slavery was as perfect in Spain until the seventeenth century as the word itself allows an interpretation. A slave could not possess any property, he could not claim the protection of the laws, his wife and child could be separated from him, his master could kill him without subjecting himself to any punishment.

The Moorish rural population, who had been originally assured the most widely-extended privileges and concessions, were gradually brought into a more or less oppressive state of vassalism. In Arragon, where the knights had divided the land among themselves, in order to have it cultivated by the Arabs for their own profit, the latter found some little protection from their owners—at least against useless ill-treatment. The law forbade the Arabs having mosques, but custom continued to permit them, especially in those places where they were the property of the nobility. In the few towns, however, where free Arabs were tolerated, they were excluded from so many offices and branches of trade, and subjected to so many restrictions; that they required to exert their utmost energies in order not to fall a prey to the extremities of poverty. Still their position in the towns was, in some respects, more favourable than that of the even more hated Jews, and some time elapsed before they were compelled to wear distinguishing marks on their clothes, and expose themselves to insult and contempt on their appearance in public.

The civil condition of the Moors grew worse, however, in the same ratio as the Christian domination extended and became firmer. Emigration, which at first was not merely allowed, but even promoted, was later

threatened with the punishment of slavery; the Moorish code was legally abolished, though actually continuing to exist; the law itself said that the Moor risked his life who left his residence without the escort of a Christian, and in Arragon it menaced the *Muezzin* with death who summoned his congregation to prayer by the sound of a trumpet or his own voice. An infatuated policy continually exerted itself to increase the breach between the Christian and Mohammedan population, and render any reconciliation impossible. The Christians were forbidden, by heavy penalty, to receive Moors in their house who were not their slaves, or to educate Moorish children. The Moors, on the other hand, in surprising anticipation of one of those genial ideas which was destined to emanate from Berlin 500 years later, and set the world in amazement, were not allowed to assume Christian names. The Moor, like the Jew, was not permitted to be a surgeon, apothecary, advocate in causes between Christians, grocer, or victualler, and, in 1476, Isabella put the finishing stroke to the tyranny, by not merely ordering the Moors to wear gay-coloured clothing as a mark of distinction, but also forbade them the use of silk, gold, or silver in their own clothes, or the trappings of their horses.

Despite the sanguinary wars, emigration, and murderous laws, the Moorish population, at the time of the conquest of Granada, was very numerous in various provinces of Spain. Besides Murcia, which had remained under the government of vassal princes till the beginning of the fourteenth century, and which was the only one of the Castilian provinces which had a considerable Moorish population in its towns and in the country, Arragon counted a great number of Arabs, who formed almost the sole rural population of a great portion of the central territory of the Ebro. Seized, cut off from all connexion with their freer countrymen in the south, deprived of the animating influence of communication with cities, the Arragonese Moors had, by degrees, lapsed into a condition of the most extreme ferocity, which appears to have been handed down to the present Christian inhabitants of that land, and which rendered them politically unimportant, in spite of their great numbers.

It was different with the Valencian Arabs. The Spaniards never succeeded in utterly breaking their spirit. In the seventeenth century they repeatedly took up arms, and their irreconcilable hatred endures to the present day, in the shape of enmity between the town and the *Huerta* de Valencia.

Granada had only been a few weeks in the hands of the Spaniards before some zealous prelates gave utterance to the idea of leaving the Moors the choice between baptism and emigration. The fanatic Queen Isabella was well disposed to listen to this proposal, but found the most energetic opposition, not only from her husband, but from her spiritual director, the notorious Torquemada. The king, as a clear-sighted politician, did not wish to drive the Moors to desperate resistance, or lose many hundred thousand of the most industrious workmen in a land already fully exhausted by protracted wars. Torquemada, for his part, had convinced himself, during his performance of the duties of grand inquisitor, of the fruitlessness of compulsory conversions, and his fanaticism, in spite of all its barbarity, was not sanguinary enough to baptise Moors merely for the sake of burning them as renegades. But of the many thousand of Hebrew and Arab families whose forefathers had been

"converted" years before by sanguinary persecutions in Seville and other towns of Andalusia, Torquemada, on careful inquiry, had not found a single one which, even then, in the fourth generation, was not secretly devoted to the faith of their fathers. With such experience, it was impossible for the grand inquisitor to expect a better result from the compulsory baptism of the Granadine Moors. The idea of their expulsion must doubtlessly have been more agreeable to him; but this may have seemed to him difficult of execution, through the great number of the Moors, especially at a moment when Spain, principally through his interference, was about to lose several hundred thousand of her inhabitants of Jewish origin.

On the 30th March, 1492, a royal decree was made known in Granada, by which all Jews were ordered, under pain of death, to quit Spain within four months. In accordance with the decree, they would be permitted to sell their land, and take their moveable property with them, always excepting gold and silver; but the advantages derivable from this concession were so restricted, that many Jews exchanged their house for a mule, and a vineyard for a few yards of linen. After an attempt to purchase permission to remain in Spain, by offering the king and queen a large sum of money, had been frustrated by Torquemada, the Jews determined on quitting Spain sooner than become renegades to their religion. According to statements which have every appearance of accuracy in their favour, the number of those who went into banishment amounted to 800,000. The caravans of the emigrants offered such pictures of misery and wretchedness that the hearts of even the most bigoted Christians were moved with compassion. This emotion, however, did not prevent them from plundering the helpless Jews in every possible way, but it took place at least with tears in their eyes. More than one hundred thousand of the banished sought and found a refuge in Portugal. Thousands bent their steps to Italy and the Levant, where they met with a poor reception, and where their descendants (as in Smyrna, for instance) have retained the use of the Spanish language. The majority of the rest went to Africa, where, however, such terrible oppression and sanguinary persecution awaited them, that many of them preferred returning to Spain and being baptised, which, at a later day, produced countless victims for the Inquisition.

The oppression to which the Moors were subjected in Granada at length roused them to seek help for themselves. Many of the most active threw themselves into the Sierra Nevadas, where they formed armed bands under the name of "*Montes*," and again commenced a predatory war. In the capital itself a conspiracy was formed, which, however, was speedily discovered and frightfully avenged. This conspiracy gave the Spaniards an excuse for seizing on a greater portion of the Moorish quarter. They were forced to quit Granada Proper, and retire into the suburbs, Albaycin and Antequera.

The departure of Ferdinand and Isabella for the northern portion of their territories was a real blessing for the Moors of Granada; for the administration of the civil and military departments was entrusted to two excellent men, the Captain-General Count de Tendilla and the Archbishop Don Fernando de Talavera. They rivalled one another in reconciling the Moors to the Spanish government by toleration, kindness, and magnanimity. This happy state of things, however, did not endure

long. The queen, on her return to Granada, summoned the Archbishop of Toledo, Cisneros de Ximenes, in whom she had recognised a willing tool for new severity and faithlessness. Her intention was to bring back the Elches, or Christians who had embraced Islamism, into the bosom of the Church, either by kindness or sternness. Ximenes had secretly obtained full powers from the Grand Inquisitor Deza to practise all the severity which might be found necessary in converting the Elches. He set about his task, however, with great circumspection. He spared no money to buy over the Mohammedan priests to favour his plans of conversion. He met with extraordinary success. Heaps of bribed Moors presented themselves for baptism, and bribed Alfakis openly preached to their co-religionists the blessings of Christianity. Ximenes seemed to effect miracles, and was lauded to the skies.

This immoral propaganda could not, however, subsist long without exciting an animated counter-movement among the real confessors of Islamism. The renegade Alfakis were confuted by priests, who urged the Moors, with all the fire of their oratory, to adhere constantly to the faith of their fathers.

Aroused by this opposition, Ximenes showed his talons. The obstinate Alfakis and Marabuts were loaded with chains and thrown into prison, the doors of which only opened for them again when they were rendered malleable by ill-treatment, and expressed their willingness to be baptised. From this time Ximenes proceeded from one act of barbarity to another. By his orders, all the Arabic books were delivered up—more than a million volumes—and with the exception of a few hundred medicinal writings, burnt on the square Virarambla. Thus was a disgraceful act, which a calumnious tradition had ascribed to a Mohammedan barbarian, Omar, in Alexandria, really carried into execution a thousand years later by a Christian prince of the Church; thus Ximenes became the Herodotus of the whole mental treasure of a nation which had stood for ages at the head of European cultivation. After this act, Ximenes went actively to work, and began his persecution of the Elches. At length his severity caused the Moors to break out in open rebellion, and they were only restrained from taking a terrible requital by the representations of the Count di Tendilla. The king was greatly enraged at this event, and summoned Ximenes to Sevilla to answer for his conduct. He obeyed, and openly declared that he had purposely driven the Moors to rise. "I have succeeded in driving the Moors to rebel, and have obtained the favourable opportunity to complete their conversion. Now, when they have rendered themselves guilty of high treason, they may choose between justice and mercy, between death and baptism."

Although it was a plenipotentiary of the Inquisition who uttered these words, still from human shame we should be inclined to doubt their veracity, were they not reported by a perfectly credible witness, Alvaro Gomez de Castro, who was commissioned by the grateful university of Alcalá to write the history of Ximenes after his death. Besides, action followed close on the words. Ferdinand and Isabella's policy proved itself well allied to the morality of the high priest of Toledo. The king and queen decided that the Moors should have the choice presented to them between death and the sword, and a special plenipotentiary was sent for the purpose to Granada.

When the news arrived in the city, a violent movement commenced

among the inhabitants of the Alpuxarras, which was fanned by fugitives from the Albaycin. The armed bands of Monfis, which had always maintained their ground in the mountains, and thence plundered the Christian towns, now grew into powerful bodies of men, and carried on their plundering forays even under the walls of Granada. This evil at length became serious, and it must necessarily be put a stop to before they could proceed to subject the inhabitants of the Albaycin to the archbishop's terrible alternative. The captain-general, therefore, left Granada, in January, 1500, at the head of a small body of vassals and adventurers, in order to attack the little town of Guejar, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, which was the head-quarters of a numerous band of Monfis. After an obstinate engagement the town was taken, and murder and robbery ensued. The news of the fate of Guejar, however, caused the Alpuxarras to break out in open rebellion, which lasted for several years, and gradually drew the other Moorish tribes in Spain to take up arms.

When peace was at length restored, more through the exhaustion of the Moors than through willingness to yield to their oppressors, Charles V., who had in the meanwhile inherited the throne of Spain, proceeded in the footsteps of his predecessor. He obtained a bull from the Pope, by authority of which he ordained that all the Moors in the kingdom of Valencia should be baptised. The royal favour and protection were promised to those who obeyed: the disobedient were, however, threatened with the severest punishment, though of what nature was not expressly stated. Within ten days from the proclamation of the edict, the Moors were bound to give their acquiescence. No result followed, and Charles eventually ordered that all the unbaptised Moors should be expelled. By the 31st of December they were all to assemble at the village of Siete Aguas, and thence be led across Spain to the harbours of the northern coast, Laredo, Santander, and La Coruña. The execution of this measure would have been equivalent with the destruction of the whole Moorish population, for very few would have been able to withstand the exertions and privations of a winter march of many hundred leagues through a hostile and fanatic nation. In vain did the Moors beg for permission to take shipping in some port of the Mediterranean sea. In their despair, they at length bowed their head to the will of the despot.

To escape certain destruction, the deputation of the Moors declared their readiness to let themselves be baptised, and, in fact, by the 22nd of January, 1526, the greater portion of the Moorish population of Valencia was received into the bosom of the Church. In many parts of the kingdom, however, the Moors prepared for a life-and-death struggle. Even at the gates of the capital the emissaries of the all-powerful emperor met with determined opposition. The inhabitants of the village of Benalguacil refused them ingress. The Viceroy Don Hieronimo Cabanells proclaimed war of extermination against them (*guerra à sangre é fuego*) in the streets of Valencia, and marched against them at the head of 5000 men. The villagers, however, defended themselves with desperate courage, though unsuccessfully. The population of the village was baptised in the presence of the victorious army, and then allowed to ransom itself for the sum of 12,000 ducats—not from humanity, but through regard for the seigneur, the Duke de Segorbe.

After the conversion of the Moors in Valencia, the only thing left to  
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be done was the eradication of Islamism in Catalonia and Arragon. In Catalonia, where the Mohammedan population was very weak, their conversion, with the appliances Charles V. had at his command, was not difficult. The task, however, was not so easy in Arragon, whose constitution had not yet been fully weakened by Charles's despotism, and whose nobility had the greatest interest in giving the numerous Moorish inhabitants as much protection as possible. The Count de Ribagorza, a relation of the emperor, undertook the task of explaining to him the injustice, as well as inutilty of the measures designed against the rural population of Arragon. He showed that the Moors of Arragon had never created political disturbances; that they caused no religious scandal, nor tried to make proselytes; that as inhabitants of an inland province, they could not be dangerous as confederates of their brethren in Africa; that they were industrious, clever, and trustworthy persons, whose labours benefited the whole state, especially from the fact that they made excellent arms.

It was all to no purpose. Charles adhered to his determination, and the Arragonese Moors were also baptised in the course of 1526.

Thus, then, was the work of conversion completed, and the jurisdiction of the Inquisition extended from one end of Spain to the other. The regulations made by the Holy Office to watch the Moors, or Moriscos as they were now termed, were of the sharp nature that might be expected from the character of the inspectors. Every exercise which bore any resemblance to the Mohammedan form of worship, every action which could be interpreted as obedience to the precepts of the Koran, even the abstinence from those articles of food forbidden by Islamism, was rigidly tabooed among the new Christians, and every one strictly ordered to denounce his neighbour's acts of omission or commission.

The external Christian coating which it obtained by such measures seemed as satisfactory to the Inquisition as it was to the emperor, although both were perfectly convinced that the baptised Moors were in their hearts as good Mussalmans as they had previously been. Had any doubt prevailed in this respect, it would have been dispelled by an inquiry made at Granada in 1526 by the emperor's command. Three gentlemen of Granada, of illustrious Moorish descent, handed in a petition, in which they complained of the oppression and tyranny to which the Moriscos were exposed both from secular and ecclesiastical authorities. These complaints were the cause that a commission was appointed to examine into the position of the new Christians, and more especially their religious condition, in the kingdom of Granada. The commission, consisting exclusively of priests and monks, after traversing the whole kingdom, reported that they found among the Moriscos good morals, great honesty in their dealings, admirable beneficence, and extraordinary industry. All this, however, was mere deception, for they wanted the true faith; and though they had been baptised twenty-seven years, "it would be impossible to find twenty-seven, or even seven, sincere Christians among them."

Charles V., during the later years of his life, was so much occupied by German and Italian affairs, and through his wars with France, that he could devote but little time and attention to his Spanish territories. Thus it came about that the persecuting policy which Isabella had handed down to her grandson left the Moriscos somewhat at peace during the second half of the emperor's reign. Charles V. had, through his

greater cares, so far forgotten the Moriscos that he did not appear to remember their neglected conversion in the solitude of the monastery San Yuste, while exposed to the most violent stings of conscience because he had the sinful weakness of keeping his word towards the promoter of the great German heresy at Worms—a weakness which he did all in his power to expiate by causing Don Augustin Cazalla, with his brothers and many other confessors of Lutheranism, to be burned at Valladolid in the year 1557.

Charles' successor, at the commencement of his reign, revealed more moderation with regard to the Moriscos, and by it seemed to promise an entire change from the policy which the emperor had exercised towards the new Christians. Immediately on mounting the throne, Philip II. directed the inquisitors to proceed with the greatest kindness and indulgence toward the Moriscos; and as these orders were doubtlessly repeatedly transgressed, during the same year he obtained a papal bull, which limited the jurisdiction of the Inquisition in an extraordinary manner, as it empowered every confessor to liberate them by his absolution from all the ecclesiastical and secular punishments to which they were exposed by giving up their new belief.

The predatory attacks of the Barbary corsairs grew to such a pitch of audacity, however, that it was found necessary to disarm the Moorish population of the Littoral, and from this date Philip's antipathy towards the Moriscos originated. One of the measures he passed against them was to forbid them having any negro slaves in their possession; not through feelings of humanity—for the Spanish legislature and government raised no objection to slavery or the trade in human beings—but through regard for the salvation of the negroes, who might be converted to Islamism by the Moriscos. Soon after, another regulation appeared which specially insulted the Moriscos of Granada. From the commencement, the right of carrying arms had been in Granada the object of very earnest desire and of repeated annoyances. This right was hardly purchased for a heavy sum before it was recalled by some pretext or another, in order to obtain more money from the Moriscos. In May, 1563, Philip II. issued a decree by which the Captain-General of Granada was empowered to subject the right of the Moriscos to carry arms to a general inquiry, a step which produced great bitterness and heartburning among the Arab population.

Philip II. was undecided how to act. A celebrated professor of theology at Alcalá wrote to him, "*Mientras mas Moros mas ganancia,*" and "*De los enemigos los menos,*" two Spanish proverbs from which he inferred "that the more Moors we kill the greater the advantage to us, for the number of our enemies will become less." The king was not so short-sighted in his policy but that he could see the weakness of the arguments of this bloodthirsty fanaticism; and although he eventually yielded to the arguments of the priests, it only occurred, as he himself afterwards said in a repentant tone, merely because the interest of his soul was imperilled.

On the 17th November, 1566, the king signed the decree which renewed and augmented the prohibitions of 1526. The Moors were forbidden to keep negro slaves, the use of the Arabic tongue in writing and speaking, of Arabic names, Moorish dress, even of the veil, and of all

Moorish customs and sports ; even the use of baths was prohibited, as if uncleanness was a material sign of good Catholicism, forbidden not merely in the public bath-houses, but also in their own homes, by a heavy fine and fifty days' imprisonment in chains, which, on a second relapse, was increased to five years' service at the galleys. The Moors were allowed three years to learn the Spanish language.

Of much greater significance, however, than these measures was a decree proclaimed by the Grand Inquisitor Deza, that the names of all the Moorish children, between the ages of five and fifteen, should be inscribed in a book. The reason of this arrangement was, that the children should be sent to school and learn Spanish ; but among the Moriscos the report spread that the intention was to deprive them of their children and have them educated in Castille. The fear of such tyranny, which, in truth, seemed sufficiently probable after all the oppression they had already been exposed to, drove the Moriscos to defend themselves to the uttermost, and a terrible rebellion broke out, which endured with few intermissions until their final expulsion from Spain.

Our space will not permit us to follow our author through all the various ramifications of this civil war, in which Philip II. was forced to employ all his best generals, and even the celebrated Don John of Austria, his natural brother.

The condition of European politics was sufficiently known to the Moriscos to induce them to seek assistance in France, as well as in Turkey or Africa. In the course of the year 1602 they placed themselves in communication with a French emissary of the name of St. Estève, who had been sent by the Duke de la Force, Viceroy of Navarre, to inquire into the purpose of the Spanish naval preparations. St. Estève brought Henri IV. the news that it only required a sign from the French court to induce the Moriscos to revolt, and they promised to collect 200,000 fighting men—a number which would not appear exaggerated, if all the Moorish population of the Spanish provinces was comprehended. Henri IV. sent St. Estève back to Spain, in company with an officer of the name of Panissant, to examine more closely into the matter. A deputation from the Moriscos returned with him to Paris. The king received them personally, expressed his sympathy for them, and finally concluded that, as he was at peace with Spain at present, he could not avail himself of their offers, but that, in case of a renewal of hostilities, he would put an end to their slavery. The deputies of the Moriscos returned home sorrowfully, and then turned their attention to an English agent, Oliver Brachan, who immediately went to London to impart his news to the government. The moment was, however, as unfavourable in England as it had been in France. Elizabeth was dead ; her successor appeared no friend of great designs and daring policy, and Cecil paid no attention, for the time, to Brachan's communications. Afterwards, England proposed to the Moriscos to give the Spanish armies in the Netherlands employment in furtherance of their designs, but this offer was declined as insufficient, a rejection for which James I. soon took a revenge, perfectly agreeing with his character.

In the following year the negotiations were again commenced on the part of France. The Duke de la Force sent for an Arab chief of the name of Alamin, to Pau, and the result of their meeting was satisfactory: Henri IV. then commissioned the celebrated fugitive, Antonio Perez, with the management of the terms of the treaty ; and after Alamin had had a

second interview with the Duke de la Force, St. Estève was commissioned to make the Moriscos a promise of French assistance.

All arrangements were made for the rebellion, when treachery came to the assistance of the threatened Spaniards. They received the first information of the conspiracy from a Morisco, who had been cured of a disease by some Christian miracle, and was straightway converted. Soon after, Oliver Brachan informed the Spanish government, by authority of James I., of all he had learned of this matter, either as witness or accomplice. On the 23rd of April, St. Estève and several chiefs of the conspiracy were arrested and executed.

Under the influence of these occurrences, the Archbishop of Valencia made a new onslaught on the Moriscos, whose annihilation he regarded as the most important task of his life. On this occasion he found a powerful supporter in the Grand Inquisitor Sandoval, who, in his zeal for the welfare of the Church, and his Christian love of his neighbour, went so far that he offered the government the alternative, either to expel the Moors, or to root them out with the edge of the sword, without delay and to the last man.

Philip III., however, felt some scruples of conscience, and the grand inquisitor took a journey to Rome, in order to obtain a bull by which to remove them. Paul V. rejected Sandoval's propositions with some harshness, and recommended the Archbishop of Valencia to apply redoubled zeal in converting the Moriscos.

The Moors, however, had heard of the attempts to compass their destruction, and traces of sedition and rebellion were again visible among them. The fanatic priestly party thence obtained fresh weapons against the Moriscos. The inquisition succeeded, by the aid of its instruments of torture, in discovering a Mohammedan pope.

The Roman court was at length overpowered by the fiery eloquence of the Dominican Bleda. In Madrid the priests had now an easy task, for the Duke of Lerma was cousin to the grand inquisitor, and the king had long had no other will but that of his minister. The decree was signed on the 4th of August, 1609, which banished the Valencian Moriscos from Spain.

This decree caused great excitement both among the Moriscos and the Spaniards. The Valencian nobility met to discuss the measures by which to oppose it. The clergy, a great part of whom lived at the expense of the Moriscos, were equally dissatisfied. Even the archbishop, who had now gained the end for which he had passionately striven for so many years, was terrified by its approach. His fanaticism could not maintain the ground against his selfishness; where he had formerly urged he now withdrew; objected, or at least requested delay. But it was too late, and the archbishop uttered his bitter repentance to his brother in fanaticism in these eloquent words: "We shall now eat dry bread to our potage, and wear patched shoes."

All representations were fruitless; the government adhered to its determination, and set armies and fleets in motion to ensure its execution without hindrance.

On the 22nd of September the edict was proclaimed in Valencia which sentenced the Moriscos to death, as heretics, renegades, traitors, insulters of divine and human majesty, but royal mercy converted their punishment into banishment. Of their own property they received as a present as much as they could carry, and besides, so much provision as they required

for the journey ; all the rest was forfeited to the owner of the soil, and they were prohibited by threat of death from destroying or concealing anything. Three days were allowed them to prepare for their emigration, after the expiration of which time every Morisco who remained in the country was declared outlawed.

The Moriscos were not unprepared for this edict, and yet it fell upon them like a thunderbolt. They offered the viceroy immense sums of money, to avert the fate that impended over them, but in vain. Nothing was left them then but to obey ; and that which was previously regarded as a terrible necessity, was now looked upon as a blessed moment. No one wished to remain. Even the dying summoned up sufficient strength to seek, at least, a grave without the land of their bondage. With merry music the Moriscos quitted their homes, with tears of joy they kissed the sand of that sea which was to bear them among strangers—for on the other coast was liberty. For the first time during 100 years the children of Mohammed were enabled to throw away the mask of Christianity, and thank Allah for the day of their liberation from compulsory hypocrisy. The Alfakis performed their duties publicly, and the Catholic Church suffered the humiliation of hearing the confession of Islamism from the lips of a whole nation, on which all the cruelty and all the refinement of Christian conscience-tyranny had been exhausted during three generations. The teaching of the Koran never celebrated a more brilliant triumph over the dogmas of Catholicism.

The government had collected a great number of vessels to carry the Moriscos to Africa, under the escort of royal commissioners ; but the impatience of the exiles was so great, that many hired vessels on their own account, to get away more speedily. Several of the Valencian nobles—for instance, the Dukes of Gandia and Maqueda—honoured themselves by accompanying their banished vassals across to the African coast, to protect them from ill-treatment on the passage, and secure them a good reception, as far as was possible. Many of the seigneurs, besides, had too much shame to accept the property the Moriscos left behind them, and which the royal decree gave them, but even assisted the emigrants in disposing of their cattle, corn, and even their fields and houses.

In Murcia and Andalusia, a special edict of banishment was published in January, 1610, which in several points was even harsher than the Valencian. It prohibited the Moriscos from taking gold, silver, or bills of exchange with them, and ordered that all children under the age of seven, and all the slaves, should be left behind. The Moriscos of these two provinces, to whom the French envoy gave letters of exchange to the amount of several millions in the face of the royal decree, took shipping, and the majority went to Fez.

The Moors of Arragon applied to their former ally and fellow-conspirator, Henri IV., with a prayer for protection and permission to settle in the desolate plains of Gascony. Kings, however, have a notoriously bad memory for former connexions of this nature, and Henri IV. replied to the Moriscos by offering them impossible conditions. He required from each of the immigrants a bond, by which he bound himself, under punishment of death, to live for the future in the Catholic faith. As the Moriscos refused to make such engagements, the governors of the French frontier provinces were strictly ordered not to allow them to pass, or even march through the country.

In spite of this prohibition on the part of the French government, a royal edict was proclaimed at Zaragossa on the 29th of May, which ordered the Arragonese Moors to start within three days, and leave Spain by the road through Navarre. All their entreaties were fruitless, and the population of 130 Arragonese towns and villages, above 60,000, started for the Pyrenees. Fifty royal commissioners accompanied the train, with the pretence of protecting the exiles, but in reality as a band of shameless plunderers. Not merely did the commissioners receive 200 crowns per day as diet money from the Moriscos—not merely did they sell the most necessary provisions at an exorbitant price—but they even compelled the exiles to pay a heavy price for the water of the streams they drank, and for the shade of the trees beneath which they rested.

When the Moriscos arrived at the frontier, they found it occupied by a strong body of troops, who had the severest order not to suffer any of them to enter the French territory. But the Moriscos, exhausted, plundered, and desperate, were determined to let themselves be cut to pieces sooner than turn back, and after a series of terrible scenes, the Duke de la Force, governor of Bearn and Navarre, was obliged to give way. He permitted the Moriscos to pass—but not for nothing, but in consideration of a capitation tax of ten reals, which he put in his own pocket. Many of the exiles had not the money, and the duke's demand could only be satisfied by the few rich paying for the poor. The expenses of the passage through France could only be paid by the Moriscos putting all their funds together.

The Moriscos of Arragon were speedily followed by those of Castille and Estremadura on the same road. They were sent in divisions of 1000 to the ports of the Mediterranean sea. The treatment they experienced on this long journey differed slightly from that which they had suffered on the other side of the Pyrenees. Many of them were killed by the French; the parliament of Toulouse forbade them to enter their territories; in Marseilles they were brutally treated, and D'Aujur, provost-general of Languedoc, who arranged for their passage, was paid so well for his trouble, that at last the French government was forced to get rid of several thousand at the public expense.

The Catalonese Moriscos, more fortunate than their neighbours in Arragon, were allowed to take the nearest road to Africa, and more than 40,000 of them sailed during the summer of 1610 from the harbours of the principality.

The number of Moriscos who left Spain during the years 1609-1613, is calculated by some authors at 1,000,000 or 1,200,000. The lists of emigrants from the various provinces furnish the result:—From Valencia, 166,000; Castille, 100,000; Andalusia, 80,000; Arragon, 64,000; Catalonia, 44,000; Murcia, 9000—in all, 453,000; a number which, however, is far beneath the truth, as these lists must necessarily have been very imperfect. The majority of the exiles went to Africa. Those who landed in Algiers, Oran, Scherschel, Tunis, Salle, and other towns, found a tolerably favourable reception, which they were forced to pay for dearly now and then. Thousands of others, however, who fell into the hands of the Beduins, were plundered, and killed without mercy. A considerable number never reached African ground, but were killed on the voyage by

the sailors for the sake of plunder. But even those Moriscos who had found a new home in the towns of Barbary were soon exposed to fresh persecution. They were repugnant to their innate fellow-believers through the European tinge of their manners; their industrial superiority excited the envy and displeasure of the Moors and Jews; their increasing prosperity aroused the covetousness of the Africans. In 1612 the Moriscos were again expelled from Scherschel and Algiers, and delivered up to the fury of the Beduins. Similar persecutions awaited those who had taken refuge in Fez. Of all the cities on the African coast, Tunis was the only one where the Moriscos found a kind and enduring reception, which they had to thank the circumstance for that a great portion of the population of Tunis had come from Granada, and had retained lively reminiscences of the Andalusian home of their forefathers.

A considerable number of Moriscos, especially from Catalonia, went to Turkey, where they settled in Constantinople and Salonichi, and gained rights of citizenship among their new countrymen by their burning hatred of Christianity. This hatred and the thirst for vengeance made corsairs and even admirals out of former shoemakers and charcoal-burners, who sought a requital for the terrible sufferings they and their nation had endured in Spain by frightfully ravaging the Italian and Spanish sea-board.

Among the Moriscos there were, however, a few sincere Christians, descendants of families which had lived for centuries isolated among the Spaniards, or persons who had been brought up from youth in Spanish houses. These doubly unfortunate beings found their lot insupportable, and many returned to Spain through some irresistible impulse. Their adherence to the Christian faith and their fatherland was rewarded by their being sent to the galleys whenever they were caught. Other Christian Moriscos took refuge beneath the protection of the Father of the Faithful, but a papal decree of 1611 banished them mercilessly from Rome, and drove them anew to Africa or Turkey.

The effect which the expulsion of the Moriscos had upon the internal condition of Spain showed itself most immediately and clearly in Valencia. In the year after their banishment a famine broke out in that province, which was hardly checked by importing immense supplies of grain from Sardinia. Many of the Valencian nobles lost the greater part of their revenue, and eighteen of the formerly richest families were so impoverished that they required pensions to support life. The Archbishop of Valencia died through grief at the measures which he had mainly carried; but the Duke of Lerma rewarded himself for their execution by taking the sum of 500,000 ducats from the proceeds of the sale of the exiles' property.

From this time Spanish history and the journals of the Inquisition are silent about the Moriscos. A few remnants remained in the most remote valleys of the Alpuxarras, and their descendants have kept themselves pure till the present day. They have forgotten the language of their ancestors, they know Mohammed scarcely by name, they have been good Catholics for ages; one proselyte among a thousand infidels—such is the final result of a war which, after the political power of Islamism was broken in Spain, the Spanish Church carried on with fire and sword, with raging fanaticism and cold-blooded tyranny, through four generations, against the believers in Islamism.

## THE SELF-CONVICTED.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

It was a wild, boisterous evening at the commencement of winter. The wind, howling in fearful gusts, swept the earth as with a whirlwind, booming and rushing with a force seldom met with in an inland county. The rain descended in torrents, pattering against the window-panes, especially against those of a solitary farm-house, situated several miles from the city of Worcester. In fact, it seemed a battle between the wind and the rain which should treat the house most roughly, but the wind was the worst. It roared in the chimneys, it shook the old gables on the roof, burst open the chamber casements, and fairly unseated the weathercock from its perch on the barn. The appearance of the dwelling would seem to denote that it belonged to one of the middle class of agriculturists. There was no finery about it, inside or out, but plenty of substance. A large room, partaking partly of the parlour, partly of the hall, and somewhat of the kitchen, was the general sitting-room; and in this apartment, on this same turbulent Friday evening, sat, knitting by fire-light, a middle-aged lady, homely, but very neat, in her dress.

"Eugh!" she shuddered, as the wind roared and the rain dashed against the windows, which were only protected by inside shutters, "what a night it is! I wish to goodness Robert would come home."

Laying down her knitting, she pushed the logs together on the hearth, and was resuming her employment, when a quiet, sensible-looking girl, apparently about one or two-and-twenty, entered. Her features were not beautiful, but there was an air of truth and good-nature pervading them extremely pleasing.

"Well, Jane," said the elder lady, looking up, "how does she seem now?"

"Her ankle is in less pain, mother," was the reply, "but it appears to me that she is getting feverish. I gave her the draught."

"A most unfortunate thing!" ejaculated Mrs. Armstrong. "Benjamin at home ill, and now Susan must get doing some of his work, that she has no business to attempt, and falls down the loft, poor girl, and sprains her ankle. Why could she not have trusted to Wilson? I do believe," broke off Mrs. Armstrong, abruptly, and suspending her knitting to listen, "that your father is coming. The wind howls so one can scarcely hear, but it sounds to me like a horse's hoofs."

"I do not think it is a horse," returned Jane; "it is like some one walking round to the house-door."

"Well, child, your ears are younger than mine; it may be as you say."

"I hope it is not Darnley!" cried Jane, involuntarily.

"Jane," rebuked her mother, "you are very obstinate to persist in this dislike of a neighbour. A wealthy young man, with a long lease

\* The occurrences about to be related in this tale of the "Self-Convicted," took place many years ago in Worcestershire. An author's license has been taken with the details, and the names are changed; but the chief facts are perfectly authentic.



of one of the best farms in the county over his head, is not to be sneezed at. What is there to dislike in James Darnley?"

"I—I don't know that there is anything particular to dislike in him," hesitated Jane, "but I cannot see what there is to like."

"Don't talk foolishly, but go and open the door," interposed Mrs. Armstrong; "you hear the knocking."

Jane made her way to the house-door, and, withdrawing the chain and bolt, a rush of wind, a shower of rain, and a fine-looking young man, sprang in together. The latter clasped Jane round the waist, and—if the truth must be told—brought his lips into contact with hers.

"Hush, hush, Ronald," she whispered; "my mother is in the hall alone—what if she should hear!"

"I will fasten the door," was all the answer she got; and Jane disengaged herself, and walked towards the hall.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Armstrong, as her daughter reappeared. "Mr. Darnley?"

"It is Ronald Payne," answered Jane, in a timid voice.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Armstrong, in a very short tone. "Get those shirts of your father's, Jane, and look to the buttons; there they lie, on the sideboard. And light the candles; you cannot see to work by fire-light."

"How are you, Mrs. Armstrong?" inquired the young man, in a cheerful tone, as he entered and seated himself on the opposite side of the large fireplace. "What an awful night! I am not deficient in strength, but it was as much as I could do to keep my feet coming across the land."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Armstrong, plying her knitting-needles with great energy, "you would have been better at home."

"Home is dull for me now," was the answering remark of Ronald Payne. "Last winter my poor mother was alive to bear me company, but this, I have no one to care for."

"Go up-stairs, Jane, and see if Susan has dropped asleep," interrupted Mrs. Armstrong, who did not seem to be in the most pleasant humour; "and as you will have the beds to turn down to-night, you can do that."

Jane rose, and departed on her errand.

"And lonely my home is likely to be," continued Ronald, "until I follow good example and marry."

"It would be the very thing for you, Mr. Payne," replied the lady; "why don't you set about it?"

"I wish I dare. But I fear it will take time and trouble to win the wife I should like to have."

"There's a deal of trouble in getting a wife—a good one; as for the bad ones, they are as plentiful as blackberries. There have been two or three young blades lately wanting to be after Jane," continued the shrewd Mrs. Armstrong, "but I put a stop to them at once, for she is promised already."

"Promised!" echoed Ronald.

"Of course she is. Her father has promised her to Mr. Darnley; and a good match it will be."

"A wretched sacrifice," exclaimed Payne, indignantly. "Jane hates him."

"How do you know that?" demanded Mrs. Armstrong, sharply.

"I hate him too," continued the excited Ronald. "I wish he was a thousand miles away."

And the conversation continued in this strain until Jane returned, when another loud knocking at the house-door was heard above the wind.

"Allow me to open it," cried Mr. Payne, starting up; and a second stranger entered the sitting-room.

"How are you, Mr. Darnley? I am very glad to see you," was the cordial salutation of Mrs. Armstrong. "Come to the fire; and, Jane, go and draw a tankard of ale. Susan has managed to sprain her ankle to-night, and cannot stir a step," she explained. "An unlucky time for it to happen, for our in-door man went home ill three days ago, and is not back yet. Did you ever know such weather?"

"Scarcely," returned the new comer. "As I rode home from the fair, I thought the wind could not be higher, but it gets worse every hour."

"You have been to the fair, then?"

"Yes. I had a heavy lot of stock to sell. I saw Mr. Armstrong there; he was buying, I think."

"I wish he would make haste home," was Mrs. Armstrong's answer.

"It is not a desirable night to be out in."

"A pretty prospect for going to Worcester market to-morrow!" observed Darnley.

"But need you go?"

"I shall go if it rains cats and dogs," was the gentleman's reply. "My business to-day was to sell stock—to-morrow, it will be to buy."

Jane entered with the silver tankard, its contents foaming above its brim like a mountain of snow, and placed it on a small, round table between the two young men. They sat there, sipping the ale occasionally, now one, now the other, but angry words passed continually between them. Darnley was fuming at the evident preference Jane accorded to his rival, and Payne fretted and chafed at Darnley's suit being favoured by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. They did not quite come to a quarrel, but it was little short of it, and when they left the house together, it was in anything but a cordial humour.

"Jane, what *can* have become of your father?" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, as the door closed upon the two young men; "it is hard upon ten o'clock. How late it will be for him to go to Wilson's: he will have, as it is, to knock him up, for the man must have been in bed an hour ago."

Now it is universally known that farmers in general, even the most steady, have an irresistible propensity to yield to one temptation—that of taking a little drop too much on a fair or market night. Mr. Armstrong was not wholly exempt from this failing, though it was rare indeed that he fell into the snare. For a twelvemonth, at the least, had his family not seen him the worse for liquor, yet, as ill-luck would have it, he came in on this night stumbling and staggering, his legs reeling one way, and his head flying the other. How he got home was a mystery to Mrs. Armstrong, and to himself also when he came to his senses. As to making him comprehend that an accident had befallen Susan, and

that, in consequence, he was wanted to go and tell one of the out-door men to be at the house early in the morning, it was not to be thought of. All that could be done with him was to get him up-stairs—a feat that was at length accomplished.

"This is a pretty business, Jane!" cried the indignant Mrs. Armstrong. "You will be obliged to milk the cows in the morning now."

"Milk the cows!" returned Jane, aghast at the suggestion.

"What else can be done? Neither you nor I can go to tell Wilson at this time of night, and in such a storm: and the cows must be milked. You *can* milk, I suppose?"

"Oh, mother!" was Jane's remonstrance.

"I ask if you can milk?" repeated Mrs. Armstrong, impatiently—she was by far too much put out to speak otherwise.

"I have never tried since I was a child," was Jane's reply. "I had sometimes used to do it then, for pastime."

"Then, my dear, you must do it once for use. It would be a mercy," continued the excited lady, "if all the public-houses and their drinkables were at the bottom of the sea."

Jane Armstrong was a girl of sound sense and right feeling. Unpalatable as the employment was, she nevertheless saw that it was her duty, under the present circumstances, to perform it, so she quietly made up her mind to the task, and requested her mother to call her at the necessary hour in the morning.

They were highly respectable and respected people, Robert Armstrong and his wife, though not moving in the sphere exclusive to gentlefolks. Jane had been brought up *well*. Perfectly conversant with all household duties, her education in other respects would scarcely have disgraced the first lady in the county—for it must be remembered that education then was not what it is now—and her parents could afford to spend money upon their only child. Amply she repaid them by her duty and affection. One little matter only did they disagree upon, and that not openly. Very indignant was Mrs. Armstrong at Ronald Payne's presuming to look up to her, and exceedingly sore did she feel with Jane for not checking this presumption. But she could urge nothing against Ronald, excepting that he was a poor, rather than a rich, man, and that the farm he rented was regarded as an unproductive one. His pretensions created a very ill-feeling towards him in Mrs. Armstrong's mind, for she believed that, but for him, her daughter would consent to marry the wealthy James Darnley, and so become mistress of his splendid farm.

Before it was light the next morning, Jane left the house with her milk-pail: only the faintest glimmering of light was appearing in the east. There was no rain, and the wind had dropped to a calm; but it was a cold, raw morning. Jane wrapped her woollen shawl closely round her, and made good speed.

The field in which the cow-sheds were situated was bounded on the left by a lonely lane, leading from the main road. It branched off in various directions, passing some of the farm-houses. Jane had reached the field, and was putting down her milk-pail, when a strange noise on the other side of the hedge caused her to start, and listen.

A violent struggle, as for life or death, was taking place. A voice that was certainly familiar to her twice called out "Murder!" with a

shriek of agony, but heavy blows, seemingly from a club or other formidable weapon, soon silenced it, and some one fell to the earth amidst moans and groans of anguish.

"Lie there, and be still!" burst forth another voice, rising powerfully over the cries. "What! you are not finished yet! I have laid in wait for ye to a pretty purpose if ye be to escape me now. One! two! three!" and Jane shuddered and turned sick as she listened, for each sentence was followed by a blow upon the prostrate form. The voice was totally strange to Jane—one that she had never heard in her life—and shocking blasphemy was mingled with the words.

Ere silence supervened, Jane, half stupified with horror and fear, silently tore her thick shoes off her feet, leaving them where they were, in her agitation, and stole away on the damp path, gathering her clothes about her, so that not a sound should betray her presence to those on the other side. As she widened the distance between herself and that fearful scene, her speed increased; she flew, rather than ran, and entered her father and mother's bedroom to fall senseless on the floor.

Later in the morning, when broad daylight had come, a crowd stood around the murdered man. The face was bruised and bloody, and the head had been battered to death; but there was no difficulty in recognising the features of James Darnley. His pockets were turned inside out; they had been rifled of their contents, and a thick, knotted stick, covered with brains and hair, lay by his side. It was supposed he had a heavy sum about him in his pockets, but all had been abstracted.

And now came a question, first whispered amongst the multitude, but indignant voices repeated it louder and louder—

"Who is the murderer?"

"Ronald Payne," was the answer, deliberately uttered by a bystander. "I have just heard it from Mrs. Armstrong's own lips. They were at her house last night quarrelling and contending, and she *knows* he is the murderer."

"Ronald Payne!" echoed the crowd, with one universal accent of surprise and incredulity.

"As God is my Judge," cried the unhappy young man, for he was also present, "I am innocent of this deed!"

"You have long been upon ill terms," retorted the before-mentioned bystander—and it may be remarked that he was an acquaintance of Payne's; had never borne anything but kind feeling towards him; yet now, so gratifying is it to the vain display and pride of human nature to be mixed up with one of these public tales of horror, he suddenly became his vehement accuser. "Mrs. Armstrong says that you left her house bickering with each other, and she heard you assert, before he was present, that you hated him, and you wished he was a thousand miles away."

"That is all true," answered Ronald, turning his clear eye to the crowd, who now began to regard him with doubt. "We *were* bickering one with the other at Mrs. Armstrong's last night; not quarrelling, but talking *at* each other; but no ill words passed between us after we left the house. We walked peaceably together, and I left him at his own door. I never saw him afterwards till I saw him here with you, lying dead."

Words of doubt, hints of suspicion, ran through the multitude, headed by the contumacious bystander, and Ronald Payne's cheeks, as he listened, burnt like fire.

"How can you think I would have a hand in such an awful deed!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Can you look in my face and believe me one capable of committing murder?"

"Faces don't go for nothing, sir," interposed the constable, Samuel Dodd, who had come bustling up and heard the accusation made; "we don't take 'em into account in these matters. I am afeared, sir, it is my duty to put the ancuiffs on you."

"Handcuffs on me!" exclaimed Ronald, passionately.

"You may be wanted, sir, at the crowner's quest, and perhaps at another tribune after that. It is more than my office is worth to let you be at large."

"Do you fear I should attempt to run away?" retorted Ronald.

"Such steps have been heered on, sir," answered the constable; "and my office is give me, you see, to pervent such."

The idea of resistance rose irresistibly to the mind of Ronald Payne, but his better judgment came to his aid, and he yielded to the constable, who was calling on those around to help to secure him in the king's name—good old George III.

"I resign myself to circumstances," was his remark to the officer, "and will not oppose your performing what is your apparent duty. Yet, oh! believe me," he added, earnestly, "I am entirely innocent of this foul deed—as innocent as you can be. I repeat, that I never saw James Darnley after I left him at his own house last night; and far from quarrelling during our walk home, we were amicably talking over farming matters."

When the constable had secured his prisoner in the place known as the "lock-up," he made his way to Mr. Armstrong's, intensely delighted at all the excitement and stir, and anxious to gather every possible gossip about it, true or untrue. Such an event had never happened in the place since he was sworn in constable. In Farmer Armstrong's hall were gathered several people, Sir John Seabury, the landlord of that and the neighbouring farms, standing in the midst.

Sir John was an affable man, and, as times went, a liberal landlord. It happened that he was then just appointed high sheriff of Worcestershire for the ensuing year, his name having been the one pricked by the king.

When the constable entered, all faces were turned towards him. Several voices spoke, but Sir John's rose above the rest.

"Well, constable, what news?"

"He's in the lock-up, sir," was Mr. Sam Dodd's reply; "and there he'll be, safe and sound, till the crowner holds his quest."

"Who is in the lock-up?" asked Sir John, for the parties now present were not those who had been at the taking of Payne: *they* had flocked, one and all, to the "lock-up," crowd-like, at the heels of the constable and his prisoner. And Sir John Seabury, having but just entered, had not heard of Mrs. Armstrong's suspicion.

"Him what did the murder, sir," was the constable's explanatory answer, who had reasoned himself to the conclusion, as rural constables

were apt to do in those days, that, because some slight suspicions attached to Payne, he must inevitably have committed it. "And he never said a word," exulted Mr. Dodds, "but he held out his hands for the accusers as if he knewed they'd fit: he only declared he warn't guilty, and walked along with his head up, like a lord, and not a bit o' shame about him, saying that the truth would come out sooner or later. It's a sight to see, gentlemen, the brass them murderers has, and many en 'em keeps it up till they's a-ridin' to the drop."

"How was it brought home to him?—who is it?" reiterated the baronet.

"It's young Mr. Payne," answered the officer, wiping his face, and then throwing the handkerchief into his hat, which stood on the floor beside him.

"Mr. Payne!" repeated Sir John Seabury in astonishment, whilst Jane, never for a moment believing the words, but startled into anger, stood forward, and spoke with trembling lips:

"What are you talking about, constable? what do you mean?"

"Mean, miss! Why it were young Mr. Payne what did the murder, and I have took him into custody."

"The constable says right," added Mrs. Armstrong. "There is not a doubt about it. He and Darnley were disputing here all last evening, and they left with ill-feeling between them: who else can have done it?"

But she was interrupted by Miss Armstrong; and it should be explained that Jane, having just risen from the bed where they had placed her in the morning, had not until this moment known of the accusation against Payne. She turned to Sir John Seabury, she appealed to her father, she essayed to remonstrate with her mother, her anger and distress at length finding vent in hysterical words.

"Father! Sir John! there is some terrible mistake; mother! how can you stand by and listen? I told you the murderer was a stranger—I *told* you so: what do they mean by accusing Ronald Payne?"

Jane might have held her tongue, for instilled suspicion is a serpent that gains quick and sure ground, and perhaps there was scarcely one around her who did not think it probable that Payne was the guilty man. They listened to Jane's reiterated account of the morning's scene she had been an ear-witness to—to her assertion that it was impossible Ronald Payne could have been the murderer; but they hinted how unlikely it was that, in her terror, she was capable of recognising, or not recognising, voices, and she saw she was not fully believed.

She found herself, subsequently, she hardly knew how, in their best parlour—a handsome room and handsomely furnished—alone with Sir John Seabury. She had an indefinite idea afterwards, that in passing the door she had drawn him in. He stood there with his eyes fixed on Jane, waiting for her to speak.

"Oh, Sir John! Sir John!" she replied, clinging to his arm in the agitation of the moment as she might cling to that of a brother, "I see I am not believed: yet indeed I have told the truth. It was a stranger who murdered Mr. Darnley."

"Certainly the voice of one we are intimate with is not readily mistaken, even in moments of terror," was Sir John Seabury's reply.

"It was an ill voice, a wicked voice; a voice that, independently of

any accessory circumstances, one could only suppose belonged to a wicked man. But the language it used was awful: such that I had never imagined could be uttered."

"And it was a voice you did not recognise?"

"It was a voice I could not recognise," returned Jane, "for I had never until then heard it."

Sir John looked keenly at her. "Is this rumour correct that they have been now hinting at," he whispered—"you heard it as well as I—that there was an attachment between you and Ronald Payne? and that there was ill-feeling between him and Darnley in consequence?"

"I see even you do not believe me," cried Jane, bursting into tears. "There is an attachment between us: but do you think I would avow such attachment for a murderer? The man whom I heard commit the deed was a stranger," she continued earnestly, "and Ronald Payne was not near the spot at the hour."

"There is truth in your face, Miss Armstrong," observed Sir John, gazing at her.

"And truth at my heart," she added.

And before he could prevent her, she had slipped towards the ground, and was kneeling on the carpet at the feet of Sir John.

"As truly as that I must one day answer before the bar of God," she said, clasping her hands together, "so have I spoken now: and according to my truth in this, may God deal then with me! Sir John Seabury, do you believe me?"

"I do believe you, my dear young lady," he answered, the conviction of her honest truth forcing itself upon his mind. "And however this unfortunate business may turn out for Ronald Payne, in my mind he will be from henceforth an innocent and a wronged man."

"Can your influence not release him?" inquired Jane: "you are powerful."

"Impossible. I could do no more than yourself. He is in the hands of the law."

"But you can speak to his character at the coroner's inquest?" she rejoined. "You know how good it has always been."

Sir John kindly explained to her that all testimonials to character must be offered at the trial—should it be Payne's fate to be committed for one.

When further inquiries came to be instituted, it was found that Darnley had been roused from his slumbers, and called out of his house, about half an hour, perhaps less, before the murder was committed. The only person deposing to this fact was his housekeeper—a most respectable woman, who slept in the room over her master. She declared that she had been unable to sleep in the early part of the night, feeling nervous at the violence of the wind; that towards morning she dropped asleep, and was awakened by a noise, and by some one shouting out her master's name. That she then heard her master open his window, and speak with the person outside, whoever it was; and that he almost immediately afterwards went down stairs, and out at the house-door.

"Who was it?" asked all the curious listeners, "and what did he want with Darnley?"

The housekeeper did not know. She thought the voice was that of a

stranger—at any rate it was one she did not recognise. And she could not say what he wanted, for she had not heard the words that passed : in fact, she was but half awake at the time, and had thought it was one of the farm servants.

The coroner's inquest was held, and the several facts already related were deposed to. Mrs. Armstrong's evidence told against Jane's for, the prisoner. No article belonging to the unfortunate James Darnley had been found, save a handkerchief, *and that was found in the pocket of Ronald Payne*. He accounted for it in this way. He left his own pocket-handkerchief, he said, a red silk one, by accident that night on the table at Mrs. Armstrong's—and this was proved to be correct; that when he and Darnley got out, the wind was so boisterous they could not keep their hats on. Darnley tied his handkerchief over his; Payne would have done the same, but could not find it, so he had to hold his hat on with his hand. That when Darnley entered his house, he threw the handkerchief to his companion, to use it for the like purpose the remainder of his way, he having further to go than Darnley. And, finally, Payne asserted that he had put the handkerchief in his pocket upon getting up that morning, intending to return it to Darnley as soon as he saw him.

The handkerchief was produced in court. It was a white lawn, large, and of fine texture, marked in full "James Darnley."

"He was always a bit of a dandy, poor fellow," whispered the country rustics, scanning the white handkerchief, "especially when he went a-courting."

Ronald Payne, as one proof of his innocence, stated that he was in bed at the time the murder was committed. A man servant of his, who slept on the same floor as himself, also deposed to this; and said that a labourer came to the house with the news that a man had been found killed, before his master came down stairs. But upon being asked whether his master could not have left his bedroom and the house in the night, and have subsequently returned to it, without his knowledge, he admitted such might have been the case, though it was next to a "moral impossibility"—such were his words—for it to have been done without his hearing.

But what was the verdict?—" *Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown*;" for the jury and the coroner did not find the evidence sufficiently strong to commit Payne for trial. So he left the court a discharged man, but *not*, as the frequent saying runs, without a stain upon his character. Although the verdict, contrary to general expectation, was in his favour, the whole neighbourhood believed him guilty. And from that moment, so violent is popular opinion, whether for good or for ill, he was exposed to nearly all the penalties of a guilty man. A dog could scarcely have been treated worse than he was, and, so far as talking against him went, Mrs. Armstrong headed the malcontents.

## II.

So matters went on till the month of February. In the quiet dusk of one of its evenings, Jane Armstrong crept away from her house, and, taking a direction opposite to that where the murder was committed, walked quickly along till her father's orchard was in view. Crossing the stile of this, she turned to the right, and there stood Ronald Payne.



"This is kind of you, Jane," he said, as he seated her upon the stump of a felled tree, and placed himself beside her. "God bless you for this!"

"It is but a little matter, Ronald, to be thanked for," she replied. "Perhaps it is not exactly what I ought to do, coming secretly to meet you here, but——"

"It is a great matter, Jane," he interrupted, bitterly. "I am now a proscribed man; a thing for boys to hoot at. It requires some courage, Jane, to meet a murderer."

"I *know* your innocence, Ronald," she answered, as, in all confiding affection, she leaned upon his bosom, while her tears fell fast. "Had you been tried—condemned—executed, I would still have testified unceasingly to your innocence."

"I sent for you here, Jane," he resumed, "to tell you my plans. I am about to leave this country for America; perhaps I may there walk about without the brand upon my brow."

"Oh, Ronald!" she ejaculated, "is this your fortitude! Did you not promise me to bear this affliction with patience, and to hope for better days?"

"Jane, I did so promise you," replied the unhappy young man; "and if it were not for that promise, I should have gone long ago: but things get worse every day, and I can no longer bear it. I believe if I remained here I should go mad. See what a life mine is! I am buffeted—trampled down—spit upon—shunned—jeered—deserted by my fellow-creatures; not by one, but by all: save you, Jane, there is not a human being who will speak with me. I would not so goad another, were he even a known murderer, whilst I am but a suspected one. I have not deserved this treatment, God knows I have not!" and, suddenly breaking off, he bent down his head, and, giving way to the misery that oppressed him, for some moments sobbed aloud like a child.

"Ronald, dearest Ronald," she entreated, "think better of this for my sake. Trust in——"

"It is useless, Jane, to urge me," he interrupted. "I cannot remain in England."

Again she tried to combat his resolution: it seemed useless: but, unwilling to give up the point, she wrung a promise from him that he would well reconsider the matter during the following night and day; and, agreeing to meet him on the same spot the next evening, she parted from him with his kisses warm upon her lips.

"Where can Jane be?" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, calling out, and looking up and down the house in search of her. "Robert, do you know?"

Mr. Armstrong knew nothing about it.

The lady went into the kitchen, where the two in-door servants were seated at their tea.

"Susan—Benjamin, do you know anything of Miss Jane?"

"She is up there in the orchard with young Mr. Payne, ma'am," interposed Ned, the carter's boy, who stood by.

"How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Armstrong, wrathfully.

"Because I brought her a message from him to go there. So I just trudged up a short while ago, and there I see 'em. He was a-kissin' of her, or something o' that."

"My daughter with *him*!" cried Mrs. Armstrong, her face in a flame, whilst Susan overbalanced her chair in her haste to administer a little wholesome correction to the bold-speaking boy—"my daughter with a murderer!"

"That's why I went up," chimed in the lad, dodging out of Susan's way. "I feared he might be for *killin'* Miss Jane as he killed t'other, so I thought I'd watch 'em a bit."

Away flew Mrs. Armstrong to her husband, representing the grievance with all the exaggeration of an angry woman. Loud, stinging denunciations from both greeted Jane upon her entrance, and she, miserable and heartbroken, could offer no resistance to the anger of her incensed parents. It was very seldom Mr. Armstrong gave way to passion, never with Jane, but he did that night; and she, terrified and sick at heart, promised compliance with his commands never to see Ronald Payne again.

Here was another blow for the ill-fated young man. Whether he had wavered or not, after his previous interview with Jane, must remain unknown, but he now determined to leave England, and without loss of time. He went to Sir John Seabury, and gave up the lease of his farm. It was said that Sir John urged him to stop and battle out the storm; but in vain. He disposed privately of his stock and furniture, and by the first week in March he was on his way to Liverpool.

It was on the following Saturday that Jane Armstrong accompanied her father and mother to Worcester. She seemed as much like a person dead as alive, and Susan said, in confidence to a gossip, that young Mr. Payne's untoward fate was breaking her heart. The city, in the afternoon, wore an aspect of gaiety and bustle far beyond that of the customary market-day, for the judges were expected in from Oxford to hold the assizes: a grand holiday then, and still a grand show for the Worcester people. Jane and her mother spent the day with some friends, whose residence was situated in the London-road, as it is called, the way by which the judges entered the city. It has been mentioned that the high sheriff for that year was Sir John Seabury, and, about three o'clock, he went out with his procession to meet the judges, halting at the little village of Whittington until they should arrive.

It may have been an hour or more after its departure from the city that the sweet, melodious bells of the cathedral struck out upon the air, giving notice that the cavalcade had turned and was advancing; and, in due time, a flourish of trumpets announced its approach. The heralds rode first, at a slow and stately pace, with their trumpets, preceding a double line of javelin men in the sumptuous liveries of the Seabury family, their javelins in rest, and their horses; handsomely caparisoned, pawing the ground. A chaise, thrown open, followed, containing the governor of the county gaol, his white wand raised in the air; and then came the sheriff's carriage, an equipage of surpassing elegance, the Seabury arms shining forth on the panels, and its four stately steeds prancing and chafing at the deliberate pace to which they were restrained.

It contained only one of the judges, all-imposing in his flowing wig and scarlet robes. The Oxford assizes not having terminated when he left, he had hastened on to open court at Worcester, leaving his learned brother to follow. Opposite to him sat Sir John Seabury, with his

chaplain in his gown and bands : and as Jane stood with her mother and their friends at the open window, the eye of their affable young landlord caught hers, and he leaned forward and bowed : but the smile on his face was checked, for he too surely read the worn and breaking spirit betrayed by Jane's. Some personal friends of the sheriff followed the carriage on horseback ; and, closing the procession rode a crowd of Sir John's well-mounted tenants, the portly person of Mr. Armstrong conspicuous in the midst. But when Mrs. Armstrong turned towards her daughter with an admiring remark on the pageantry, Jane was sobbing bitterly.

Mrs. and Miss Armstrong left their friends' house when tea was over, on their way to the inn used by Mr. Armstrong at the opposite end of the town. They were in High-street, passing the Guildhall, Jane walking dreamily forwards, and her mother gazing at the unusual groups scattered about it, though all signs of the recent cavalcade had faded away, when Master Sam Dodd, the constable, met them. He stood still, and addressed Jane.

"I think we have got the right man at last, Miss Armstrong. I suppose it will turn out, after all, that you were right about young Mr. Payne."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have took a man, miss, on strong suspicions that he is the one what cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scent this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you'll be wanted on the trial, and it will come on on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summonses on Monday morning."

"Good heart alive, constable!" cried the startled Mrs. Armstrong, "you don't mean to say that Ronald Payne was innocent!"

"Why, ma'am, that have got to be proved. For my part, I think matters would be best left as they is, and not rake 'em up again: he have been treated so very shameful if it should turn out that he warn't guilty."

It was even as the constable said. A man had been arrested and thrown into the county gaol at Worcester, charged with the wilful murder of James Darnley.

### III.

LATE on Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, with their daughter, drove into Worcester, to be in readiness for the next day's trial. It was a dull, rainy evening, and Jane leaned back in the carriage, almost careless as to what the following day would bring forth, since Ronald Payne had gone away for ever.

At about five minutes past nine in the morning, the presiding judge took his seat on the bench. The crowded, noisy court was hushed to silence, the prisoner was brought in, and the trial began.

The chief fact against the accused was, that the pocket-book, with its contents, known to have been in Darnley's possession on the ill-fated morning, had been traced to the prisoner. The bank-notes he had changed away, and a silver pencil-case that was in it he had pledged. All this he did not deny; but he asserted that he had found the pocket-book hid in the hedge, close to the spot, when he had been prowling

about there a few hours subsequent to the murder. It *might* be as he said, and the counsel chattered wisely to each other, saying there was no evidence to convict him.

The last witness called was Jane Armstrong; and her sensible, modest, and ladylike appearance prepossessed every one in her favour. She gave her testimony clearly and distinctly. The deadly struggle she had heard; the groans of the victim, and his shrieks of murder; the words uttered by the assailant; the blows which had been dealt, and the fall of the murdered man—all was separately deposed to. Still the crime was not brought home to the prisoner. Jane thought her testimony was over, and was waiting for her dismissal from the witness-box, when the counsel for the prosecution addressed her.

"Look around you, young lady; can you point out any one present as the murderer?"

She looked attentively round the court, but as she had not *seen* the murderer on that dark morning, the effort was vain; but, though she felt it was fruitless, she once more gazed minutely and carefully at the sea of faces around her—at the prisoner's amongst the rest; and turning again to the judge, she shook her head.

At this moment a voice was heard, rising harshly above all the murmur of the court. Jane's back was towards the speaker, and she did not know from whom it came, but the tones thrilled upon her ear with horror, for she recognised them instantaneously. They were addressed to the judge.

"My lord, she's going to swear away my life."

"**THAT'S THE MAN!**" uttered Jane, with the startling earnestness of truth—"I know him by his voice."

The prisoner—for he had been the speaker—quailed as he heard her, and an ashy paleness overspread his face. The judge gazed sternly, but somewhat mournfully, at him, and spoke words that are remembered in Worcester unto this day.

"Prisoner, *you have hung yourself*."

The trial proceeded to its close. A verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against the prisoner, and the judge, placing on his head the dread black cap, pronounced upon him the extreme sentence of the law.

Before he suffered he confessed his guilt, with the full particulars attending it. It may be remembered, that on the stormy evening when the chief actors in this history were introduced to the reader, the unfortunate James Darnley spoke of having just returned from a neighbouring fair. At this fair, it seemed, he had entered a public-house, and finding there some farmers of his acquaintance, he sat down with them to drink a glass of ale. In the course of conversation he spoke of the stock, cattle, &c., he had just sold, and the sum he had received for it, the money being then—he himself gratuitously added—in his breeches-pocket. He mentioned also his intended journey to Worcester market the following day, and that there his business would be to buy.

The wretched man, afterwards his murderer, was present amongst various other strangers, which a fair is apt to collect together, and he formed the diabolical project of robbing him that night; but by some means or other the intention was frustrated. How, was never clearly ascertained, but it was supposed through Darnley's leaving for home at an unusually early hour, that he might be in time to pay a visit to the

house of Miss Armstrong. The villain, however, was not to be so balked. Rightly judging that Darnley would not remove his money from his breeches-pocket, as he would require it at Worcester market the following day, he made his way to his victim's house in the early dark of the ensuing winter's morning, and knocked him up. A strange proceeding, the reader will say, for one with the intentions he held. Yes. There stood James Darnley shivering at his chamber window, suddenly roused out of his bed, from a sound sleep, by the knocking; and there, underneath, stood one in the dark, whose form he was unable to distinguish; but it seemed a friendly voice that spoke to him, and it told a plausible tale—that Darnley's cows had broken from their enclosure and were strolling away, trespassing, and that he would do well to rise and hasten to them.

With a few cordial thanks to the unknown warner, and a pithy anathema on his cows, Darnley thrust on his knee-breeches—the breeches, as his destroyer had foreseen—and his farm-jacket, went down stairs, and departed hastily on his errand. The reader need be told no more.

This was the substance of his confession; and on the appointed day he was placed in the cart to be drawn to execution. At that period, the gallows consecrated to Worcester criminals was erected on Red-hill, a part of the London-road, situated about midway between Worcester and Whittington, and here he was executed. An exhibition of the sort generally attracts its spectators, but such an immense assemblage has rarely been collected in Worcester, whether before or since, as was gathered together to witness the show on the day of his execution.

In proportion as the tide had turned against Ronald Payne, so did it now set in for him. The neighbourhood, one and all, took shame to themselves for their conduct to an innocent man, and it was astonishing to observe how quick they were in declaring that they must have been fools to suspect a kind-hearted, honourable man could be guilty of murder. Mrs. Armstrong's self-reproaches were keen: she was a just woman, and she knew that she had treated him with bitter harshness. Sir John Seabury, however, did not waste words in condolence and reproaches, as the others did: he despatched a trusty messenger to Liverpool, in the hope of catching Payne before he embarked for a foreign land, and, as vessels in those times did not start every day as steamers do in these, he was successful.

#### IV.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the middle of March: the villagers were decked out as for a holiday; garlands and festoons denoted that there was some unusual cause for rejoicing, and the higher class of farmers and their wives were grouped together, conversing cheerfully. Jane Armstrong stood by her mother, a happy flush upon her pleasing countenance. It was the hour of the expected return of Ronald Payne, and a rustic band of music had gone forth to meet the stage-coach.

Everybody was talking, nobody listening, the buzz of expectation rose louder and louder, and soon the band was heard returning, half of it blowing away at "See the Conquering Hero comes," the other half (not having been able to agree amongst themselves) drumming and whistling "God save the King." Before the audience had time to comment on

the novel effect of this new music, horses' heads were seen in the distance, and not the heavy coach, as had been expected, but the open barouche of Sir John Seabury came in sight, containing himself and Ronald Payne.

Ronald was nearly hugged to death. Words of apology and congratulation, of excuse and good-will, of repentance and joy, were poured into his ear by all, save Jane; and she stood away, the uncontrollable tears coursing down her face. It was plain, in a moment, that he bore no malice to any of them: his brow was as frank as ever, his eye as merry, his hands as open to clasp theirs—he was the same old Ronald Payne of months ago.

“Ronald Payne!” exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, standing a little before the rest, “I was the first to accuse you, I was the foremost to rail at and shun you; let me be the most eager to express my painful regret, and so far—which is all I can do—make reparation. For the future, you shall not have a more sincere friend than myself.”

“And allow me, Mr. Payne, to be the second to speak,” added Sir John, “although I have no apology to make, for I never believed you guilty, as you know; but all these good people did, and it is of no use, you are aware, to run against a stream. As some recompense for what you have suffered, I hereby offer you a lease of the farm and lands rented by the unfortunate James Darnley. It is the best vacant farm on my estate. And—a word yet: should you not have sufficient ready money to stock it, I will be your banker.”

Ronald Payne grasped in silence the offered hand of his landlord. His heart was too full to speak, but a hum of gratification from those around told that the generosity was appreciated.

“But, Mrs. Armstrong,” continued Sir John, a merry smile upon his countenance, “is there no other recompense you can offer him?”

Jane was now standing amongst them, by Ronald's side, though not a word had yet passed between them. His eyes fondly sought hers at the last words, but her glowing countenance was alike turned from him and from Sir John Seabury.

“Ay, by all that's right and just, there is, Sir John!” burst forth good Farmer Armstrong. “He deserves her, and he shall have her; and if my wife still says no, why I don't think she is any wife of mine.”

Sir John glanced at Mrs. Armstrong, waiting no doubt for her lips to form themselves into the negative; but they formed themselves into nothing, save an approving smile cast towards Ronald Payne.

“And with many thanks, grateful thanks—which I am sure *he* feels—for your generous offer of being his banker, Sir John,” continued Mr. Armstrong, “you must give me leave to say that it will not now be needed. My daughter does not go to her husband portionless.”

“You must let me have notice of the time, Miss Armstrong,” whispered Sir John, as he leaned forward and took her hand, “for I have made up my mind to dance at your wedding.”

But the secret was not confined to Sir John Seabury. The crowd had comprehended it now; and suddenly, as with one universal voice, the air was rent with shouts. “Long live Ronald Payne and his fair wife when he shall win her! Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Payne!”

## HUNTING IN THE FAR WEST.\*

THE Prairie! What a world of heart-stirring ideas are associated with that name. Boundless expanses of verdure, now level, now undulating, always picturesque, watered by magnificent rivers, up whose rocky shores civilisation is advancing, slowly and step by step, into the heart of the wilderness. Wary red skins at war with nature and with one another. Immense herds of bisons or buffaloes, with deer-like legs; and troops of wapiti or elk stags, hunted by man, bears, and wolves, of which latter there are no less than three descriptions. Then, again, more humble grouse or prairie hens and rabbits, beaver and fish in the rivers, big-horns or wild sheep on the rocks; the whole scene varied by occasional thunder-storms and almost equally terrific prairie fires. Here and there, but still at intervals of many hundred miles, a hunting, or rather bartering, fort, with a Scotch or American captain and a group of French *employés*, some of Creole, some of Canadian origin; whilst in the remote background is the most interesting feature in the whole picture—the enduring, the daring, the clever trapper-veteran of the prairie, living in constant vicissitudes of wealth and poverty, starvation and plenty, adventures and danger—a race now rapidly becoming extinct.

In their place we have the amateur sportsman—young gentlemen, who, weary of the monotony of stalking in Caledonian preserves, take themselves off to the deer plains of South Africa, or the elk woods of the Missouri, with almost the same facilities that our forefathers got to the fastnesses of Dunkeld. These adventurous youths pen narratives on their return, which, if not so full of trials and sufferings and hair-breadth escapes as those of the hardy trappers as given to us by Mr. Ruxton, still contain quite enough to amuse the most exacting reader; and as the amateur sportsman does not remain long enough in the country to blunt first impressions and dim the enjoyment of novelty, nothing comes to tarnish the freshness of the picture; it is all enthusiasm from beginning to end, a constant succession of striking scenes and interesting adventures, with an unavoidable recurrence to the destruction of animal life, so frequently obtruded, that at last the reader finds himself insensibly entertaining a half latent hope that the terrible destroyer of life will himself not get off without a good hugging by some resolute old grisly bear.

Mr. Palliser—the amateur sportsman with whom we have now to do—will excuse us following him in his transatlantic journey to Boston; his journey thence to Wheeling on the Ohio, and his navigation of that river; and the Mississippi to New Orleans. We will pass on to his *début* in the hunting-grounds east of the great rivers, and where he first tried his hand at deer shooting and deer skinning, not far from Mr. Keat's cotton plantation on the Arkansa River. At these mere back-woods or frontier stations they still adhere to the absurd practice of pan-hunting, that is, shooting at night at any two-pair of eyes that come to

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\* *Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies.* By John Palliser, Esq. With Illustrations. John Murray.

stare at a pan of burning pine knots; and Mr. Palliser relates a story, that has the run of the whole length of the backwoods from Illinois to New Orleans, of a man shooting his brood mare and foal under such circumstances, as having occurred to a "major" who breakfasted with him that morning.

We can excuse this imposition of an old story upon a new comer, as we can a first failure in roasting venison by a bivouac fire the first time he camped out *solus* in a very fever-and-aguish sort of place by the banks of Lake Jefferson. Both are compensated for by a clever shot at a pair of eyes which, as he sat smoking and musing, were observed to shine very brightly in the fire-light. The owner of the bright eyes turned out to be a splendid panther, whose skin our sportsman added to his kit with infinite satisfaction.

After a short excursion to Louisville and the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, Mr. Palliser joined an expedition then preparing to start from Independence, on the Missouri, for the Western territory and the Rocky Mountains. It must be premised that the manner in which communication is kept up with the hunting forts or stations in the Indian territory is twofold: first, by a steamer, which ascends the Missouri with goods for barter at the time of the rise of the waters in May, and is thus enabled to go as far as Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, where that stream falls into the Great Missouri; and secondly, by an overland expedition of traders, hunters, and workmen, who go up together to their forts and trading posts, starting from Independence every year at the beginning of September. This was the caravan which Mr. Palliser joined, and which was on this occasion composed of some seventeen and eighteen individuals, among whom the most prominent persons were Mr. Kipp, a hardy old veteran leader, and Mr. Murray, in charge of Fort Alexander, on the Yellow Stone; the rest being French, or half-caste *employés*, a docile, patient, enduring set of travellers, with constitutions of iron, and well practised in travel. The last white faces they saw were those of the Mormons, the pioneers of civilisation in the Far West. "The day," says Mr. Palliser, "is not far distant when, by their means, the red man and the buffalo will be swept off the face of the earth." We sincerely hope not. There is room on the prairies for both, without interfering with Anglo-American progress; on the contrary, rather aiding and abetting it. As to the extinction of the aborigines, if such is meant in the hidden ways of Providence, we should grieve, but dare not demur; we hope, however, for better things; what useful huntsmen and herdsman the domesticated red man would make. As to the bisons, with such a girth of natural pastures, what good could come of their extermination? Their flesh and fat is acknowledgedly infinitely superior to that of our races of domestic cows; they are naturally of a timid and docile disposition, feeding, as Mr. Palliser has pleasantly recorded in both pen and pencil illustrations, in the company of domestic calves. Is there no future in reserve, then, for the poor persecuted bison? May not herds less numerous than those which the hunter now so wantonly assails, slaughtering whole hosts often for the sake of a few marrow-bones, be some future day quietly feeding on the same prairies, tended by the red man, to the mutual benefit of both races, and certainly to the advantage of a general civilisation?



But to turn to our traveller: a description of one night's bivouac will suffice for all, as each night's work was little more than a repetition of the same operations:

A little before sunset we unsaddled and unpacked our horses, placing the packs and saddle of each rider in a separate pile at equal distances so as to form a circular enclosure, about ten paces in diameter, and after watering and "hobbling" the horses, i. e. attaching the fore and hind legs on one side together by means of an iron chain, with a leathern strap round the fetlock, to prevent their straying, we turned them loose to graze; not till then considering ourselves at liberty to attend to our own comforts. Our first business was, then, to cut and gather wood and to light a fire in the centre of the circle, fetching some water in the kettles, and putting the meat on to cook, and making our beds of saddle-cloths, blankets, and buffalo robes: this done, we roasted our coffee-berries, and having wrapt them in a piece of deer or buffalo skin and pounded them on the stump of a tree with the back of a hatchet, put them in our coffee-pot and boiled them; and the meat being cooked by the time this process was over, and the coffee made, we fell to with great appetite. After supper we lighted our pipes, and then each turned in when he felt inclined, and, with his feet to the fire, slept as only travellers in the prairie can sleep. Before day, we were up again, unhobbed and watered our horses, loaded the packs, and were all in the saddle by sunrise. We rode on till about eleven o'clock, when we camped again for breakfast, letting the horses graze for a couple of hours; at one, starting off again to pursue our march till near dark.

The vegetation in some parts of the prairie was gigantic, the grass growing from five to eight feet high. Sometimes they would travel through this for days without intermission, occasionally meeting with willows and small spots of timber. "Everything around," writes Mr. Palliser—"the huge coarse grass—weeds that I never saw before, rank and tangled in their unchecked growth—and the eternal, illimitable sweep of the undulating prairie, impressed on me a sense of vastness quite overwhelming."

At Fort Vermilion they joined a band of 600 Sioux, just returned from a foray against the Ottos Indians, and Mr. Palliser's further hunting exploits were nearly put an end to by an Indian taking a deliberate shot at him—the bullet whizzing close past his ear. Here he also first tasted buffalo. "To say what I think," he duly places on record, "of its flavour and its excellence, would be but to repeat all the encomiums upon it that I have ever heard or read. It is decidedly the best meat I ever tasted, and I have eaten as great a variety as most people. The fat is peculiarly delicious, and more like that of turtle than beef, over which it has a decided superiority in delicacy of flavour, and is not surfeiting those who even feast immoderately upon it."

At Fort Pierre, the largest station of the American Fur Company on the Missouri, they stayed two days. Near this station is an island, upon which it was once attempted to establish a farm, but the red skins killed the cattle, burned the hay, and stole the corn, selling it back to the Fur Company. Beyond Fort Pierre they entered the high prairies, the atmosphere of which is remarkably clear and wholesome. They generally found timber to camp in for breakfast, and also for supper and sleeping at night, but they were much inconvenienced by want of fresh water. The buffalo abounds in these elevated uplands. From Fort Union, near the junction of the Missouri and Yellow Stone Rivers, Mr. Palliser enjoyed

many a day's buffalo hunting, which he naturally describes as a noble sport, and which was only interrupted by stern winter, which wrapped the vast prairie in a shroud of snow and ice. Mr. Palliser describes the English or Canadian half-breeds on the Red River from Lord Selkirk's settlements as the best hunters of buffalo; they will, in passing a buffalo at full speed, hit him mortally behind the shoulder at fifty yards, five times out of six. A strange epidemic broke out in the fort with the arrival of winter, and spread like wildfire: it was a sort of cold that affected the throat, like mumps, internally and externally. Still winter did not put a stop to Mr. Palliser's sport. There were plenty of rabbits and prairie hens, and he could stalk buffalo and elk. Disguised by a blanket, he would get into a herd of the former, and keep singling out and shooting the best and fattest of the cows for upwards of an hour before he was found out. The troops of elk, sometimes a hundred strong upon the Yellow Stone, are described as presenting a truly grand and imposing sight. Wolves of three descriptions—the large white wolf, or buffalo wolf, the grey wolf, and the kit wolf—also abounded, howling most dismally as the cold increased; and they afforded not only capital sport, but profitable employment, as Mr. Palliser was allowed two dollars a-piece for white wolf skins, one and a half dollars for the grey, and seventy-five cents for the kit wolf skins.

Buffalo shooting was not always unaccompanied by danger, as the following instance will show. Mr. Palliser was in pursuit of a sturdy old bull:

He was standing a little way off on the open plain, but the skirting willows and brushwood afforded me cover within eighty yards of him, profiting by which I crept up, and taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bull gave a convulsive start, moved off a little way, and turned his broadside again to me. I fired again, over a hundred yards this time; he did not stir. I loaded and fired the third time, whereupon he turned and faced me, as if about to show fight. As I was loading for a fourth shot he tottered forward a step or two, and I thought he was about to fall, so I waited for a little while, but as he did not come down I determined to go up and finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirty paces of him, till I could actually see his eyes rolling, I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of the heart, as I thought, but to my utter amazement up went his tail and down went his head, and with a speed that I thought him little capable of, he was upon me in a twinkling. I ran hard for it, but he rapidly overhauled me, and my situation was becoming anything but pleasant. Thinking he might, like our own bulls, shut the eyes in making a charge, I swerved suddenly to one side to escape the shock, but, to my horror, I failed in dodging him, for he bolted round quicker than I did, and affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn myself sideways as I sustained the charge, in the hopes of getting between his horns, he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake. My rifle stock was shattered to pieces by one horn, my clothes torn by the other; I flew into mid-air, scattering my prairie hens and rabbits, which had hitherto hung dangling by leathern thongs from my belt, in all directions, till landing at last, I fell unhurt in the snow, and almost over me—fortunately not quite—rolled my infuriated antagonist, and subsided in a snow drift. I was luckily not the least injured, the force of the blow having been perfectly deadened by the enormous mass of fur, wool, and hair that clothed his shaggy head-piece.

Mr. Palliser purchased a very fine dog—a mongrel between a white buffalo wolf and a common Indian bitch—whom he designated as

Ishmah, and who, at first averse to white men, almost to horror, afterwards took a great liking to his master, and became the inseparable companion of all his adventures and journeyings, and even the sharer of his bed. Ishmah's chief duty was, however, to drag the sleigh or *travail*, as the hunters call it, upon short shooting excursions, when a dressed leather elk skin, a buffalo robe, two blankets, three or four pair of mocassins, a large and a small tin mug, and a proper supply of ammunition were indispensable. It was in company with this dog that Mr. Palliser performed his really solitary rambles; and this was the way they travelled together:

The woods along the banks of the river afforded me timber, already fallen and in every stage of decomposition, wherewith to light a fire at night; and when I stood and looked about me to choose a convenient spot near an ice-hole, Ishmah used to gaze into my face as if he could read my thoughts, and whine as much as to say, "I am tired too." When I trampled down the snow, cut and strewed the willows, and proceeded to collect the wood, he used to watch me eagerly, and prick up his ears when he saw me take the flint and steel from my pouch and the dry inner bark of the cotton-wood-tree from my chest in which to kindle the spark. The fire secure and burning well, I turned my attention to him, unharnessed him, unpacked his *travail*, and placed it aloft against the side of a tree to protect the leather straps from the voracity of the wolves. This done, I spread my bed and filled the kettles with water, took a handful of coffee-berries from my bag, which I roasted in the cover of the kettle, then wrapping them up in a piece of leather I pounded them on a stump, and put them in the smaller kettle to boil, reserving the large one for the meat. These culinary proceedings Ishmah used to regard with the most intense interest, turning back from time to time as the eddies of pungent smoke from the damp fuel compelled him to avert his eyes. When supper was at last cooked and despatched (quickly enough on his part, poor fellow, for his share was sometimes very scanty), he sat up close beside me as I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee; and when at last I got into bed he used to lie down at the edge of the robe with his back close up against my shoulders, and so we slept till morning. As soon as it was daylight we rose, Ishmah submitted patiently to be harnessed, and we resumed our march.

Ishmah's relationship to the Lupus family was, however, productive at times of no small inconvenience, as he would frequently run off and engage in play with the young wolves, chased and being chased by them in turn:

At first I was amused at this indication of his wild origin, but became subsequently much annoyed, and on one occasion seriously alarmed at the result of these gambols. One day, after a long march, I was looking out for a convenient camping-place, when a she-wolf crossed the ice at some distance from where I was standing. In spite of all my exertions and threats, Ishmah immediately gave chase, and they continued their gambols until I attempted to approach them, when, of course, the wolf made off at full speed, followed by my dog with his *travail* behind him, loaded with everything I then possessed in the world. I followed, shouting after him in vain until he entirely disappeared from my view, after which I continued running on the tracks, till darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself a long way from timber, out on the broad prairie, alone on a vast barren waste of snow stretching around me on every side.

My sensations were anything but enviable, on reflecting that I was about one hundred miles from any known habitation, and nearly one hundred and fifty from my destination, destitute of robe and blankets, with but very little powder in my horn and only two bullets in my pouch. In short, I was in a

pretty considerable sort of a "fix," and had nothing for it but to make tracks again with all speed for the timber. Fortunately I found my way back to the river without much difficulty. It was a beautiful moonlight night, which enabled me to collect some fallen wood, and having lighted a fire, I seated myself beside it, and began to consider the probabilities of my ever reaching a trading post alive, in the event of Ishmah not returning, and how I should economise my ammunition and increase my rate of travelling, so as to effect this object. My prospects were dismal enough, nor did I feel cheered as the cold north breeze froze the perspiration which had run down my forehead and face, and formed icicles in my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head in dismissing from my mind one project after another. At last, resigning myself to my fate, I took out my pipe, determined to console myself with a smoke, when, alas! on feeling for tobacco I found that was gone too. This was the climax of my misfortunes! I looked to the north star and calculated by the position of the Plough that it must have been about ten o'clock, the time at which in England we have our knees under the mahogany, surrounded by friends, discussing a bottle of the best, and awaiting the summons to tea in the drawing-room. I tried to see a faint similarity to the steam of the tea-urn in the smoke from the snow-covered wood on my dreary fire, and endeavoured to trace the forms of sweet familiar faces in the embers, till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white crêpe dresses round me, when, hark! I did hear a rustle—it approaches nearer, nearer, and I recognise the scraping of Ishmah's travail on the snow; another moment and the panting rascal was by my side! I never felt so relieved, and laughed out loud from sheer joy, as I noticed the consciousness he showed by his various cringing movements of having behaved very badly. I was too well pleased, however, at his reappearance to beat him, particularly when I found nothing of his harness and load either missing or injured in the slightest degree. Even the portion of meat which I had secured from the last deer I shot was untouched; so that I had nothing to do but to unpack the travail, make my bed, and cook our supper.

Thus he arrived at White River post, where he was entertained hospitably, and hunted, in company with the Indians, a new description of game—the black-tail deer—which abound in that vicinity. Thence he proceeded to Fort Berthold, in the Minitaree country, and being caught in a snow-storm at the Grand Détour, he says he found his faithful dog an invaluable friend, and he really believes he was the means of saving his life, for he seemed to feel the calorific, as it issued from him, preserve his body from being turned into stone. The party on this occasion consisted of Mr. Palliser; Frederick, a trader; Peekay, an Indian, and his squaw, with their dogs and travails; and a man in charge of two miserable pack-horses. They came to be in great want of food.

As I was adjusting my snow shoes and girding up my loins, old Peekay lighted his long Indian pipe, and waved it towards the four points of the compass, making medicine; he then threw himself down on the ground, and uttered aloud the following words, as near as I can recollect Frederick's repetition of them to me; for by the time he had smoked his pipe, or commenced addressing the Great Spirit, I was already a good step on my way. "O Great Spirit, you see the state we are now in, we have no meat neither myself nor my squaw, and our dogs are sinking for want; we shall lose all our property, for the dogs are too tired to drag it any longer! O Great Spirit, help us therefore, and bring us some meat." His prayer ended, the old fellow went along the edge of the timber skirting the river, while I was far ahead trying to stalk up the bull, which I had hopes of succeeding in doing, on account of the inequalities of the ground where he was lying. The walk, or run, was very severe; but after taking a great round to avoid giving the animal my wind, I

succeeded in getting within 200 yards of him perhaps, when, unfortunately, in one of those fitful gusts of wind, which broken hilly ground always renders so treacherous and uncertain, the bull scented me, never stopped for a moment's look, but wheeled round and dashed off as terrified as if I had been close to him. I could not blame myself for the contingency, and consoled myself with the reflection of there being fortune in hunting as well as a fortune of war. I had watched the bull's movements for nearly a mile as he ran headlong from me, when what was my astonishment at beholding a faint puff of smoke issue from a little thicket of willows in the horizon. I heard no report, but a careful eager look satisfied me that the bull had fallen. I hurried off to the place as fast as I could, and found that old Peekay, who had not fired a gun or killed game for many years, and who was, in fact, an infirm old man, had been walking through those very willows alongside of which the bull had shaped his course, when the animal passed the old man so close, as to enable him to send his ball through the heart at a distance of not more than ten or twelve paces. This was a most extraordinary combination of chances—if chances they may have been called—as the buffalo had a whole hemisphere of prairie over which to escape from me, and nothing at all calculated to induce him to make for the only point where destruction awaited him. It seemed as if the poor old man's prayer had been heard, and meat had been sent him at his utmost need.

The snow now began to pass away, the smaller rivers and springs were open, and ducks, geese, bustards, and swans, afforded plenty of sport and food at the same time. On one occasion, Mr. Palliser killed six geese at one shot. On the 17th of April, the ice broke up on the Great Missouri with an explosion like thunder. After that it continued to roll by for thirty hours, keeping up a continuous roar. Mr. Palliser engaged three men—one Boucharville, a good trapper; Perey, a stout active French Canadian; and a poor timid French half-breed, named Paquenode, to accompany him on his journey to Fort Union. Their stock of provisions was strengthened at this season of the year by eggs procured from nests of the water-fowl. Antelopes were also met with along the banks of the river.

Fort Union was too low in its supplies to afford the party more than a day's hospitality, so they were obliged to take again to the hunting country on the banks of the Missouri. Here they soon found elk in the woods interspersed with lovely glades and beautiful feeding grass.

I chose a fine old stag, while Boucharville, with an eye to superior meat, singled out a doe. We drew up our rifles slowly, and both shots went off together. The smoke hung heavily for a second or two; when it cleared away we espied one of the wapiti lying down. The next instant down rolled the stag also. We agreed to advance at the same moment lest one or other of the animals should be able to get up and escape. On coming near my stag, he struggled to rise, but unable to gain his feet rolled back again. I looked towards the other, when what was my surprise at witnessing a regular combat between Boucharville and his wounded elk, now transformed into a very formidable antagonist. Springing on her haunches, she was striking furiously at him with her fore-feet; one hoof missed him, but the other fell on his rifle, which he held up for his protection, and smashing both his ramrod and his loading-stick, beat him down on his knees. Rising a second time, she was about to repeat the attack, when my bullet caught her in the side of the head behind the eye, and with a splendid bound she fell lifeless on the broad of her back. I had made a quick and necessarily a rather dangerous shot, but I was in luck that day. "*Sacré enfant du diable!*" exclaimed Boucharville, as he half rose from the ground, but looking at nothing till he had satisfied himself that his

rifle was uninjured; "mais qui l'aurait cru? Ma foi!" continued he, laughing, "j'ai bien échappé, une biche à un côté et une balle à l'autre!"

They were so successful on the Missouri, that they were soon enabled to take their surplus meat to the Fort, and exchange the same for divers things wanted to complete their equipment. This accomplished, they started on a hunting excursion up the Yellow Stone River, a new and very interesting country, abounding in the meadows with deer, antelopes, and elk, and in the rocky parts with big-horns or wild sheep. Of the latter Mr. Palliser says:

We found them very wary game, and almost impossible to approach; once I clambered to within fair shooting-distance of a ram, concealed from his view by a sheltering crag, but the moment my head and rifle were raised for aiming over this ledge of rock, he was off with one bound, disappearing down a fissure in the rocks, where I thought the animal would have been dashed to pieces. Unlike the deer, who will generally stand and gaze a moment, as if trying to make you out—the wild sheep is so shy and wary as well as quick-sighted, that the moment he sees the slightest strange object above a bank or rock, he is instantly off.

I got, after much toil and difficulty, a tolerably fair shot at a ewe, but missed her, being blown by the constant climbing. These volcanic rocks and hills are very deceptive in their appearance, and their similarity causes much difficulty in obtaining an approach to any spot from a direction different to that from which you obtained the first view; for on descending and creeping round their bases, the rugged cliffs assume appearances differing widely from those which presented themselves from the preceding summits. At last, however, I succeeded in circumventing a fine old ram; and carefully and noiselessly we ascended the cliff commanding a view of our game unconsciously standing about sixty yards below us, close to some stunted cedars. I pointed my rifle downwards, and as the echo and smoke of the shot rolled away, I saw that my bullet had broken his back, and sent him floundering below. At the report of the shot, two lambs bounded off, and Boucharville instantly started in pursuit of them, answering my remonstrances by declaring them to be such excellent eating.

The scenery was splendid: the river being very circuitous and beautifully wooded—rose-trees, willows, and numerous and beautiful rhododendra were strewn over the plain in advance of the heavy timber. It was the same thing on the Big Horn River, whither their pursuits next carried them: green brushwood luxuriated all around, the grass was not rank, and the woods were thickly stocked with flowering evergreens and shrubs, presenting a very different scene from the vast wastes on the Great Missouri's banks. The industrious little beaver still haunts the Big Horn. The river also abounds in fish, called by the Yankees Cat Fish, but more correctly by the French, Barbus, for it appears to be a species of Barbel, having long beard-like excrescences each side of the mouth. While in this wild yet interesting country, Mr. Palliser was reduced to the necessity of manufacturing for himself a hunting shirt out of an elk's skin, and a pair of nether garments out of the skin of black-tailed deer. "The celebrated Raut, of Portsmouth," he relates, "who was once known to affirm that he passed sleepless nights over the cutting out of trousers, could not have taken greater pains than I did with mine; still I wasted the cabbage to such an extent, that before the completion of my work, I had to sacrifice another deer at the shrine of the Sarcotian god."

In this life, I believe, it is impossible to realise half our wishes and expectations; one cause of disappointment always remained to render incomplete the enjoyment of the splendid sport I revelled in every day. If I wished to shoot from horseback, a ride of a few miles afforded me most splendid runs; if I wished to hunt wapiti, the points on the river contained them in just sufficient abundance to afford that amount of toil and labour, without which nothing that is obtained is duly appreciated; of deer I had a considerable number; black-tailed deer I could always obtain by going a few miles distance to look for them; the grosses cornes I could sometimes see swinging, as it were, and balancing themselves on tops of the cliffs as I sat in my own camp; antelopes, too, were constantly to be seen, and many a prowling wolf I nailed by disposing ofal in places easily approachable; or, should I feel lazy and merely inclined to practise my rifle-shooting, in order, as they say in Ireland, "to keep my hand in," I could always find lots of pheasants and one or two rabbits. Notwithstanding all this, one species of sport yet lacked me—I could find no grisly bear. I hunted long and carefully for them; but, strange to say, the whole time I was on the Yellow Stone, I did not meet with a single one. I had, it is true, fallen in with their tracks, which were quite unmistakable, and these too frequently quite fresh; and had often ridden or walked tracking them for long distances, but always to some water-course where I lost the foot-prints among the shingles, or on some substance too hard for me to trace them any further.

In order to gratify this last whim, Mr. Palliser returned down the Yellow Stone, not, however, without meeting the red skins, to Fort Union, and thence down the Missouri, being joined on the way by two run-away *employés*, Dauphin and Gardépée, to the Knife River, where they killed their first bear—a young one—and thence to the Turtle Mountains, where, from the abundance of fruit-trees, the grisly bears congregate at certain seasons in such numbers as to prevent any one from hunting through them except on horseback, and at great risk even then. Here he was not long in meeting with an antagonist. They had just shot a wapiti.

Boucharville, who had not loaded, went at that moment to a stream about thirty paces from where the wapiti lay, saying, "Ja vais laver ma carabine;" and I leaving my horse to graze, having taken off his bridle and unrolled his halter, busy, knife in hand, removing the elk's skin, when Boucharville, who by this time had his rifle barrel in the stream, and was sponging away very diligently, suddenly shouted, "Un ours! un ours!" and at the same instant a she grisly bear emerged from a cherry thicket charging right at him. Boucharville, dropping his rifle barrel, sprang back into a clump of rose-bushes, when the bear, losing sight of him, stood on her hind legs, and I then saw she had a cub of a good size with her. I at first ran to assist my companion, but seeing him safe and the bear at fault, I rushed back to the horse to secure him, fearing that were he to smell the bear, he would soon speed his way over the prairie, and be lost to me for ever. Seeing me run, the bear instantly charged after me; and when having reached the horse, and rolled the halter a couple of times round my arm, I turned about to face her, she rose on her hind legs. I did not like, however, to venture so long a shot, as I had only a single-barrelled rifle in my hand, and paused a moment; when she altered her intention, turned aside, and followed the direction taken by her cub. I then caught a glimpse of her as she ran to the left, and fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she immediately checked her onward course, and wheeling round and round, snapped at her side, tearing at the wound with her teeth and claws, and, fortunately for me, afforded me sufficient time to enable me to load again; my ball was hardly down, when a

shout from Boucharville warned me that the fight was only commencing. "Gardez-vous, gardez-vous, monsieur ; elle fonce encore," and on she furiously rushed at me. I had barely time to put on my copper cap, and as she rose on her hind legs, I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up, and rolled from the top to the bottom of the slope, where she expired with a choking growl. Boucharville now joined me, but we did not venture to approach the enemy until I had loaded, and we ascertained that she was safe dead by pelting sticks and stumps at the carcase. All this time my noble horse stood as firm as a rock ; had he reared or shied, I should have been in a serious scrape.

I was greatly rejoiced at my good fortune. She proved a fine old bear, measuring seven and a half feet in length, with claws four and a half inches long. We immediately set to and skinned her, preserving the claws. I then brought up the horse, and laid the skin upon his back ; he, strange to say, offering no resistance, nor evincing the slightest fear or objection to carry it—a most unusual thing, for horses in general are terrified at the smell of a bear, and I never saw one since that would allow me to throw a bearskin across his back.

Dauphin shot another little bear on the same occasion, and attacked a cub with a stick with a view to capturing him alive, but after a prolonged fight he was glad to give in, and leave the cub master of the field. The French hunters persuaded Mr. Palliser not to remain long in so dangerous a region as the Turtle Mountains, but he met with "Bar" again on the Great Missouri.

On reaching the little Missouri the weather looked gloomy and threatened rain, so Boucharville engaged to build a very comfortable "cabane." This experienced rover of mountains, woods, and prairies, was up to a thousand little expedients to obviate difficulties and alleviate inconveniences, and was doubly anxious to render me comfortable now that I had acceded to his wishes, and abandoned my hunting elysium, the "Montagne de Tortue." Leaving Dauphin to assist him and look after the horses, I went up the river with my double-barrelled gun to look for ducks ; but they were very wild, and I bagged none. At length I came to the putrid carcase of a bull, and on the mud all around saw the tracks of a large old bear, some of which led from the carrion along a dry watercourse, and looked very fresh. I drew my shot charges, rammed down a couple of bullets, and followed the tracks over an undulating prairie, till at a distance I descried a very large bear walking leisurely along. I approached as near as I could without his perceiving me, and lying down, tried Dauphin's plan of imitating the lowing of a buffalo calf. On hearing the sounds, he rose up, displaying such gigantic proportions as almost made my heart fail me ; I croaked again, when, perceiving me, he came cantering slowly up. I felt that I was in for it, and that escape was impossible, even had I declined the combat, so cocking both barrels of my Trulock, I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up, upon which the bear, with an indolent roaring grunt, raised himself once more upon his hind legs, and just at the moment when he was balancing himself previously to springing on me, I fired, aiming close under his chin : the ball passing through his throat, broke the vertebræ of the neck, and down he tumbled, floundering like a great fish out of water, till at length he reluctantly expired. I drew a long breath as I uncocked my left barrel, feeling right glad at the successful issue of the combat. I walked round and round my huge prize, surveying his proportions with great delight ; but as it came on to rain, I was obliged to lose no time in skinning him. I got soaked through before I succeeded in removing his tremendous hide, and then found it too heavy for me to take away ; so I was obliged to return to camp without the trophy of



my conquest. It was dark when I arrived. Boucharville and Dauphin had built a most comfortable little hut of logs and bark, and having laid down the skins and spread our beds inside, with the saddles at our heads for pillows, and a good roaring fire outside at our feet, we fell heartily to our supper of elk meat and coffee.

A fifth and last grisly bear was shot at the mouth of the Little Missouri. After which, the time having arrived when the annual steamer came up the river, Mr. Palliser packed up his kettles, arms, and trophies of chase, and sailed away from the wild regions of the Far West, with all those feelings of regret which are invariably experienced when the simplicity of nature is exchanged for the artifices of society.

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### THE SONG OF THE EVICTED.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

Gone, gone, torn out and gone,  
 Window and door-post, the very hearth-stone—  
     Want too long my neighbour,  
     I toil'd after labour,  
 From farm to village, and village to town,  
 Cold and hungry I'd oftentimes gladly die,  
 If I were but alone in my misery;  
 Fever behind, famine before,  
 No Christian opening to me a door!

Gone, gone, unroof'd and gone,  
 The cottage walls stand tottering and lone;  
 I have left my children, and hopeless go  
     Where cold insult no feeling spares,  
 Just heaven, one bosom, my own, is enough  
     To meet what the shrinking heart bears—  
 They need not, poor souls, be wounded so—  
 I would my heart were of sterner stuff,  
 I might turn to evil for help!—no, no,  
 Demon dreams will flit when beyond control  
 Temptations seize the despairing soul,  
 Suffering ill-fraught deeds to lighten sorrow,  
 When hope is hopeless of to-morrow!

Gone, gone, sold up and gone,  
 My little ones play at the quarry stone;  
 By the greenwood side the brook they quaff,  
     That runs by our ruined door,  
 Dear fools, they prattle, play, and laugh,  
     Nor think they'll have bread no more.

They little heed having no home to bless them,  
Nor father, nor mother at hand to caress them,  
But the insolent, soul-less, workhouse nurse,  
To teach young spirits their doom to curse—  
One sings in his glee, on the gate swings another,  
It leads to the churchyard where resteth his mother—  
She cannot grieve now ; feast and famine to her  
Are the same in her holy sleep ;  
She dwells with poverty's sanctifier,  
Who chose from the poor his sheep—  
She is blessed, for none of our ills she shares—  
One of us is happy yet,  
And can he who will dry up all human tears,  
Our daily bread forget !  
I strive, and strive against despair,  
And wander, days and days ;  
The beasts are fed, the fowls of the air—  
But we are castaways !

Gone, gone, sold up and gone—  
I will turn the villain's hanger-on,  
And be greatly fed—the poor man is nought,  
He never starves who in crime is caught,  
And they on crime's verge whom the laws neglect,  
How they batten and fatten with the world's respect.  
Great God that I thus repine, forgive !  
It is hard for want to be just and live  
Day after day in a cold world's blight,  
With a withering heart, yet a conscience light,  
While luxury's minions pampered, and rude,  
Curl the lip in supercilious mood  
At their clay brother's crushing woe,  
And bid him toil as he'd gladly do—  
Then twirl on the heel ; and I turn away,  
With a bursting heart to fast and pray—  
Such is my tale from day to day.  
But none can tell, though many know  
What the sinking heart, and the burning brow,  
Makes the spirit speak—it may not be said—  
When houseless I search in vain for bread ;  
Fever behiud, famine before,  
No Christian opening to me a door !

## AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. V.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NOTHING had we heard of "Nile Notes" or its author, when our eye was "fixed" by a collection of mottoes imprinted on the fly-leaf. Anon we were fain to construe "Nile Notes" as signifying promissory notes, issued by a capitalist of substance, and paying something more than simple interest. The traveller who had chosen epigraphs of such a kind, was himself likely, we inferred, to indite a noticeable autograph. The bush he had hung out was so unlike the dry scrubby stump commonly in use, that, in spite of the adage, we drew up at his door, in the assurance of finding good wine within. Indeed, so fond is our admiration of Sir Thomas Browne, and so susceptible our ear to the musical pomp of his rhetoric, that we should probably have been won to read "Nile Notes" had its title-page glistened with none other motto than the old knight's stately, sonorous, mystically solemn sentence: "Canopus is afar off; Memnon resoundeth not to the sun; and Nilus heareth strange voices"—a sentence, by the way, which reminds us of the assurance of a lady-friend, that she has often, in reading Sir Thomas, "*felt a sense*" from the organ-like grandeur of his style, before she fully comprehended it." Then again, there are mottoes from the Arabian Nights, and from Death's Jest Book, and the Sphinx Unriddled, and Browning's Paracelsus, and Werne's White Nile, and—not unaptly, for Mr. Curtis sometimes mouths it in almost imitative parade—from Ancient Pistol himself, who

Sings of Africa and golden joys.

Nor did a perusal of "Nile Notes" break its word of promise to the hope. It made us acquainted with a writer sometimes laboured and whimsical, but on the whole, rich in fancy, and lavish of his riches—master of a style glowing with the brilliancy of the region he depicts, and attuned to Memnonian resonances and the "strange voices" of Nilus. The stars of midnight are dear to him; to his spirit there is matter in the "silence and the calm of mute insensate things;" his ear loves to lean "in many a secret place;" and albeit a humorist and a "quiz," with the sharp speech at times of a man of the world, and a dash of the cynic in his composition, he is no stranger to that vacant and pensive mood when past impressions, greater and deeper than he knew, "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Sarcasm and rhapsody are so interfused in "Nile Notes," that one division of readers admires or abhors just those particular chapters or pages which another division abhors or admires. Lydia Languish is in ecstasies with the sentimental paragraphs, "love-laden with most subtle sweetness," or "fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers," and breath-

\* As in Wordsworth's sublime dream of the Arab—in whose shell the poet

"—Heard that instant in an unknown tongue,  
Which yet he understood, articulate sounds,  
A loud prophetic blast of harmony."—*Prelude. Book V.*

ing an atmosphere of "silent, voluptuous sadness." Major Pendennis reads the satirical expositions of knavish dragomen and travelling Cockaigne, and swears the Howadji is a fellow after his own (Major P.'s) heart (μὴ γενοῖτο!), and that there's no nonsense about the man, no bosh in him, sir.

Knavish dragomen and their knight-errant victims are sketched amusingly enough among these Nile Notables. So are the crew of the *Ibis*; its old grey Egyptian captain, who crouched all day long over the tiller with a pipe in his mouth, and looked like a heap of blankets, smouldering away internally, and emitting smoke at a chance orifice; brawny, one-eyed Seyd, a clumsy being in the ape stage of development—slightly sensual, and with ulterior views upon the kitchen drippings—and alas, developing backwards, becoming more baboonish and less human every day; Saleh or Satan, a cross between the porcupine and the wild cat; together with a little old-maidish Bedouin, "who told wonderful stories to the crew, and prayed endlessly," and other grisly mariners, all bad workers, and lazy exceedingly—familiarity with whom bred decided contempt, and convinced the Howadji, in spite of his prepossessions to the contrary, that there is fallacy in the fashion which lauds the Orient, and prophesies a renewed grandeur ("as if the East could ever again be as bright as at sunrise")—and that if you would enjoy Egypt, you must be a poet, not a philosopher (the Howadji is a cross of both)—must be a pilgrim of beauty, not of morals or politics, if you would realise your dream. "The spent summer re-blooms no more," he says; "the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore—the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. . . . Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the Pyramids, but champagne." And thus he anticipates a speedy advent of the day when, under the sway of England or of Russia (after the lion and the polar bear have "shivered the desert silence with the roar of their struggle"), Father Ishmael shall be a sheikh of honour, but of dominion no longer, and sit turbaned in the chimney corner, while his hatted\* heirs rule the house—and the children cluster around him, fascinated with his beautiful tradi-

\* Lamentable will it be if the Hat lasts a paramount fashion until *that* time of day—and a shame it will be to the arbiters of taste, to every living "Glaas of Fashion and Mould of Form," if that monstrous device of ugliness and discomfort be allowed to displace the Turban. It will seem, if Turban be rejected for Hat, that the heads of men are thickened, rather than their thoughts widened, by the process of the suns. For we hold with the lively author of "*Æsthetics of Dress*," that the Hat is one of the strangest vestimental anomalies of the nineteenth century:—"What a covering! what a termination to the capital of that pillar of the creation, Man! what an ungraceful, mis-shapen, useless, and uncomfortable appendage to the seat of reason—the brain-box! Does it protect the head from either heat, cold, or wet? Does it set off any natural beauty of the human cranium? Are its lines in harmony with, or in becoming contrast to, the expressive features of the face? Is it," &c., &c. In the single article of head-gear we should have hotly sympathised with that Disraelitish youth, of whom Charles Lamb asked, in the parting scramble for hats, what he had done with his turban?

tions, and curiously comparing their little black shoes with his red slippers.

What an open eye, nevertheless, our tourist has for the sublime and beautiful in Egyptian life, or life in death, may be seen in every section of his sketch-book. Witness his description of the temples at Aboo Simbel, and the solemn session there of kingly colossi—figures of Rameses the Great, “breathing grandeur and godly grace”—the stillness of their beauty “steeped in a placid passion, that seems passionlessness”—the beautiful balance of serene wisdom, and the beautiful bloom of eternal youth in their faces, with no trace there of the possibility of human emotion\*—a type of beauty alone in sculpture, serene and god-like. Witness, too, his picture of the tombs of the kings at Thebes—of the Memnonium—of Karnak, “older than history, yet fresh, as if just ruined for the romantic,” as though Cambyzes and his Persians had marched upon Memphis only last week—and of the Sphinx, grotesque darling of the desert, “its bland gaze serious and sweet,” a voice inaudible seeming to trail from its “thinned and thinning lips,” declaring its riddle still unread, while its eyes are expectantly settled toward the East, whence they dropped not “when Cambyzes or Napoleon came.”

Young America is much given to Carlylish phraseology, and Mr. Curtis deals largely on his own account in this questionable line. This is one of the “conceits” which prejudice many against him. He loves to repeat, in the Latter-day Pamphleteer’s fashion, certain compound epithets, indifferently felicitous at times, of his own coinage—as “Bunyan Pilots,” “Poet Harriet” (*scil.* Miss Martineau), “beaming elderly John Bull,” “Rev. Dr. Duck,” “Mutton Suet,” and “Wind and Rain.” This habit of “calling names” has set many a matter-of-fact reader against him. More, however, have taken exception to his prolonged description of the dancing-girls of Esue—a voluptuous theme, on which ’tis pity that chapter after chapter should find him “still harping,” with voluntary and variations not attuned to healthy English taste. But it is a mistake to pronounce him all levity and quicksilver—to deny him a heart that can ache with deep feeling, or a brain that can throb with generous and elevated thought. Capricious he is, and eccentric, waywardly independent in outspoken habits—dashing reckless in his

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\* Mr. Curtis’s impressions of Egyptian sculpture remind us of a passage in the English Opium-eater’s writings, in reference to the Memnon’s head, which, then recently brought from Egypt, struck him as “simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world he had seen.” Regarding it as not a human but as a symbolic head, he read there, he tells us, “First: the peace which passeth all understanding. Secondly: the eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. Thirdly: the diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession—an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips, the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh . . . . The atmosphere . . . was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence.” Surely the Memnon’s head must have been a sublime and oft-recurring presence in the Opium-eater’s dreams—and a national set-off, we would hope, against the horrors of being kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles (see “Confessions”), and lost with unutterable elmy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

flights of fancy, and quaintly exaggerated in his parts of speech; but they must have read him very superficially, or in some translation of their own, who overhear not, amid his fantasies, a still sad music of humanity, an earnestness, a sober sadness, a yearning sympathy with Richter's trinity, the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

The Howadji of the Nile Notes appeared next, and in continuation, as the "Wanderer in Syria." He tells us that, of the Eastern tours without number, of learned and poetic men, with which he is acquainted, the most, either despairing of imparting the true Oriental flavour to their works (thinking, perhaps, that Eastern enthusiasm must needs exhale in the record, as the Neapolitans declare that the *Lachrymæ Christi* can have the genuine flavour only in the very Vesuvian vineyard where it grows)—or hugging some forlorn hope that the reader's imagination will warm the dry bones of detail into life—do in effect write their books as bailiffs take an inventory of attached furniture:—"Item. One great pyramid, four hundred and ninety-eight feet high.—Item. One tomb in a rock, with two bushels of mummy dust.—Item. Two hundred and fifty miles over a desert.—Item. One grotto at Bethlehem, and contents,—to wit: ten golden lamps, twelve silver ditto, twenty yards of tapestry, and a marble pavement." Let no student of statistics, therefore,—let no auctioneer's catalogue-loving soul,—let no consulting actuary, addicted to tables and figures,—let no political economist, no census-taking censor, no sturdy prosaist, look for a kindred spirit in this Howadji, or for *mémoires pour servir*, serviceable memorabilia, in his picturesque pages. His avowed object is, not to state a fact, but to impart an impression. His creed is that the Arabian Nights and Hafiz are more valuable for their practical communication of the spirit and splendour of Oriental life, than all the books of Eastern travel ever written.\* And he affirms the existence of an abiding charm in those books of travel only, which are faithful records of individual experience, under the condition, always, that the individual has something characteristic and dramatic in his organisation—heroic in adventure, or of graceful and accurate cultivation—with a nature *en rapport* with the nature of the land he visits.

From Cairo to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Damascus, the Wanderer meanders (not maunders) on, in his "brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic" manner. The people he discusses are, some of them, the same as those known in "Nile Notes"—though they "come out" with less power, and with fewer salient points. A new, and mark-worthy, acquaintance we form in the instance of MacWhirter. And who is MacWhirter? A bailie from the Salt-market? or a bagman from a Paisley house? or a writer from Charlotte-square? or a laird from the wilds of Ross? or a red-whiskered half-pay of the Scots' Greys? Nay; MacWhirter is our Howadji's "ship of the desert," poetically speaking; or, in plain prose, his camel;—the great, scrawny, sandy, bald back of whose head, and his general rusty toughness and clumsiness, insensibly beget for him in his rider's mind this Carlylish appellation. An immense and formidable brute was MacWhirter—held in semi-contempt, semi-

\* Of which books he pronounces *Eothen* certainly the best, as being brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic. Yet he complains of even *Eothen* that its author is a cockney, who never puts off the Englishman, and is suspicious of his own enthusiasm, which, therefore, sounds a little exaggerated.

abhorrence by the Howadji, as indeed the camel species at large seems to be ; for he regards them as "strange demoniac animals," and describes, apparently with a shudder, their amorphous and withered frame, and their level-lidded, unhuman, and repulsive eyes. The name, "ship of the desert," he accepts, however, and dilates upon, as suggestively true. The strings of camels perpetually passing through the streets of Cairo, threading the murmurous city life with the desert silence, he likens to mariners in tarpaulins and pea-jackets, who roll through the streets of seaports and assert the sea. And in the desert itself, not only is the camel the means of navigation, but his roll is like that of a vessel, and his long, flexible neck like a pliant bowsprit.\*

The Howadji found MacWhirter's neck too long and flexible by half, when, in his first desert days, he thought to alter the direction of the beast by pulling the halter (instead of touching the side of his neck with a stick), and found, to his consternation, that he only drew the long neck quite round, so that the "great stupid head was almost between his knees, and the hateful eyes stared mockingly at his own." The weariness and tedium of this kind of locomotion are vividly described—its continuous rock, rock—jerk, jerk—till you are sick of the thin, withered slip of a tail in front, and the gaunt, stiff movement of the shapeless, tawny legs before you—while the sluggish path trails through a defile of glaring sand, whose sides just contemptuously obstruct your view, and exasperate you because they are low and of no fine outline. Wearied and fevered in the desert of Arabia, the sun becomes Mandragora, and you sleep. And lo ! the pomp of a wintry landscape dazzles your awaking : the sweeps and drifts of the sand-hills among which you are winding, have the sculpturesque grace of snow. Up rises a seeming lake, circled with low, melancholy hills, bare, like the rock-setting of mountain tarns ; and over the whole broods the death of wintry silence. The Howadji's picture of Jerusalem, the "Joy of the whole Earth," is comparatively tame. The Bethlehem grotto forms a high-coloured piece—"gorgeous with silver and golden lamps, with vases and heavy tapestries, with marbles and ivories—dim with the smoke of incense, and thick with its breath. In the hush of sudden splendour it is the secret cave of Ala-ed-deen, and you have rubbed the precious lamp." The Jordan winds imposing through these pages—the "beautiful, bowery Jordan"—its swift, turbid stream eddying through its valley course, defying its death with eager motion, and with the low gurgling song of living water : fringed by balsam poplars, willows, and oleanders, that shrink from the inexorable plain behind it, and cluster into it with trembling foliage, and arch it with green, as if tree and river had sworn forlorn friendship in that extremity of solitude. The Dead Sea lies before us like molten lead ; lying under the spell, not of Death, but of Insanity—for its desolation is not that of pure desert, and that is its awfulness. The Vale of Zabulon comes in triumphant relief : flowers set, like stars, against the solemn night of foliage ; the broad plain flashing with green and gold, state-livery of the royal year ; the long grasses languidly overleaning winding watercourses, indicated only by a more

\* The marine analogy in question was strengthened and fixed for ever by one of Mr. Curtis's fellow-pilgrims, a German, who, he tells us, "with the air of a man who had not slept, and to whom the West-Oestlicher Divan was of small account, went off in the grey dawn, sea-sick upon his camel."

luxuriant line of richness ; the blooming surfaces of nearer hills, and the distant blue mistiness of mountains, walls, and bulwarks of the year's garden, melting in the haze, sculptured in the moonlight, firm as relics of a fore-world in the celestial amber of clear afternoons. We coast the Sea of Galilee—embosomed in profound solitude and mountainous sternness ; and scrutinise its population—the men in sordid rags, with long elfish earlocks, a wan and puny aspect, and a kind of drivelling leer and cunning in the eye—"a singular combination of Boz's Fagin and Carlyle's Apes of the Dead Sea ;"—the women, however, even comely, with fair round faces of Teutonic type, and clad in the "coarse substantiality of the German female costume." Longingly and lingeringly we gaze on Damascus, the "Eye of the East"—whose clustering minarets and spires, as of frosted flame, glitter above the ambrosial darkness of endless groves and gardens ; the metropolis of Romance, and the well-assured capital of Oriental hope ; on the way to no Christian province, and therefore unpurged of virgin picturesqueness by Western trade. Each Damascus house is a Paradise—each interior a poem set to music, a dream palace, such a pavilion as Tennyson has built in melody for Haroun El Raschid. In this way doth the Howadji etch his Wanderings in Syria.

His characteristic enthusiasm, scepticism, sentiment, and satire might be illustrated from many a passage. Thus, in Gaza, city which he had vaguely figured to himself when, a child, he listened wondering to the story of Samson, Sunday came to him "with the old Sabbath feeling, with that spirit of devotional stillness in the air which broods over our home Sundays, irksome by their sombre gravity to the boy, but remembered by the man with sweet sadness." Thus he pleads for youth's privilege to love the lotus, and thrive upon it ; saying, "Let Zeno frown. Philosophy, common sense, and resignation, are but synonyms of submission to the inevitable. I dream my dream. Men whose hearts are broken, and whose faith falters, discover that life is a warfare, and chide the boy for loitering along the sea-shore, and loving the stars. But leave him, inexorable elders, in the sweet entanglement of the 'trailing clouds of glory' with which he comes into the world. Have no fear that they will remain and dim his sight. Those morning vapours fade away—you have learned it. And they will leave him chilled, philosophical, and resigned, in 'the light of common day'—you have proved it. But do not starve him to-day, because he will have no dinner to-morrow." And these elder sages are reminded, that the profoundest thinkers of them all have discovered an inscrutable sadness to be the widest horizon of life, and that the longing eye is more sympathetic with Nature, than the shallow stare of practical scepticism of truth and beauty. The "mixed mood" of our Wanderer—at once pointedly indicative, tenderly optative, vaguely infinitive—passes through a strange conjugation : sometimes he sneers, sometimes is almost caught suppressing a sob, often a sigh. He is sarcastic upon tourist Anglo-Catholics at the Calvary Chapel, "holding candles, and weeping profusely"—and upon the Mount Zion Protestant mission, by which "the tribes of Israel are gathered into the fold at the rate of six, and in favourable years, eight converts per annum." He is pathetic on the solicitude of Mary, at the fountain of El Bir, when she discovered, on her homeward route, that the child Jesus had tarried in Jerusalem—and it is her mournful figure that there haunts his imagina-



tion—Madonna, elected of the Lord to be the mother of the Saviour, and yet, blessed above women, to taste little maternal joy, to feel that He would never be a boy, and, with such sorrow as no painter has painted, and no poet sung, to know that even already He must be about His Father's business. He is serious on the sanctity of Jerusalem—in whose precincts the image of its Great King in the mind perpetually rebukes whatever is not lofty and sincere in your thoughts, and sternly requires reality of all feeling exhibited *there*; for, though in Rome you can tolerate tinsel, because the history of the Faith there, and its ritual, are a kind of romance, it is intolerable in Jerusalem, where, in the presence of the same landscape, and within the same walls, you have a profound personal feeling and reverence for the Man of Sorrows.

And closely in keeping with his tone of thought is the finale—the *Nunc Dimittis* he calls it—of his Wanderings, when he pictures himself homeward bound, receding over the summer sea, and watching the majesty of Lebanon robing itself in purple darkness, and lapsing into memory, until Night and the Past have gently withdrawn Syria from his view—then sighing that the East can be no longer a dream, but a memory—feeling that the rarest romance of travel is now ended—grieving that no wealth of experience equals the dower of hope, because

What's won is done, Joy's soul lies in the doing—

and, as a snow-peak of Lebanon glances through the moonlight like a star, fearing lest the poet sang more truly than he knew, and in another sense,

The youth who farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended,  
Until the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

And so the Howadji leaves us. Is not his leave-taking sorrowfully significant? Continually—whether truly or not—he reasons thus with life.

Who would not have predicated an Eastern fantasy—Eastern in subject and in tone—of his “Lotos-eating: a Summer Book?” All his known antecedents warranted the expectation of something far removed from that great New World that “spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change,” and of which all true Lotos-eaters would testify, saying,

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, while the surge is seething free,  
in our go-ahead career, and therefore

Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

But this “Summer Book” is, in fact, a record of Mr. Curtis's summer tour among the hills and lakes of his native land. The Lotos-eater is a shrewd and satirical, as well as poetical observer, who steams it up the Hudson, and ridicules the outer womanhood of the chambermaid at Catskill, and reveals how the Catskill Fall is *turned on* to accommodate parties of pleasure, and criticises dress and manner and dinner at Samtoga, and is sceptical where others are enthusiastic at Lake George, and impatiently notes the polka-dancing and day-long dawdling of Newport,

with its fast horses, fast men, and fast women,—its whirl of fashionable equipages, its confused din of “hop” music, scandal, flirtation, serenades, and supreme voice of the sea breaking through the fog and dust. Not that the prevailing tone, however, is ironical. On the contrary, his own poetical habit of thought and feeling colours and warms every page, and sustains its predominance by frequent citations from his favourite minstrels. Thus we find him again and again quoting whole pieces from Herrick, and introducing Uhland’s Rhine ballad, “Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee”—and Heine’s tenderly-phrased legend of Lorelei—and tid-bits from Wordsworth’s Yarrow, and Tennyson’s Princess, and Longfellow’s Waif, and Keats’ Nightingale, and Waller’s “Go, lovely Rose!” and Charles Lamb’s “Gipsy’s Malison,” and George Herbert, and Shelley, and Browning, and Charles Kingsley,\* and (for is not *he* also among the poets?) Thomas de Quincey. Being no longer on Eastern ground, the author’s style is, appropriately enough, far more subdued and prosaic than when it was the exponent of a Howadji; yet of brilliant and rhapsodical passages there is no lack. His characteristic vein of reflection, too, pursues its course as of old—and the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, will repay extraction.† American as he is, to the core, he by no means contends that the home-scenery he depicts is entitled to “whip creation.” Indeed, both implicitly and explicitly his creed in this respect is a little independent of the stars and stripes. He has been in Italy and Switzerland, and has not forgotten either. The Hudson is dear to him, but so is the Rhine. “The moment you travel in America,” he says, “the victory of Europe is sure”—and he thinks it ill-advised to exhort a European to visit America for other reasons than social and political observation, or buffalo hunting—affirming the *idea* of the great American lakes, or of her magnificent monotony of grass and forest, to be as impressive and much less wearisome than the actual sight of them. In presence of

\* The lines, namely, in “Alton Locke,” beginning

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,”

which certainly have a pictorial power and a wild suggestive music, all their own—and of which Mr. Curtis justly says: “Who that feels the penetrating pathos of the song but sees the rain-shroud, the straggling nets, and the loneliness of the beach? There is no modern verse of more tragic reality.”

† We are here too stinted for room to apply the lancet with effect. But in illustration of the aphoristic potentiality (*ὡς ἔσος ἐκείνῳ*) of the Lotos-eater, we may refer to his wise contempt for an indiscriminate eulogy of travelling, as though it involved an *opus operatum* grace and merit of its own—saying, “A mile horizontally on the surface of the earth does not carry you one inch towards its centre, and yet it is in the centre that the gold mines are. A man who truly knows Shakespeare only, is the master of a thousand who have squeezed the circulating libraries dry.”

The following, again, has the true Emerson stamp: “Any great natural object—a cataract, an alp, a storm at sea—are so vast for any sudden flowering. They lie in experience moulding life. At length the pure peaks of noble aims and the broad flow of a generous manhood betray that in some happy hour of youth you have seen the Alps and Niagara.”

One more, and a note-worthy excerpt: “He is a tyro in the observation of nature who does not know that, by the sea, it is the sky-cape, and not the landscape, in which enjoyment lies. If a man dwelt in the vicinity of beautiful inland scenery, yet near the sea, his horse’s head would be turned daily to the ocean, for the sea and sky are exhaustless in interest as in beauty, while, in the comparison, you soon drink up the little drop of satisfaction in fields and trees.”

Trenton Falls and Niagara, he cannot restrain longing allusions to the thousand Alpine cascades of Switzerland that flicker through his memory, "slight avalanches of snow-dust shimmering into rainbow-dust"—and to the Alpine peaks themselves, those "ragged edges of creation, half blent with chaos," upon which, "inaccessible for ever, in the midst of the endless murmur of the world, antemundane silence lies stranded, like the corse of an antediluvian on a solitary rock-point in the sea"—those solemn heights, towards which painfully climbing, you may feel, "with the fascination\* of wonder and awe, that you look, as the Chinese say, behind the beginning." Why does not Mr. Curtis give us his travels in Switzerland? All his Alpine references have an Alpine inspiration that makes us wish for more.† And albeit his temptation may be to indulge in a little rhapsody, and to dazzle with diamond-dust, yet has he too keen a sense of the ludicrous, and too confirmed a tendency to sarcasm, to lose himself in mystic rapture. Even at sunrise on the Righi, he has more than "half-an-eye" for the cloaked and blanketed cockneys beside him—"as if each had arisen, bed and all, and had so stepped out to enjoy the spectacle"—and finds the exceeding absurdity of the crowd interfere with the grandeur of the moment.

The chapters devoted to Saratoga and Newport, remind us in many a paragraph of both Hawthorne and Thackeray. The watering-places' talk is of blooming belles, who are grandmothers now, and of brilliant beaux, bald now and gouty: mournful midnight gossips! that will not let you leave those whose farewells yet thrill in your heart, in the eternal morning of youth, but compel you to forecast their doom, to draw sad and strange outlines upon the future—to paint pictures of age, wrinkles, ochre-veined hands, and mob-caps—until your Saratoga episode of pleasure has sombered into an Egyptian banquet, with your old, silently-smoking, and meditative *habitué* for the death's-head. Savours this not of "Edward Fane's Rosebud" and of "Vanity Fair?"

A history of that community whereby hangs a tale of "Blithedale Romance," has been suggested to Mr. Curtis by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who says, "Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of Brook Farm, and a more novel one,—close at hand as it lies,—than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria, and along the current of the Nile." Such a history, by such a historian, might be a curious parallel, or pendant, to the record of Miles Coverdale.

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\* Akin, perhaps, to that of Wordsworth's "Stepping Westwards."

† Elsewhere he sketches the view of the Righi—celestial snow-fields, smooth and glittering as the sky—rugged glaciers sloping into unknown abysses, Niagaras cataracts frozen into foam for ever—the range of the Jura, dusky and far, and the faint flash of the Aar in the morning mist—while over the hushed tumult of peaks thronging to the utmost east, came the sun, sowing those sublime snow-fields with glorious day. And again, of his impressions from the Faulhorn, the highest inhabited point in Europe, he says: "And as I looked across the valley of Grindelwald, and saw the snow-fields and ice-precipices of all the *Horns*,—never trodden and never to be trodden by man,—shining cold in the moonlight, my heart stood still as I felt that those awful peaks and I were alone in the solemn solitude. Then I felt the significance of Switzerland, and knew the sublimity of mountains." This "significance" is noted *à propos* of the Catskill view, where he feels the want of that true mountain sublimity, the presence of lonely snow-peaks.

BOSTON—LOWELL—NEW LONDON—LONG ISLAND.  
CLIPPER LINER HOME.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

SAILING among these islands in smooth water, after the kicking about we have had for twenty days, is very delightful. This is in the immediate neighbourhood, I think, of that little gem belonging to Mr. Daniel Webster Lady Emmeline Stuart mentions as so picturesque and charming; but we could only see them at a distance as we threaded our way through shoals and rocky passages; their villages and harbours looking very inviting, with their numerous coasting craft at anchor or under sail, others busy fishing, while scattered farms, and their cattle grazing, enlivened the scene; all the more pleasing on a fair sunny day, as the night before we were threatened with a gale from the east.

Passing the island of Nantucket, we fly along the low sandy shores which form Cape Cod; and our old weather-beaten farmer-looking pilot for this inner passage is superseded off the lighthouse by a smart young fellow of the bay, much against his will (as he had some faint hopes of evading him and taking us on); but these beauteous white-winged sea-gulls of pilot-boats are too numerous and sharp-sighted to leave a chance; she pounced on us like a hawk, and we beat in through the numerous rocky islands and shoals of this vast bay in the teeth of half a gale of wind, with royals set and colours flying.

The passage to the inner harbour, guarded by Fort Independence to the left on Castle Island, and a battery on Thompson's Island to the right; where there is a very large general hospital, to which young medical students repair for practice, as ours do to Guy's or St. George's—getting in against the wind through so narrow a passage is a ticklish affair, tack and half tack—but our barque can go about in her own length, and towards night we are anchored, previous to being warped in, for the night—for the whole line of wharves are so crammed with ships in double and treble tiers, that it has to be carefully ascertained where room for us can be found, not too far from the cotton marts, which lie at the north end of Commercial-street, the leading thoroughfare in the lower part of the town. We find it now, the last of April, very cold, and not a leaf out on the trees: ten degrees south of the Isle of Wight! I would fain say more of these islands—a most interesting group—full of villages and harbours, with hundreds of coasting schooners, sloops, and fishing-smacks, darting about with their white sails—or at anchor by dozens in various nooks and coves. Coming up the coast to the north, to Boston, this is called the inner passage—it is intricate, full of shoals, and full of pilots, which make, indeed, the American waters, in spite of their numerous and fine harbours, very expensive to their merchantmen. The *Mara* paid about fifty dollars to her two pilots—two and a half to three dollars a foot—she drew only ten feet.

Our first old fellow (pilot), who had been a man-of-war's man, farmer, captain, storekeeper, and fisherman, having left his schooner among the islands outside, rejoins her by the railway to Plymouth, or one of the numerous towns below on the coast.

But I must trifle no longer, the sands of my magazine life are counted. We pass the effective battery on Castle Island, close to the city, anchor, and warp to "Battery" Wharf, in the cotton-warehouse quarter.

My skipper, the best creature alive, has got his best coat on; he cal'ates them varmint won't leave him one of his men on board—boarding-house touters who rush on board the moment we touch the wharf, and seize on the men; pestering them with their lying promises—in five minutes, swamp 'em; and, indeed, off they go (the case with all their ships) the moment the dear little *Mara* is lashed fast. Seamen are now at a premium; though, poor devils, for ever the silly victims of alternate tyranny or cunning. In the States it is a rare thing for a sailor to ship a second time with the same captain, or the same ship, even when they have no particular fault to find: what with the water-side *boarding-houses*, lying crimps, and their own excessive folly—nay, intermittent madness—it is as hard to man a ship this year (1852) in Boston, as it is to man a Queen's ship in England. The same thing exactly goes on at Liverpool; indeed, the seaports of the two countries are getting more like each other every day, not only as to sailors, but in all the business of every-day life.

Boston is really a fine city; her grandeur and riches are as conspicuous in her noble public buildings as in her immense long wharves, towering warehouses, and forests of shipping, which fringe the whole water-side of the town, on projecting wharves, some of them half a mile long, which jut out like the teeth of a comb.

The body of the place is almost surrounded by water; as it is built on a neck of land bending round from the heights of Canton and Roxbury westward, and ending at the bridge at Charleston; the eastern suburb—East Boston—though on an island, sweeping round by Charleston, Chelsea, and the navy-yard, completes the harbour on this side, while on the south it is prolonged opposite in suburb streets, called South Boston, together with the "Common" (a small park-like triangle in the centre, of fifty acres, not so large as our Green Park). This undulating neck is not wanting in requisite space; though all behind the town to the north and west is cut off from the country by a shallow lagoon or inlet, across which long causeways and drawbridges have been constructed, and the railroads to the south and west. These waters are rather a convenience for sloops and barges loaded for the suburbs, Cambridge, Dorchester, and Roxbury, which pass the drawbridges, to supply the environs beyond the tide, for two or three miles. All this country is rocky, with clean sandy shores. Hills, and nice undulations of the land are everywhere, in and out of the town. The Capitol, or State-house, stands conspicuous on its hill at the head of the common; and the grand monument looms afar from Bunker's Hill, on the Charleston side, which is but a suburb prolonged to East Boston, where the great sea steamers lie, and much of the crowded shipping; where there is a railroad station, and where several of their chief ship-building yards are established, beyond the U. S. dockyard; but all this can give no idea of what the thing really is—from many elevated spots in and out of the town the whole can be seen at a glance—a glorious panorama. Whether one looks from old Fort Washington, on the hill in South Boston, towards Bunker's Hill, northward, or from the great granite

monument, one looks to the south at the city, the country, and the islands of the bay outside.

As a whole, perhaps the richest and most complete view may be had from the gentle hills about Canton; a village, among others, which stud the frame of hills beyond the water, inside the city, at three or four miles distance. To the north, on the Cambridge side, and towards Mount Auburn Cemetery, the country is more flat. This same Cambridge (we have everywhere our own old familiar names) is a kind of town of villas and garden-houses, with here and there a street; the whole spreading four or five miles into the country, almost as far as the cemetery, which lies beyond it. Here, too, they have their chief university—plain large buildings, like grammar schools rather than what we call universities (thinking of Oxford or Cambridge, or the German ones). They may not be the less effective; but, indeed, all the states of New England are remarkable for their very numerous schools.

Boston is the most irregularly built town in America. I was constantly losing myself among her crooked, winding streets; this has happened partly from the conformation of the ground, and the careless want of any plan, which marks everything English two hundred years ago, when the pilgrim fathers settled here. In all our own ill-built towns one can easily trace how it was from the first hut, at any one water-side at our seaports, or in our own narrow *Strand*, which at first was a row of huts facing the river at a respectful distance, and leaving a good wide strand as common property.

To consider the more minute features, I am struck by the numbers of solid granite buildings; conspicuous is the custom-house, town-hall, Faneuil-hall, and others—great hotels, the Tremont and Revere, where I went, at the end of Court-street—the Tremont-temple (just burnt down), hotel, and museum.

The town reservoir of the Cochituate waterworks, behind the State-house, is very remarkable; so is the Great North, or Fitchburg Railway station, with its grand arches and embattled towers, all of solid granite; even the domed roof of the custom-house is of granite. This solid and everlasting stone forms the basement of half the larger buildings and private houses, and strikes the eye in every street; so that, together with the excellent brickwork of the houses, marble and granite steps, window and door frames, pilasters, cornices, &c., one is everywhere impressed with an idea of riches, solidity, and strength. The dimensions of their public and private buildings, here and in all the American cities, taking the latter throughout, in their more retired and second-rate streets, is evidently greater than our own. The same thing may be said of their shops in general, though their front plate-glass displays and arrangements are inferior.

In this particular Boston, however, cannot vie with New York or Philadelphia; she is sober Minerva; their more staid religious sister—the last to give way to the vanities of this world, French frippery, or English pride and gorgeous show; backed and surrounded by her own sober state, and all New England still clinging in their countless white board villages and weeping willows to the ascetic gloom and gnashing of teeth of their pilgrim forefathers in this vale of tears. The Bostonians have been, perhaps, the last to swim with the universal current of light amusements and

European frivolities, but now "Young America" everywhere carries the day.

In vain the municipality forbids smoking in the streets—they smoke everywhere else. The elders and shipping interest frowns on rum and whisky; but *exchanges*, public-houses, and dram-shops multiply. The Church, and her thousand dissenting clergymen, look demure at tea-parties, compose ten thousand tedious tracts, and fill every hotel and tavern, from the bar to the attics, with bibles and prayer-books. The youth nightly, *en masse*, fill the theatres, concert-rooms, and auction-marts to overflowing. The softer sex try to make a compromise; and if they dance and sing and run about all the week after the profane vanities of this world with the young men, at least are very strict in church attendance Sunday morning, dressed in the finest tints of the rainbow, and make tremendous pets of their favourite preachers.

Still, this is a stronghold of Minerva. Book-stores abound; half the female world are authoresses in prose or poetry, vying with the men in pamphlets, papers, and tracts; some in heavier tomes.

I see just now in every shop-window "Uncle Tom" and "Queechy," "Wide, Wide World" and "Forest Trees," little dreaming I should come home to find them also in possession of all our book-shops, circulating libraries, and railway stations; and the whole reading world divided between these transatlantic New England notions and the more astounding "rappings" and "table turnings." Well, each coming year must have its own peculiar folly or madness. What signifies—people must have novelty and be amused! Tired of our own pretentious mediocrity in fiction, we are trying the American. Of course, consistent Mrs. Stowe will feel flattered by dividing her popularity with the Black Swan and the Zulu Kaffirs—*mais-que voulez vous; il y a de quoi*. I often stroll about the streets, not unwilling to be lost in their crooked windings. On a rising ground in Washington-square I come upon their Seaman's Home; a large and fine establishment, in a quiet quarter of the town, some distance from the fashionable and noisiest side towards State-street and Washington, which is *the* street of Boston, where everybody may be seen—belles and beaux, the finest shops, the greatest crowd. It is, perhaps, two miles long, running out to Roxbury; always full of omnibuses, and carts, and carriages; with almost as much noise and bustle as in the Broadway at New York. It takes the length of the town parallel with the lower side of the common, from which it is separated by short intersecting streets. On and round the common being the fashionable circle; here are the finest houses—as round our own Green Park, their value and their rents, by the way, exceeding our London rates, if I except those of our nobility.

There are several excellent markets; but the chief one of Faneuil, near the custom-house, under Faneuil-hall, displays an amazing variety of all sorts of good things; while outside of it, round the square, is filled by country waggons with every conceivable produce. The end of the market next the water is set apart for fish; and here one sees loads of their great *halibut*, a kind of giant turbot, weighing one and two hundred pounds; it is, and deserves to be, a great favourite. Most eatables here are extremely moderate in price, compared with the south or with ourselves; this fish, for instance, was selling wholesale to the dealers on

the wharf (at a kind of auction) at three cents the pound; though I hear in the market it is sometimes retailed as high as fourteen cents. Lobsters, too, are very plentiful, sold by weight, at five cents the pound; in London, I think, we pay at the rate of 1s. or 1s. 6d. the pound. This scale might, perhaps, be carried out in many necessities and luxuries in both markets, except in vegetables, where we have the advantage, not only in cheapness and plenty, but variety; but this only holds good compared with London. We have no country town or seaport, not even Liverpool, equal to the larger American cities; in that crowd, bustle, profusion, the number of carriages of all kinds filling the streets and wharves, the numbers of theatres and places of amusement constantly filled—in a word, those signs of general ease and wealth, the infallible sign of a general prosperity. Boston hitherto, on principle, has discountenanced theatres, music, and most places of amusement; the upper circles content with a quiet tea-drinking intercourse; but of late years this puritanical spirit throughout the New England states is more or less broken through by the rising generation, and the German and French lighter spirit of harmony, which one finds pervading more or less the whole Union. The popular "Germanic Band" here is heard everywhere, and German naturalised citizens have much influence in all their cities. Boston, too, has its Barnum; an immense museum, where, as in all their cities, the stage performances commence in the evening. At another theatre Mrs. Forrest is acting to crowded houses; the whole Union taking part in her contention with her husband, much in the same way such things are canvassed in England. I went one night, but found her acting extremely insipid; and the play, the "Patrician's Daughter," stuffed with false sentiment, killingly dull and absurd; but the Americans can swallow even more rapid dulness and improbable trash than we ourselves; indeed, whatever has been puffed into notice in London is brought out immediately here; all the inanities of our modern dramatists. Subscriptions are set on foot, as at New York, to build a grand opera-house; another year will most likely see it in full play, with its Grisi and Mario, and all that greedy, mechanical, worn-out set of Italians, who have so long fleeced our fashionable world and ruined our managers. Next to the theatres come lectures, concerts, and night book auctions; but I find, except in a few reprints of expensive English works, not so cheap or so well got up by any means as our own—in this respect there is a great change for the worse within these last twenty years; partly owing of late to the excessive care our middling, concerted, modern authors have taken to prevent the public reading their works at too cheap a rate; as if the "piracy" complained of were not an honour, and as if the excessive sums paid those in vogue for their writings by our publishers were not ridiculously beyond their value.

Boston has been too often described to allow me to dwell much on its general features; for its site it may be called the Venice of the States. It is crowded with large churches and chapels, each crowned by handsome spires. The public buildings are very numerous, not reckoning the numbers of immense hotels which are really public buildings. They boast, too, with good reason, of their numerous excellent schools and institutions; many of them purely philanthropic. Their Sailors' Home in Washington-square is conspicuous; and their penitentiary, and lunatic



asylum, and for the blind, beyond South Boston. When rambling one day, I stumbled on the breastwork of the old fort thrown up when they were fighting against the mother country; much as it was in the last century, and among the few remaining primitive features of the land; for the town is spreading in all directions, and here their pleasant hills are cutting away for more streets.

May-day turns out rainy and cold; but, in spite of the weather, I was delighted to see the processions of the children of the female schools. It was a *fête* day at these establishments, and all the little lively things, dressed neatly, had wreaths of flowers (real or artificial) on their heads; various halls were filled by them, and their parents, and lady visitors. There was a grand breakfast given by the ladies in the suburbs at Roxbury; thirty omnibuses were engaged to take out their guests at five in the morning. Speeches were made; bands of music attended, and later in the day I saw various groups of them at play in parties on the common. I could not help thinking how much better this was than our "Jacks-in-the-green" and tinselled importuning masquerading; for, alas! we have no longer any maypoles, any festivals, or any dancing, for the million. So much, indeed, did this spirit of the day pervade the whole town, that I observed the poorer children in the suburbs wearing wreaths of shavings as a substitute for flowers, which are scarce and expensive just now.

Large cities have numerous manufactures, of course, with some one pre-eminent; here they are famous for their shiploads of pegged boots and shoes sent all over the Union, and all over the world. Their brooms, and pails, and chairs, are very pretty and good too, and all equally cheap—to suit the million.

Like ourselves, the Americans have no genius for monuments. The great granite obelisk on Bunker's Hill (at Charleston, behind the naval dockyard), two hundred and thirty feet high, is an ugly affair, with nothing to recommend it but its solidity; a staircase winds to the top, and you pay a shilling at a small wooden office near the door to go up. An extraordinary thing, this paying! but they had great difficulty, I believe, in getting it up at all; by private subscriptions or shares, and were some twenty years at it. It stands in the centre of a small green plot and intended square; this remote suburb now surrounding it on all sides. The whole front of the city is crowded constantly by all sorts of vessels going and coming. Ferry-steamers start every few minutes from the slips or wharves (along Commercial-street) over to East Boston, across the harbour, to the Eastern and North-Eastern Railway station. There are two other regular railway stations at the foot of the common in Balston-street to Providence, another to Plymouth, a third—the Great Northern, or Fitchburg—running to the lakes and the St. Lawrence, a branch crossing the Connecticut to the Hudson at Albany. But, indeed, all these New England states are adding every year to their railroads in every direction; one takes the coast line to New York by Newhaven: galvanic wires stretch along the streets on poles (as in all their cities), and thence, through all the eastern states, to the Ohio, and down as far, I think now, as New Orleans; so that in these immense distances communications are instantaneous along the track of their railways, which now interlace the Union in all directions, independent of sea and river steam-boats, though they too still multiply, and form the cheaper transit for passengers and goods, combined with the railways. Thus there are

four great stations, with a chain of three routes to New York and the south.

The Americans are famous for the variety of their *drinks*; mint juleps, egg nog, spruce beers, syrups of all sorts, and iced waters; their famous sherry cobbler seem on the decline. It is the fashion now to treat ladies to ice creams when walking; there are several of these lounges at large pastrycooks' and confectioners', which seem good for nothing else. The pastry is very inferior, but the whole shop is filled by insipid French bon-bons, while their ice creams are much dearer and inferior to ours.

The streets are full of omnibuses running in all directions, and beyond the suburbs, as ours do, to the adjacent villages, Roxbury, Canton, Dorchester, South Boston, Charleston, Chelsea and East Boston, Cambridge, &c. This last is about four miles off, on the road to Mount Auburn Cemetery, one of the Boston lions people are taken to, two or three miles beyond the taverns and hotels where the city omnibuses stop, in this interminable, straggling university village. Coming to it, one sees nothing of Mount Auburn but its own tree tops. It is a young wood, or grove, of 110 acres, judiciously laid out in avenues, which are named after the prevailing trees and shrubs they are cut through—oak, fir, willow, pine, cypress, cedar. Spaces on either side are cleared for the graves and tombs; a handsome Gothic chapel stands on a gently rising ground in the centre. There are already a good many remarkable tombs and monuments, all of pure white marble down to the smallest tombstone. In these last silent mementoes there is generally much good taste; often a classic elegance and grace; so, too, in the inscriptions. I observed one, "To our Mother"—another, "My Brother." This indeed carries brevity to obscurity; but even where a few lines express some departed excellence, or present sorrow, they cannot be read a yard off, they are so slightly cut in the white marble.

One is more apt to be struck by incongruities. One man with an immense, expensive, elaborate monument, who died at Rome, has his father and mother piously on each side of him, with very small humble tombstones—this sets one's teeth on edge; while a Lieutenant Something has a towering obelisk paling the lustre of a Washington's! O vanity of vanities—thus do the living burlesque the dead, even in their graves, with discordant affectations; but this is seen all over Europe. The carriages of the "proprietors" alone are allowed to enter and drive through the avenues; a large board at the porter's lodge displays many other wise and stringent regulations, among others, it is forbid to pluck the flowers, "wild or cultivated." The last, however, were in no danger, I should think, as I did not see one in any direction. Returning, I walked round by Chelsea and the navy-yard, where they have two fine ships on the stocks, and a line-of-battle guard-ship in ordinary (her complement a thousand men).

The *Cumberland* frigate lay at the yard ready for sea, but nobody allowed to go on board, from a fear of the men deserting; the approach guarded by a sentinel; all other parts of the yard perfectly free of access to everybody.

While at Boston I made two excursions—a short one to Lowell (the United States Manchester), famous for its "young lady" operatives in cotton; another by the way of New London to Long Island—a track

seldom taken by our tourists. But as this was in the previous autumn, let me first say a word or two of Lowell, a large, handsome city of 25,000 or 30,000 souls, beautifully situated on the Merrimac River, a rapid, noble stream; a range of pretty hills sweep round it to the north and east, losing themselves in the blue tints of more distant mountains—it is impossible to fancy a more picturesque spot. A smaller river here below the body of the town joins the Merrimac, and both combined gives endless water-power to the cotton factories. The mill-streams rushing through the town in all directions.

There are a great many factories—enormous brick buildings of five and six stories; in one I counted 120 windows on a single side. I was shown but one, the Hamiltons. I conclude these spinning hives are all more or less on one plan, and they are indescribable, even if I knew anything about the matter. I was taken to various floors, where the noise of the mules and jennies I found indeed stunning! How do human beings ever get used to it? The young girls smiled at my hasty and somewhat ungallant retreat, putting my hands to my ears. One can hardly judge by such short appearances; those I saw were of course in their working dresses, their bonnets and green veils hung up. They all looked very pale, nor did I happen to see one I should have called handsome, or a fine girl, though no doubt there is the usual proportion of personal beauty. The hour of dinner was scarcely over; I met some of them in the streets going to work in groups, all with a kind of young lady air, or as if tradesmen's daughters well off, not that their dresses were particularly neat, but the bonnet and veil, and their carriage, impressed me as something new in these New World fair operatives; it was, however, gratifying—all bear testimony to their modest demeanour. But what an odd thing, that cannot surely last, a whole town full of young girls, under the control of nobody in particular, boarding together here and there—some with their parents, some alone!

They read a good deal, I'm told, at their leisure hours, but chiefly trashy novels; and no town in America is so full of daguerreotype-portrait artists, doctors, and doctor-dentists. Theatres, concerts, and evening lectures at the town-hall, and others, tell their own story. Just now there is a slackness in the trade, and a good many are on reduced work, or wages (two to three dollars a week), and many unemployed.

If I can judge by the specimens I saw here, and in the Boston shops, of their cottons and their printing, it struck me as extremely inferior to ours—coarser, and old or tasteless patterns; but their chief aim, I think, is to undersell us in foreign markets, where the quality and taste is not appreciated. Without their tariff, every factory in the States would be shut up in a day. Strange they should so little understand their dearest interests! However, here is an "Honourable" Mr. Horace Mann (what an antithesis to Walpole's!), who speechifies to these poor girls at the town-hall to prove that England is to be beaten in cotton fabrics; and every now and then their magnus Apollo, Mr. Secretary Webster, comes among them for the same purpose. All chaff; but it is mixed with sly hits at our inequalities, anomalies, and distresses, and everlasting puffing of Columbia—*apropos* of anything and nothing—always acceptable.

As the streets are wide, and the numerous factories standing in ex-

tensive grounds, the town spreads to a great extent, with the usual numbers of churches, chapels, halls, hotels, hospitals, colleges, free-schools, a great museum, a theatre, and amphitheatre—the whole on a plain; so that coming by the railway, whose *depôt* was partly over a canal, it is not easy to form a good idea of the general features of the place. To this end I crossed the smaller river (from the west) to the nearest hills, on the south, on the Boston road, where a reservoir crowns their crest; about a mile beyond the suburbs. Here I looked down on the rivers, the town, and the mountains, fading in the distance; the day bright, the flying shadows of the clouds gave a richness to the soft colours of the infinitely varied tints, making the picture exquisite. How pure the health-breathing pleasure of the hills! Art and the ingenuity of man soon tires, even in their noblest flights; the mind looks back over the earth, to Rome, Athens, Thebes, or to single boasted efforts, descending from the Pyramids to the Colosseum, to the Walhalla, and modern art academies; even down to an art-union:—are they admirable? Yes, but they are tiresome, and we are tired of them long before we grow old. Our last inimitable Exhibition—the World's Fair—did but worry and fatigue us at last—pall on the sense, hurt the eyes, confuse the senses—while simple nature here and everywhere in this beautiful world—the woods, the rivers, and the fields, the hills and dales, lit and embellished by the glorious heavens above, refresh for ever, regale, instruct, delight; or watch the setting orb of day, till the blue heavens shine in the glorious galaxy of other worlds, mysterious; lifting the soul to ecstasy and silent prayer unspeakable in gratitude to God.

Long I sat on this hill-side, but not till night, as it was necessary to return by the train to Boston. A covered bridge crosses the Merrimac as it rushes by the town in a series of rapids. Several pretty villas and cottages are sprinkled along its banks. Nowhere in the States have I been so tempted to envy people their suburban retreats as here among their cotton-mills.

At the station I regaled myself with a slice of apple-pie (at four cents), and by the next train returned to Boston, very glad to have seen and formed a true idea of Lowell and its factories; yet the real present history of the place remains to be told—by some inhabitant.

As the Americans are even more active than we are in England, more restless, equally curious, nobody can complain of want of facilities for travelling all over the Union. Comforts are out of the question; but the expense is very moderate, and the rough elbowing in a crowd is of no consequence to men. Nothing, indeed, is seriously annoying to persons not used to it, except the spitting everywhere in the cars, or in the steamers—no spot is sacred. Their dirty bank-notes, everywhere at a discount, often refused, often good for nothing (the distant bank broke), was another annoyance not to be laughed at.

I started for *Long Island*, by the only way, of Providence and New London, on the coast opposite, on the Sound. I was rather late at the "*depôt*" (station), at the foot of the common, and the bank-note I thought a good one was at once peremptorily rejected. Reasons were superfluous. They took my sovereign—sovereigns are respected; fare to Providence, forty miles, 5s. 3d.—I never could understand the Boston

currency (a dollar and a quarter)—giving me more dirty ragged notes in change. In vain I begged for silver; it is more scarce than gold.

We soon shot across the viaduct over the inner waters, and through a picturesque, stony, woody country, full of villages and farms, small lakes and streams, and reach *Providence* in an hour and a half. It is a considerable city, at the head of a deep inlet of the sea. Coasting-vessels come up to it, and formerly the large New York steamers; but since the railroad has been continued fifty miles farther along the coast to *Stonington*, they meet the cars there; avoiding so much of this dangerous coast of shoals, rivers, rocks, and rough seas. A carriage at the station obligingly takes me (paying for the same) to the City Hotel, where I dined, and proceeded on by a new set of cars. In a two hours' run we find ourselves at the very water's edge at the terminus at *Stonington*, close beside the fine steamer *Vanderbilt*. She started for New York at eight in the evening, the wind and waves exceedingly rough, the prospect of a tossing in the tumultuous sound—where I was once very near lost—not at all inviting, so I went to the nearest small railway tavern for the night; besides, these steamers, though they run down the whole length of Long Island, stop at none of its towns. My only chance here was by a small steamer to New London, not far off (fifteen miles), and thence across in another steamer to *Greenport*. But the moment you quit the great highways, and the great flock of travellers in the States, facilities cease, oppositions cease, and the one boat or one stage take a wondrous latitude in time and tyranny.

*Stonington* is a small village, suddenly forced into consequence by the railway—a few small board houses, graced by an immense and handsome hotel, built perhaps originally for sea-bathing people in the season. The whole place is in a transition state. In one short year hence it will be, no doubt, a large town, if the railway stops short here (and it is not so easy to get it across these rivers and coast estuaries), and the steamers continue to meet it.

The weather was very cold, and the stove very comfortable, as I sat in a neat little parlour with the landlady and her lady friends. Here I saw a most beautiful and singular flowering tropical plant, with glossy leaves; she called it the wax-plant. Its coroneted head almost touched the ceiling. "O fie, what the ignorance is!"—I must study botany. I embarked next morning on board the little steamer *Chicopee*, on her arrival from, and immediate return to, New London. It blew hard, though fine, and our passage was excessively severe; at one moment she pitched so heavily as to threaten her breaking in two; the women, though half sailors, all sea-sick. The captain contemplated giving it up, and returning, we hung so long off a certain point to the east of this New London river *Thames*. Happily we got round, and out of this villanous sound, which seems to set its face constantly against my floating on its bosom. We pass Fort Washington, a beautiful battery, set prettily in its green glacia, commanding the river; and are soon fast at the town wharf, amidst innumerable ships, schooners, and sloops.

New London partakes of the features of all the New England towns, except at the water-side; a mixture of town and country—churches, chapels, halls, and villas standing in their own ample grounds, or with

plenty of elbow-room and ornamental weeping willows, in wide rocky or sandy, or ill-paved streets.

Some rich fellow is building a most gloriously costly and fantastic house, in stone, and his neighbour builds just such another near him, in wood; the extravagance of expense is laughed at; their whalers have had good catches of fish, or some other spec! They are great South Sea whalers hereabouts—Portsmouth, Bedford, Newport, Sagg Harbour, Mystic, Fall River, &c., but their spirit of adventure and fine ships are everywhere. This year, however, they hear of losses, wrecks, no fish, or half cargoes.

All these small states and towns are the stronghold of fanaticism and teetotalism, but it is, as at Boston, forced to give way before the rising generation, which here, in New London, is extremely fast and noisy. They have as yet no theatre, but make a certain "*Abor Hall*" do duty. A strolling company of actors are at the City Hotel, where I took up my quarters much longer than I found at all agreeable. There was a concentration of smoking and chewing, with the usual vile accompaniments; more intense and offensive than I had yet seen anywhere. The Hall, in spite of being half filled by the fair sex, was no exception. During the performance the young men stood up, or lay at full length, or playfully wrestled on the benches, making all sorts of noises. In vain the strolling manager begged for silence and a little decency, under the threat of leaving off; quite unsupported by the more staid and decorous part of the audience, which bore it all, as if quite used to this sort of license. At all these smaller towns one sees how a perfect equality works—there are no gentry, nor any *people*; though plenty of tolerably poor persons getting a precarious living. You sit at table with working people (putting a coat on); nobody is a servant or a pauper; in short, anybody and everybody who can pay for their dinner; anybody walks in to any sitting-room, often with their hats on. In the same way in the *Hall*, there was no sort of distinction—hardly a proper deference to the women; they, indeed, kept at a respectful distance from the greater noise and abominations of tobacco.

These strollers only ventured on farces—pretty broad ones. The funniest fellow, Adams, played a favourite slang character—a real go-ahead *down-easter*. These "critters" by prescription are always dressed in a red head of long hair (like the French clowns), long-tailed coat, very short trousers, and shocking bad hat. There was a dance, and a funny song, of course (with his pretty wife), not without humour; the burden of which ran:

*Wife.* And will you love me now as then?

*Man.* Shouldn't wonder, shouldn't wonder!

*Wife.* What if I flirt with other men?

*Man.* No, by thunder—no, by thunder!

(*Set, and change sides.*)

This met with uproarious applause. The one fiddler to this performance, by the same token, played most vilely out of tune. The weather was dreadful—blowing, snowing, and raining. I had a fixed purpose in going to *Long Island*; and for days no steamer ventured out, nor is the passage regular; so I embarked on board a small sloop with fourteen others, ten of whom had at least exercised half a dozen trades by

turns. One young fellow was now clerk to a citizen Irish itinerant auctioneer, who had been captain of a coaster, farmer, soldier, joiner, and horse-dealer! Two youths, with their young wives and fowling-pieces, were on a frolic, going over to *Plum Island* "a-gunning," to shoot rabbits. The sound is full of rocky islands, with perhaps one hut and family, or none.

We beat over in the teeth of a gale of wind and very rough sea. We were, however, safe enough, for these boats swim like ducks, and are handled by two or three men (including the captain; this the *Harriet*, Captain Harris), with their immense sails, in the most masterly manner; but nothing should tempt a traveller to trust the American coast late in the autumn, or too early in the spring. I forgot to mention, that among other handy contrivances I was struck by the way the fish-mongers keep their fish alive in floating safes at the wharves; fishing them up when wanted. Not far off eight men were moving a large frame house on rollers; and another, at the foot of High-street, was breaking up and clearing away, with a vigour and promptitude never seen in Europe.

Long Island, which is more than a hundred miles in length, and ten to fifteen wide, is most singularly formed at its north-eastern end; it encloses a vast deep bay, in shape something like the claws of a lobster, full of small islands. Nothing can be imagined more happily contrived for the purposes of shelter, fishing, and intercommunication.

We ran into *Greenport*, a small town on the inner claw, to which there is a railroad from New York (Brooklyn) direct (carried out, as usual, to the water's edge), along the centre of the island; to which I have alluded early in my tour. It is full of towns, villages, and farms. The inhabitants are a good many shades more settled, quiet, and primitive than their fellow New Yorkers across the east river; which divides them.

Generally, this fine island is highly cultivated; and they have every facility by land and water to the New York market for all their surplus grain and cattle.

It blew and rained so hard that we were forced to remain at the wooden wharf all night, leaving our young gunners and their better halves at the Picconic Hotel, where I slept, nothing loth, tired of the day's tossing. By daylight we were off again, to beat up under *Shelter Island*, to Sagg Harbour, fifteen miles farther up; it being the head of my lobster.

All these towns and villages have a close resemblance, not only in New England but all over the States. The business street or streets next the wharves, of brick houses, the rest of the town straggling far, in wide streets, unpaved, and shaded by the weeping willow; the houses large and handsome, in frame, boarded and painted white, with green Venetian shutters, most of them standing in their own small gardens and grounds, surrounded by neat wooden palings; several churches and chapels, mostly wooden, spires and all, and of large dimensions. The largest here is remarkably handsome, most elaborate in ornament, graceful, and in good taste. In its yard, now grown old and venerable; as much so as such things are apparently in England, not searching beyond two hundred years, I looked in vain for the grave of one once near and dear to me; but six-and-thirty years is a fearful time to look back on. Children of that day I see about the streets now middle-aged people; the high-

blooded youth, and beauty, and manhood, who were all in all, then, the cream of the community, now, hobbling about in old age, or long since silent beneath my feet—as I sat on one of the tombstones; the bright sun had reached the meridian as I looked to heaven in bitterness of soul—left almost alone in the world!

I had need of all my good spirits and active rude health to bear up against saddening thoughts. I murmured to myself, "Can it be! and passing like a summer's cloud"—it comes to this! A good large school, full of boys and girls, were just let out, and skipped joyously along the road by me, wondering who that strange old man could be! for here faces are familiar; all are known more or less to each other. I knocked at the door of a very old man, still alive and hearty, but his memory was gone. A worthy old man! he had been a friend—had borne *him* to his tomb, helped to cover him up; but the spot was already overgrown for a generation with juniper; he could not say. Singular fate! And I, like Old Mortality, find myself, more than once, wandering over the earth to chisel a memento on the tombstone of those I would not have forgotten!—a man of rank and family—an elegant scholar—a wit—most accomplished—of noble form—of sweetest disposition—O si sic omnia!

Sadly disappointed, I next day took passage by the steamer which plies to Greenport; thence by another, return to New London, and so back, as I came, to Boston.

Sagg Harbour is charmingly situated in a gently undulating country, with pleasant walks and rides about it; the views from the water-side over its placid waters delightful. Like most of these seaport towns, it is engaged in the whale fishery—now rather on the decline (as it was over-done by numbers; at one time there were 700 sail in the Pacific). It is a ship-building port, too. I saw two or three good large ships on the stocks, with some activity in their yards, and among their coasting trade and fishing-smacks at the water-side. An attempt had been lately made at cotton factories, in emulation (encouraged by the tariff) of the New England ones. A large brick factory was built, but is shut up; and so much the better. In a rural, comfortable community like this, they are much better without steam-engines, smoke, and squalid operatives.

I forgot to say, in the evening, in the High-street, I saw the Irish citizen auctioneer hard at work with his hammer knocking down lots—of *notions*; and the quondam sea captain officiating very gravely and diligently as his clerk and assistant.

My cabin was taken on board a noble ship, the *North America*, a regular liner of Train and Co.'s, of fifteen hundred tons. I preferred returning home in a sailing vessel, though one of the lines of Liverpool steam mail packets call here and at Halifax, to and from New York, every two weeks; but I cannot say that I like steamers of any description. The fire, the trembling motion, and the crowds in the cabin saloon, would in themselves be to me sufficient reasons, where the difference of time is immaterial; some five or six days longer only, crossing from America; as westerly winds most prevail, and passages are sometimes made in sixteen days, frequently in twenty; besides that, it is but half the expense; with a better cabin, and very nearly as good a table. In other real comforts, too, there is no comparison. In these vessels, as in the steamers, the cabins are fitted up in a luxurious profusion of



mahogany, birds'-eye satin maple, gilding, mirrors, and shining brass, quite regardless of expense—more than enough to satisfy the most fastidious; indeed, I often long for less shining and ornament—a little plain white paneling would be a relief—for all ornament soon palls upon the sense, like a man's own pictures and frames, or his gilt velvet papering, or anything that is *his*.

I find myself leaving Boston without being able to notice many interesting details of the rapid changes which are taking place, and alter the face of so many things from year to year.

I have said nothing of her citizens, but we all know that in manners, thought, and customs, they are somewhat more English than in any other state in the Union; they have less of that drawl one hears in Philadelphia and New York, though quite as many cockneyisms as we laugh at in our Londoner's expressions, with some supposed advances on our less ambitious discourse, such as calling the cock a "rooster," and the boys "shying a rock" at each other instead of a stone; which they "didn't d'ought to do" when they are coming "to home" from school. But it is certain, that whatever one remarks in America as odd in expression or in customs, may be traced to ourselves, by simply looking back a few years, even no farther than the middle of last century.

What is it all but the dewdrop on the lion's mane! How very much one sees everywhere over this grand country to admire! If it were alone Boston, well may they call her the Granite City, the Athens of their proud Republic, seated at the head of her fine bay of fifty miles' extent, full of islands; an archipelago in itself, stretching to Cape Anne, and comprising on these circling rich cultivated shores fifty busy thriving towns and villages, whose white-shingled roofs shine in the sun, and tell of comfort and plenty; while these their waters are covered by the milk-white sails of their coasters and fishing-smacks, pilot-boats, and merchantmen. Not in vain do these shores swarm with great varieties of fish; these riches are diffused around.

But my particular policeman (the printer's devil) tells me civilly to move on and leave this pleasing scene behind me; or would I dwell here, or in Cobb's Hole, or Tarpauline Cove, or in Grey's Head, among the curious pure descendants of the Indians (below the cycle of Cape Cod), for the whole monthly space allowed me. But we are hauling off from the wharf, to prevent the crew from leaving us the captain has been at so much pains, expense, and trouble in getting by the rail last night from New York, for not a man is to be had here for love or money. (The *Cumberland* frigate had much ado to get away, forty men short of complement.)

Yes, we are to part, O gentle reader. Judge how sorry I am, since I am not at all afraid of your criticisms. What should you know of Cobb's Hole, or Martha's Vineyard? where the grapes (if any at all) are not half so fine as the scuppernong of which they make wine in Georgia and Alabama, as this coast is too cold and foggy nine months of the year for vineyards, though ten degrees south of the Isle of Wight. But, ere I cease, let me say a word to those who have been at all amused, or tried to trace me in my unconnected wanderings, without order or sequence. Begging pardon is, I fear, of little use for the meagreness of my account of places abruptly left; while half I have to say is thrust in as I go on

board some steamer on the move, as a man does forgotten essentials into his carpet-bag—higgledy-piggledy.

Indeed, I feel that, whatever humour my readers are in, I myself am extremely dissatisfied, when I look back at my journeyman's bungling work, to find myself, *invita Minerva*, cutting up what I intended for a fine enduring American pine-tree into mere Indian choompa—chips, only to light (I hope) other people's fires by.

In a word, travels should never be hacked, cribbed, cabined, and confined in this way. Who can recollect a magazine article half a year old? But for all this I have only to thank my own egregious folly; nor am I the less indebted to the kind editor for my appearance here at all.

Boston bay and harbour is full of steam-tugs, strong, effective boats. Their plan is to get lashed fast out of sight under the counter of these great ships, forming one body, and so running them out beyond the nearest islands, to the roads seven miles below, near the lighthouse, where they lay sheltered from east winds, and can make sail to sea when they please. We were towed down in this way (better than on our more clumsy plan, at the end of a long hawser), the day most unpropitious, blowing from the east, and raining. We were taken to this spot, still in sight of Boston, where we anchored, as we hoped, only for the night; but "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*"—there we lay for a whole week in a violent east gale.

We are anchored near Hull and Spectacle Island, surrounded by a fleet of vessels kept prisoners in the same way by a fierce eastern gale. This *Hull* consists of a house or two, and a great hotel, full of company in the hot season; who come here to bathe and enjoy the sea-breezes, as they do at *Nahant*, another rocky, wild island, it is the fashion to make themselves merry at.

The Boston lighthouse is outside of us some three or four miles; and the *Cumberland* frigate; detained like ourselves.

We are about twenty at the cabin table, a pleasant mixture of Bostonians, Germans, English, and Irish, presided over by our good Captain Dunbar, who is taking his wife and little girl with him to see England. This is a very every-day affair; but I was surprised to find the steerage so full (fifty) of poor people going home again; one woman, absolutely a pauper, going back to her parish! the rest returning, either unlucky or disappointed; with a few to visit their friends and relations, after many years' absence.

As may be imagined, we were not a little annoyed and impatient at this awkward gale, instead of being thankful and grateful that it had not caught us outside. So the days wore wearily away, getting a little acquainted with each other. After all, quite as well off as if we had come down to this Hull boarding-house hotel on a party of pleasure, with very likely a better table, and quite as much comfort and exercise; for most of these islands are as bare as one's hand; without a tree, or a ride, or walk in any direction, beyond the circumscribed beach; the passage steamers bringing them their daily food and their daily papers from Boston. Our particular tug (belonging to Enock Train's house) did the same for us, his son or his clerks coming down occasionally to enliven us with much city talk and a little fruit.

This steam-tug was an immensely strong, swift boat, with a double

screw : most of the tugs, if not all, here have banished paddles, as they are thus enabled to come close alongside with their whole force employed most effectively.

At length we weigh, and stretch away for England ho ! With a last glimpse of the Cape Cod lighthouse, we dance on the open ocean surge with nothing to think of but the shoal of St. George, 300 miles off, lying, however, directly in our track, and by all means to be avoided. The captain told us of some disastrous wrecks on it, in spite of precaution and experience.

Our ship is admirable ; we often ran twelve and thirteen knots under royals and on a wind, which obstinately opposed us nearly the whole passage. This swiftness, too, without being coppered, and the bottom not at all clean, as the captain found out when some of his own countrymen (I thought) rather beat us as we forced our passage up Channel between the Welsh and Wicklow mountains. This betrayed a curious economy, no doubt wise, where everything is so ample and complete on board these ships. They meant to have her coppered at Liverpool, at a less expense than at Boston ! This is a cheerful feature in our increasing intercourse I was glad to hear of.

Now that it is too late, many amusing things and incidents on our passage occur to me ; among others, the extreme politeness of our sable steward, Ginger George, who would always insist (as he showed his ivories and rolled his eyes) on handing the dishes, or a clean plate, with a flourish—even when we had a difficulty in keeping our plates on the table at all—or when he himself could hardly keep his feet—and who, when more serene, occasionally punched the head of a stupid Liverpool cabin waiter, who was not sharp enough. We had milk in quantities the whole way, kept admirably in the ice-house, as were all our joints, chickens, and fish. But nothing so pleasantly gets rid of *ennui* on board ship as gentle flirtations, which never fail to be more or less amusing both to performers and lookers-on. But mum ! it is a serious matter for some novel in three volumes. Like my last sea-captain, Dunbar was as easy as a glove ; no swearing, no noise, no complaints ; and though we had but thirty men, this immense ship was inimitably sailed and manœuvred ; not only many of the men, but his two mates were Englishmen, freshly turned citizens of America. We land joyously at Liverpool in twenty-seven days.

After all, how beautiful is our land compared with what I have left. Nearly a month, indeed, had elapsed, but in the middle of May hardly a leaf was to be seen on the trees, or verdure anywhere on the New England shores ; while here, though a particularly cold season, the whole country is one mass of beauteous foliage—to say nothing of our exuberant gardens, sweet flowers, and exquisite lawns and parks—but all sensations are enhanced by contrast ; long rough ocean passages make all lands delightful, once safe from the monotony and dangers of the sea.

END OF VOL. XCVIII.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.















